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THE LITERARY WEEKLY

**He's my
Man**
By
**Arthur
Somers
Roche**



Aug. 3, 1929

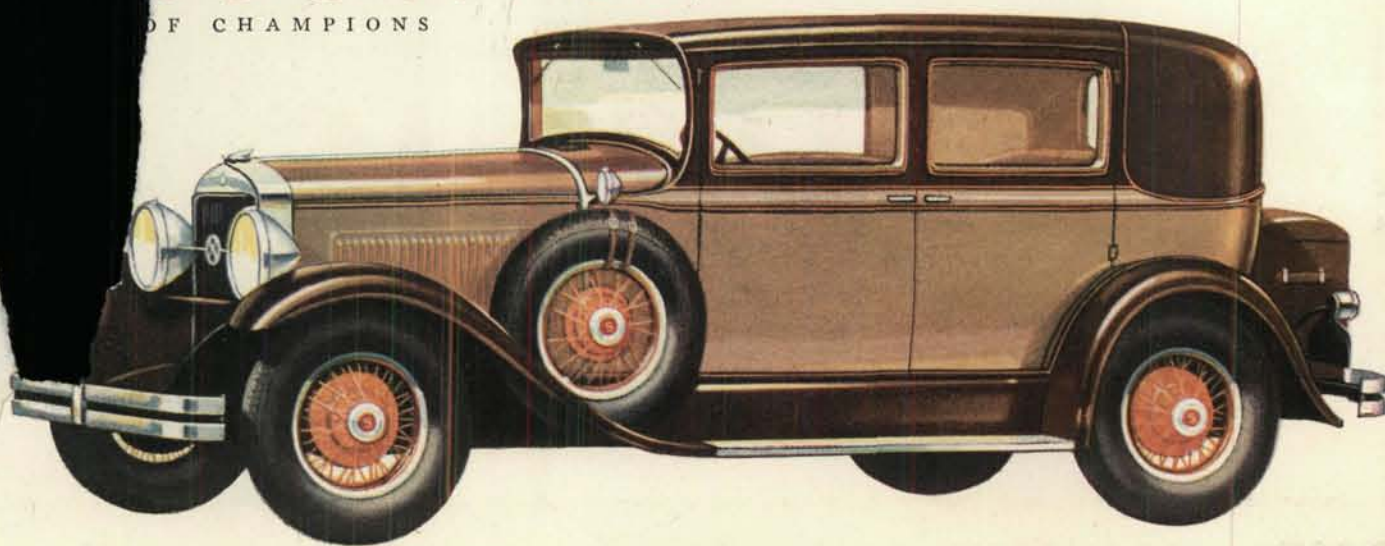
August 1929

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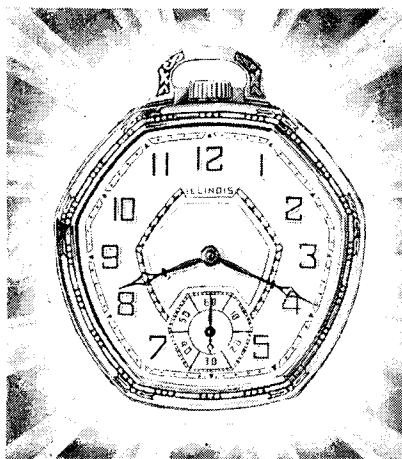
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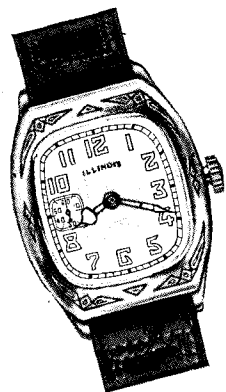
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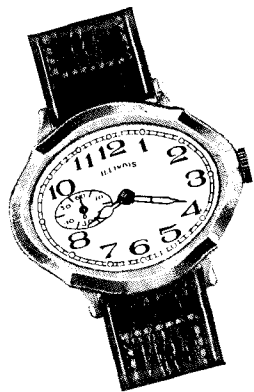
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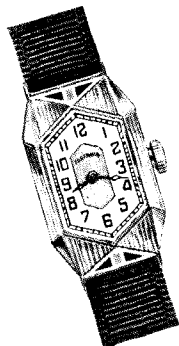
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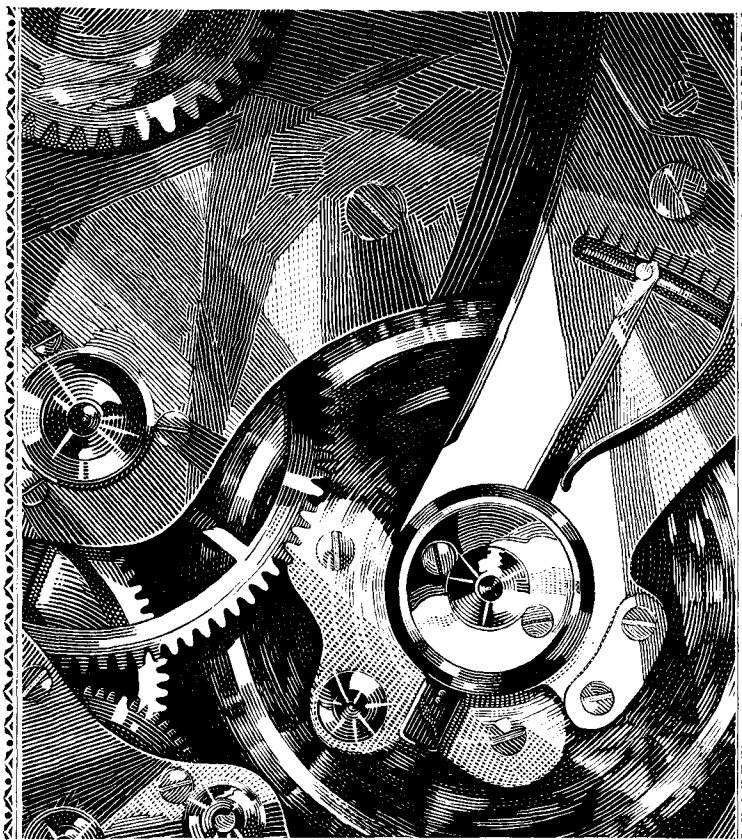
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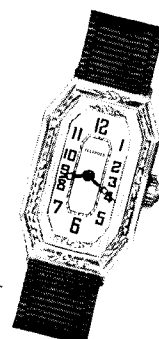
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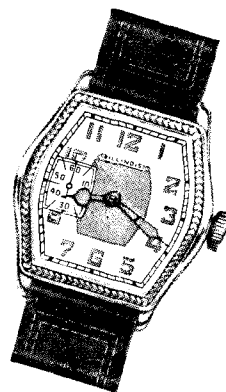
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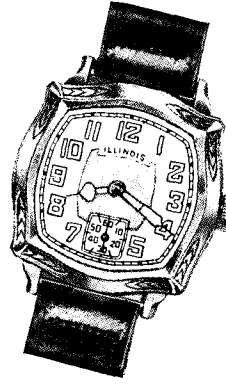
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He's My Man

By Arthur Somers Roche

A hundred thousand dollars—or love? Some Broadway beauties would have to think twice. Molly thought once



Illustrated by John Lagatta

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"I'm the girl Phil loves. Don't you see that it's Phil you're hurting when you talk like that to me?"

"H E'S my man," I said. "I'd like to buy him from you," he said. I smiled at him then. "He's not for sale," I told him. He shrugged his big shoulders. He wouldn't let me like him, and God knows I wanted to like the father of the man I loved. "Everything's for sale," he grinned. "I'm not," I said. "That, of course, is a matter that hasn't come up yet, my child." "Please," I said. "We both love Phil. Let's not quarrel." But he wouldn't have any. "How much, my dear?" he asked. "How much have you?" I asked. He sort of whistled. "Flying high, eh?" he asked. "Higher than you can mount," I said. "All you have and more besides. That's

what I'd want for Phil. He's my man." "You keep reassuring yourself of the fact, don't you?" he sneered. "I keep assuring you," I told him. "He's my man." "He's my son," he said. "And my son isn't going to throw himself away on the kind of girl that works in a place like this." "What's the matter with this place?" I asked. "A night-club," he sneered. "Well, you're here, aren't you?" I asked. "To make terms with you, my dear," he said. "Oh, you've been here before," I told him. "And your wife's been here, and so's your daughter. If it's good enough for you people to come here, I guess it's good enough for me to work here."

"It is," he said. He meant that to hurt, but he was Phil's father, and I let it go by. "And how do you know what kind of girl I am?" I asked. "Listen, my child," he said, "it doesn't matter what kind of girl you are. It's the kind of girl you're not that interests me." "Your kind of man interests me," I said. "I'm a father," he said. "You're Phil's father, Mr. Randall," I said. "And I'm the girl Phil loves. Don't you see that it's Phil you're hurting when you talk like this to me?" "He won't like me for it," he admitted. "But it doesn't matter." "Don't you want him to like you?" I asked.

"I want him to do what's best for him," he said. "His liking me or not—well, later on he'll understand things better. But I didn't come here to discuss myself. We won't get anywhere this way."

"I'm afraid that you and I won't get anywhere any way," I told him. "You're making it hard for me to forgive Phil his father."

"Phil's father will have a hard time forgiving Phil his wife—if that's your idea," he said.

"I wouldn't have any other idea," I told him.

"Phil might," he said.

THAT hurt. Oh, not because it struck at me, but because it hit at Phil. As if that decent sweet lad. . . .

"Phil isn't that kind," I said.

"I wish he was," he said. "I wish he were like me."

"Thank God he isn't," I said.

Oh, I shouldn't have talked that way to the father of the man I loved, but there are limits.

"I didn't marry your kind of girl," he said.

"Phil will," I said.

"Now, listen to reason, Miss Kildare," he said. He softened his voice a bit. "You love Phil, don't you?"

"You wouldn't understand how," I answered.

"I'll try to," he said.

"If you really tried, you'd quit bothering me," I said. "You'd know that nothing in the world could change me."

"Nothing?" he said.

"Nothing," I told him.

IF PHIL marries without my full approval, he'll have to support his wife with his own earnings."

"I'll support him if I have to," I said.

"You know Phil better than that," he said.

He was right, and it sort of got me that I'd laid myself open to a rebuke from him.

"Imagine Phil living on twenty or thirty dollars a week," he said. "He wouldn't take anything from you. He wouldn't even let you spend your own earnings on yourself. He'd not let you work."

"No, I suppose he wouldn't," I admitted.

"And I won't give him a penny. That isn't bluff, Miss Kildare. That's the truth. If he marries you, you can shift for yourselves. Phil will never even see me again."

I felt like telling him that to give Phil a swell break like that would be almost enough to make me marry him. But if Mr. Randall objected to me, why give him more reason to object? He wasn't trying to please me, but I certainly was doing my best to placate him.

"Don't think I'm entirely without sympathy and understanding, Miss Kildare. Don't think it's a pleasure for me to tell a decent girl that I don't want my son to marry her."

"Then you know I'm decent?" I asked.

He nodded.

I'M afraid so. When I came to see you I hoped differently. I hoped that Phil had let himself in for the sort of infatuation that could be fixed up in five minutes. Five, ten, even twenty thousand dollars. Write a check and let her go. I see that I was wrong. Miss Kildare, you have a voice."

"They pay me three-fifty per for using it here," I said.

"You could get ten times that each night with the proper training," he said.

I laughed. "And you'll take me right to Gatti and fix it up so that I'll open with the Metropolitan next fall, eh?"

He smiled at me. "Miss Kildare, I'll give you a hundred thousand to go abroad, and stay abroad, for two years. You can buy a lot of singing lessons with that money."

"It's worth that to you to get rid of me?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Listen," I said. "You've said your piece. Now hear mine. I love Phil."

"Of course," he said, "he's an attractive boy."

"He's a man," I said.

"Well?" he said.

"He's my man," I said. "And I'm crazy for him. When I get up before this crowd, I sing to him, whether he's here or not. When I wake up in the morning I see his face. When I turn out the light at night I'm looking into his eyes. I love him. Get me?"

"Go on," he said.

"What else is there to say?" I asked.

"You mean you won't let him go?"

"Why should I let him go?" I cried.

"You just admitted I'm decent. I'll tell you I'm decent. And I'm not decent like a girl that never knew what it was to be hungry, never knew what it was to

need a job. I've been decent when it cost something to be decent, and when it looked like only a fool would be decent."

"It's not your morals, Miss Kildare, that I object to," he said. "It's—other matters."

"Name them," I said.

"My son will inherit a great fortune," he said. "He will inherit great responsibilities. I want him to marry the kind of woman who will help him carry his burdens."

"I'd scrub the floors for him," I said.

"He will always be able to hire servants," he said. "But he won't be able to hire breeding, tact, education—"

"You mean I'm not a society girl," I said.

"I wouldn't have phrased it exactly that way," he said, "but—well, that about sums up the situation."

"I have already congratulated Phil," she said, "and now I want to congratulate you. Phil and I have been chums since we were babies"

Mr. Randall, Phil's my man. I'm his girl. Do you think there's anything I can't make of myself, that I wouldn't make myself to please him?"

He arose abruptly. "We won't discuss it any longer, Miss Kildare. But remember this. If you marry Phil, he'll not get a penny until I die, and not any more than the law insists upon. Good evening."

Bill Jacot sidled up to the table and slipped into Mr. Randall's chair.

"Evening, Molly," he said.

"Evening, Bill," I said.

"Playing the high and the low, eh, girlie?" he said.

"Write it out plainer," I said.

"Son yesterday, daddy today—"

"Bill," I said, "are you my pal?"

"You know it, kid," he said.

"Have I got anything?" I asked.

He looked me over.

"More than any dame I ever knew," he said. "I pay you three-fifty and I'm robbing you. You're worth a grand a week, and damned if I don't turn straight and give it to you from now on."

"I don't mean singing, or dancing, or anything like that," I said. "I mean—have I got anything?"

"You mean 'it'?" He got sort of pale.

"Listen, pal, don't string poor old Bill. You've got it all, Molly. You know I been nuts to marry you ever since I first lamped you. Molly, what you don't have ain't been discovered."

I patted his hand. One swell guy, Bill Jacot.

"You're my sweet patootie lamb, Bill," I said, "but you know the man I love."

He sighed. If he wasn't so swell I'd



"You want him to marry that doll over there," I said.

I nodded toward a far corner. There, with a couple of other girls and three young fellows, sat an ash-blonde, with a Florida sunburn, and a manner that you don't get with less than ten million.

"Who told you about her?" he asked.

"Phil," I said.

He eyed me doubtfully.

"You don't seem the kind to throw things," he said. "Well, Phil told the truth. I want him to marry Eileen Durant. They've been in love for years—until Phil met you. Her parents are in accord with me."

"And she's got everything that I haven't, eh?" I asked.

"No more beauty—or charm," he said, "but—well, she's of his class, Miss Kildare. You'll forgive me—"

"We're not sparring for points," I said. "So—she's got the things you want Phil's wife to have."

"She has," he said.

I COULD get them," I said. "That tan—two weeks in Florida would give me that. Her way of speaking—listen,

have laughed. When a fat man falls in love he's kind of ridiculous, you know. At least, anyone else would be. But not Bill.

"Young Randall," he said.

"He's my man," I said.

"Papa slap?" he asked.

"On Molly's wrist," I told him. "See that doll over there?" I nodded toward the table where the Durant girl sat. "She's got what I haven't, Bill."

"Where does she hide it?" sneered Bill.

I shook my head. "Let's be fair, Bill. It ain't her fault that she's Park Avenue and I'm Broadway. From all I heard about her she's a grand kid. But Phil Randall's my man."

"Are you his girl?" asked Bill.

"Wedding bells are ringing in the lad's ears all day long," I said.

"Then what's it all about, Molly?" he asked.

"Would I be doing him dirty?" I asked.

"Would he be doing you dirt, Molly?" He waved a pudgy hand and took in

the whole place. "Once this is in your blood—well, it's hard to get out, Molly."

"The bright lights?" I said.

"And the traps and the saxes and all the rest of it," he replied.

I laughed at him. "Listen, Bill," I said, "this life is like the make-up I wash off every night before I say my prayers. You'd be surprised if you knew how easily I could forget it all."

"You say them?" he asked.

"Right on my knees beside the bed, Bill," I told him.

"I'll bet she don't," he said, nodding toward the Durant girl.

WITH that the orchestra leader gave me the nod, and I went in back to change. When I came out to sing my Broadway Blues, Phil was sitting with the Durant girl's crowd. Without seeming to, I watched the Durant girl. Maybe she loved Phil, like Mr. Randall said, but she wasn't afraid to give three rousing cheers for Phil's girl.

Phil beckoned to me as I took my last encore, so I went to their table. He

introduced me all around. The Durant girl made a terrible fuss over me.

"I think you're perfectly marvelous, Miss Kildare," she said.

If she didn't mean it, she made it sound as if she did. A good egg. The others got up to dance.

"Much obliged," I told her. "Was I really O. K., Phil?" I asked him.

"Better than I ever heard you, darling," he answered.

He caught my quick glance toward Miss Durant, and laughed.

"It's all right, Molly," he said. "I've told Eileen all about our little secret."

The ash-blond leaned toward me and took my hand.

"I've already congratulated Phil," she said, "and now I want to congratulate you. Phil and I have been chums since we were babies. You've got the best, Miss Kildare."

"And so have I," said Phil.

She smiled at me. "You certainly have, Phil," she said.

Game from the top of her head to the soles of her slippers.

"Dad had a talk with you, didn't he?" said Phil.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"Met him on the way out. He told me."

"He offered me a hundred thousand to let you go," I said.

"I hope I'm worth more than that," he grinned.

BILL JACOT came up to the table. "You got across swell tonight, girlie," he said.

I introduced him to Miss Durant.

"Let's step," said Bill to her.

"You shouldn't have done that," said Phil, as they danced off together.

"Done what?" I asked.

"Introduced him," he said.

"She doesn't seem to mind dancing with him," I said.

"She wouldn't show it," he said.

"What's the matter with Bill Jacot?" I asked.

Phil shrugged. "After all, an ex-waiter—"

"He's the swellest pal a girl ever had," I said. "Took me right out of the chorus, gave me a chance, had songs written for me—"

"I wouldn't want you to go back on your friends, Molly," he said.

"I should hope not," I said. "Bill Jacot will always be my pal."

"Of course," he said. But I wasn't crazy about the way he said it.

"Well, your father laid them on the table, face up," I said.

"So he told me," said Phil. "But he was bluffing. I'm his son, after all, and he isn't going to see me starve. He's got too much pride. I told him you'd study, take lessons from the best teachers—"

"Don't be silly, Phil darling," I said. "The kind of a voice I have would only be ruined by lessons. I'm no operatic singer. I'm just the best blues crooner on the Big Lane."

"I didn't mean singing lessons," he said. "I meant other lessons."

THE music stopped and Bill Jacot led the Durant girl to our table.

"You sure can tickle the floor, Miss Durant," he said.

"Thanks a lot," she said.

I'll say this for her: there wasn't a hint of a giggle in her voice. Bill swung away, and I'd never noticed before that, for a fat man, he was mighty graceful.

"What other lessons?" I asked Phil.

"I was talking to Eileen about them," he said eagerly. He was always eager, young. "Dad would be all right, Molly, if—well, one year at school. Not exactly school, either, but with tutors that Eileen would find for you."

She nodded. For the first time I felt the barb.

"Of course I can. In fact, I know the very people. English."

"Oh," I said. "You mean—to make me talk different, eh?"

"That sort of thing," said Phil.

"Would we take them on our honeymoon?" I asked.

"Oh, Molly darling, don't take it that way," said Phil.

Monahan was waving his baton like he wanted to hit someone with it, so I hopped to my feet and took up my next number. Phil signaled me at the finish, but I went back.

Bill Jacot found me in my little dressing-room.

"Girlie," he said, "I'm all wrong about paying you a grand a week."

"Was I that bad?" I asked.

"You were so good," he said, "that if I didn't split the take with you I'd be robbing somebody and it wouldn't be me. Molly, half the joint is yours."

"You're a swell guy, Bill," I said.

"You're a swell girl, Molly," he said.

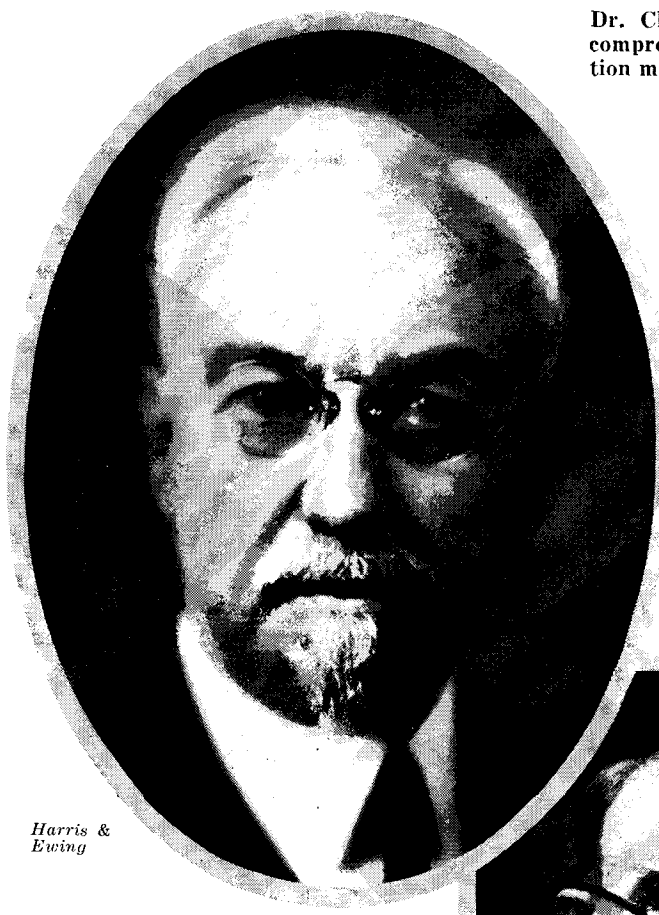
"How'd you like Durant?" I asked.

He shrugged (Continued on page 54)



What's Wrong with Prohibition?

Dr. Clarence True Wilson's uncompromising attitude on prohibition marks him as one of its great champions



Harris & Ewing

Dr. Wilson not only asks the question, but answers it in this article. For twenty years he has worked for prohibition with the clay that came to his hands. Some of it has been poor, some excellent. Taking stock here, he tells of the mistakes which were made in the writing of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. He believes that with a few minor changes, prohibition can be made to work. But first of all the dry forces must unite, if possible



Haynes' successor, Dr. J. M. Doran, former prohibition bureau chemist

PROHIBITION is now ten years old. It had good parents, a healthy birth and a fine start in life, but some of its wet-nurses have blundered. It came into being under Woodrow Wilson, who vetoed the Volstead Act and left the Eighteenth Amendment standing solitary with no enforcing law and Congress about to adjourn. It was almost a miracle that in twenty-four hours the act could be passed through both Houses over his veto on the day of adjournment; but such is fate when Providence favors the right.

Mr. Wilson had no sympathy with the new movement and when he became a sick man, Mr. Tumulty ran things—an anti-prohibitionist. But the Internal Revenue Collector, Hon. Daniel C. Roper, was one of the ablest and fairest officials of our government and he set up the prohibition organization with supreme skill; and the aggressiveness of Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler secured, in the name of the dries, the appointment of John F. Kramer, a good man who had been an admiring friend of Wheeler's back in Ohio. He was as honest and as good-intentioned as a lamb and as innocent of the strategy of the bootleggers' league as an angel would be qualified to lecture on the wiles of the Devil.

Soon came Mr. Harding in charge. He picked Mr. Mellon to head the Department of Prohibition as Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Blair to dominate it as Internal Revenue Collector.

Can the gentle reader imagine just what recommendation being the ablest banker in the country is for doing the police work of enforcing prohibition, or what qualifications an efficient revenue collector would develop for dominating the policies of the new moral experiment in government—prohibition enforcement? Everything that could be was botched during the administration of Mr. Harding—prohibition no worse than Forbes' handling of the Veterans' Bureau and the soldiers' interests, or Fall's record with the oil lands of the Republic, or Daugherty and Rush Holland in the Justice Department, if that name could still be applied to it. Mr. Wheeler again was successful in landing an appointee in the person of Roy A. Haynes to head the prohibition enforcement.

The Need for Leadership

Then Calvin Coolidge came to bat. It is safe to say that he made few mistakes, for he made few moves. Once he ventured in a message to Congress to say: "The American people very wisely outlawed the liquor traffic," but a telegram went forth from the White House canceling that sentence after it had actually been set up in many newspapers and three or four of them let it leak through. There was no national leadership for the "noble experiment" in the White House until Mr. Hoover was inaugurated; and no fair-minded man

will ever say that prohibition has been thoroughly tried and failed till it is given a leadership and a vigorous attempt at enforcement.

After mincing matters for a decade, the American people were granted a solemn referendum on the prohibition subject last fall.

Mr. Smith offered the wets all they could ask for and more and Mr. Hoover was in himself all that the dries have longed and prayed for. And at last, our country was given a complete leadership in "observance" and "enforcement" of prohibition.

Preliminary to this leadership, the appointments by Mr. Mellon of Dr. J. M. Doran for Commissioner and of Hon. Seymour Lowman for Assistant Secretary in charge of prohibition, gave us the best possible available officers and the efficiency of the work they inaugurated justified Mr. Mellon's judgment in the matter.

Besides the apparent weaknesses of enforcement, all the possible slips and missteps had been made in the enactment itself. The legislation was not inspired either in the amendment or in the Volstead Act.

The amendment was designed to stop the traffic in alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes. Then why did it not say so? Because Mr. Wheeler, one of the dries who always assumed to speak for all dries, and who did not even consult his own organization in such matters, insisted that we would get more votes in Congress if we left out the word "alcoholic" and used the words "intoxicating liquor."

The term "alcoholic liquor" was thoroughly defined. It had a definite meaning. It meant to the government, to the states, to the cities, to the public, just one thing—"any beverage containing more than one half of one per cent of alcohol by volume." The phrase "intoxicating liquor" was not an established term, and it would take ten years to scrap out the meaning of it. It would have to be defined by the Administrative Department, the courts and all over again in every trial. So they chose that term for the Constitutional Amendment, and crass ignorance as to a scientific meaning of intoxication is one of the ludicrous things in every discussion. It was a big blunder of our leaders to use the term "intoxicating" when they could have used the term "alcoholic."

When we wrote the Volstead Act, we needed adequate pains and penalties for its violation that the criminal element might fear it and the populace might

respect it; but the Volstead committee, under the leadership of certain dries who consented readily, made the violation of this act not a felony, but a misdemeanor, punishable upon a jury conviction by small fines. All we had as a threat to the rum runner, the big corporation that owned a wide-open brewery, or owned ships carrying contraband goods, was a fine that would not take a busy hour's profit.

If the aim was to make a mockery of the whole thing, the legislation was perfectly adapted to its purpose. The ridiculous proposal of that trivial fine would show any intelligent person that the act was not inspired "from on High." I have had to defend it myself, but the most I have ever been able to say

for the legislation is: "It was the best enactment that we could get through with some congressmen we then had 'pulling on a cold collar.'"

Next, ninety-nine hundredths of the good this legislation was designed to do was cut off in one foul stroke by following the advice of our lawyer, Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler. We wished to outlaw the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation, transportation of alcoholic liquors. The word "sale" means "barter" and includes buying as well as selling. Morally and legally the conspiracy to violate law in either transaction would make the buyer and the seller equally guilty. An illegal sale implies two parties—the buyer and the seller. It takes two to make a bootlegger.

Can Wets Enforce a Dry Law?

But our lawyer friend arose at the hearing before the judiciary committee of the House and with earnest face and eloquent tones said: "Don't punish the purchaser, for if you do the buyer won't tell on the seller. We will have no way of getting evidence." Those inexperienced legislators fell for that. They were seeking the course of least resistance and any "jackassical" remark by a dry that let up pressure would be grabbed at.

And since we let up on the buyer so he could tell on the seller, has anyone seen a long row of buyers standing before the window of the Justice office to tell on their favorite bootlegger? If you do see this please send for me.

Then we wanted all officers put under civil service and all the appointments of enforcement officers taken out of the hands of the politicians. But politicians give up their rights reluctantly. Power is hard to get surrendered. They wanted these offices for their friends and we had the spectacle for eight years of certain senators who were wet, elected by the wets, and wanting the law to fail, appointing dripping wets to enforce the dry law. When these wet selections got drunk, were caught gambling, were raided in vile resorts, took bribes, sold out the law and the privileges, sold permits to the highest bidders, the enemies of the law, speakers and newspapers said: "See these dries; you can't trust one of them overnight. They are all for sale."

First, they were not all for sale; and second, they were not dries.

There is one thing we dries could not do in those days, and that was to land a dry in an enforcement job. We were

By Dr. Clarence True Wilson

General Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals

told "we want liberal men who have no prejudices."

Well, we should not object to the wets having the responsibility for the first eight years, but I protest that it is a vicious libel to appoint a drinker, an ex-saloonkeeper, and a persistent patronizer of illicit stills, and when he goes wrong, say: "See what a mess the dries made of enforcing prohibition."

But while the dries are blamed for wet maladministration, we must be honest with ourselves. We dries have made our own mistakes, too. We let up on the educational work when we got the law; we stopped to crow and the short-sighted among us "preached the funeral sermon of John Barleycorn" when we had just begun to fight. They mistook the battle for the funeral; and it must be admitted that to mistake a battle for a funeral shows some confusion of

thought. Prohibition was not the demise of the foe, but a declaration of war upon him. The war is yet to be fought out and won.

Prohibition a Betrayed Cause

The people interested in prohibition and backing the Anti-Saloon League, W. C. T. U., and the church temperance boards are still thoroughly committed and deeply devoted to the cause, and are pouring out their money, a million or two a year, to support the work through these organizations. They rally to the support of the cause whenever an adequate campaign is on but it is not difficult to know why we fail when you learn that the Wisconsin leaders report an expendi-

or able to do anything in this case, what does our church pay you all this money for; why have we opened our pulpits to you and given you those five-year subscriptions, if not to enforce this law and to sustain it against all comers?" But asking embarrassing questions is not the object of this article.

We have seen Christ and Christianity blamed for the hypocrisy and backsliding of the Christian Church, and we have thought they and not Christ were responsible for their own failure. Now we see prohibition blamed and scoffed at for every false step of "lukewarm" officers and other officers dripping wet, who had been placed by wet senators in the prohibition forces to scuttle the ship.

We insist that the prin-

did not conduce to the acknowledgment of personal responsibility. It fairly invited every man to point to the other as responsible for a bad situation.

Then there was divided responsibility between the Treasury Department and the Department of Justice, so that there has been an utter confusion as to whether the Treasury Department has failed to enforce prohibition, or whether the failure has been in the Department of Justice.

A Corrupt Federal Department

I absolutely have known for the past eight years that the failure to enforce prohibition, that the press and the people wanted to blame upon Mr. Mellon or his department, did not really belong there but belonged over in the Department of Justice, which has been utterly inefficient, and in most cases, very much worse than that. The worst department of the federal government has been, for the last decade and more, the Department of Justice. When Mitchell Palmer had it he gave his infamous decision that beer was a medicine and, therefore, exempt from the Volstead Act.

Then Mr. Daugherty came in and installed Rush Holland and finally John Marshall, under whom the personnel work of our government was such as to reward the wicked and punish the righteous. If an office-seeker was a pronounced wet and the decent people presented another kind of candidate to combat his claims, we have known for years exactly who would get the appointment, whatever pressure and whatever representation was made. The one who represented the criminal element, the bootleggers' fraternity, would be appointed judge or United States District Attorney in nine cases out of ten, because the President always depended upon the representations that were made. Often the best elements of our states would be unable even to get the name of their candidate before the President or the Attorney-General. I have had so many experiences of this kind that it would make a book and not an article.

It would have been a great stroke if the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment from the beginning had been placed in an independent establishment under a Commissioner of Prohibition directly responsible to the President. Under such an arrangement there would have been organization to permit summary action, positive and certain in its nature, and with the responsibility for the result fixed and apparent. There are numerous precedents for such an independent establishment in the Federal Trade Commission, The Interstate Commerce Commission, The General Accounting Office, Civil Service Commission and many others.

We may acknowledge that the framing of enforcement legislation under the Eighteenth Amendment did not produce an act of definite and clear provisions, simple in its application. The Volstead Act was hurriedly and loosely drawn and embraced, as a part thereof, all the mass of internal revenue laws theretofore permitting and governing the production, manufacture, storage, withdrawal and sale of alcohol and alcoholic liquors, together with its innumerable fines and penalties for the violator. Since the purpose of the former laws was to permit and the purpose of the Volstead Act was to prohibit, incompatibility was inevitable.

It would undoubtedly have been a great asset if (Continued on page 40)



Roy A. Haynes, sponsored by Wheeler, and appointed Prohibition Commissioner by President Harding

ture of two thousand dollars, while the wets spent fifty times as much, and won.

These organizations that had the money or access to it, thinking the crisis was over, put on guard weak men, and state after state has had campaigns thrust upon it, and nobody there to lead. The wets united, organized, financed, came in like a flood, and the one man who was supported with offices, equipment, money and backing threw up his hands and said: "We are not organized; we have no money. We can't do a thing."

It is sickening to count the states where that was the situation and that was the leadership. We might have asked, "If you are not organized, or financed,

ciple of prohibition may be right even though it is betrayed at every turn. Give prohibition a chance in the hands of its friends before you condemn it; blame its failure on those who have failed, not on the loyal men and women who could have made it succeed if they could have had anything to say.

The great blunder of the legislation composed by the dries and passed by Congress as the Volstead Act is the dual jurisdiction or divided responsibility. The joint jurisdiction of the states and the federal government is now leading to utter confusion, as certain states, led by the State of New York, have repudiated their responsibility under the Amendment and are using the state prestige to nullify the law, and then throwing all responsibility for its enforcement on the federal government.

The next confusion was in the divided responsibility of its placement. The prohibition unit was made a branch of the Internal Revenue Collecting Department under the Department of the Treasury, so the prohibition commissioner was subject to the orders of the Internal Revenue Commissioner, who very frequently would override his decision made after months of investigation by both the Treasury Department and the Department of Justice.

Then the responsibility would go to the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and from there to Mr. Mellon, the head of the Treasury, and then up to the President, but of course this situation

The late Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, who "assumed to speak for all dries"

She Dupes to Conquer

By H.C. Witwer

Again presenting Alex the Greater (world's premier Success Developer) and that master mind of the slippery sleuths—Lily, the lovely detective

EVERYONE has within him the ingredients of success, but few have the priceless formula for effectively compounding its elements. For example, the average person knows vaguely that flour, salt, baking powder, lard and milk mixed together will make biscuits. But how much flour and milk? How many pinches of salt? Is it two or six spoons of baking powder? How long should the whole remain in the oven? That important information is the cook's secret.

"Well, so it is with humans. We know that imagination, perseverance, courage, ability and opportunity combined invariably result in triumph. But ability and perseverance at what? What type of imagination? What degree of courage? Exactly what is opportunity? The proper admixture here is the secret of success. Bring me those components and I'll brew you victory. I may not put your face on any of the new bank notes, but I'll certainly put your hands on some!"

Maybe they were more to it than that, for my memory ain't below deceiving me now and again. Besides, a raft of machine guns has wore out in Chicago since the above hoakum was released by Alexander Hanley, S.D. (Success Developer). This sensational gent was a first-class pest, a cousin of the wife's and a refugee from the sovereign state of Vermont, from which we get maple sirup, granite, marble and the latter's competitor, Calvin Coolidge, the noted novelist.

Before plunging boldly into the nub of matters, men and women, leave me

introduce myself. By a strange freak of chance I'm Joe (Handsome) Green, pilot of the Wildcats, which come so close to copping the National League pennant in the year the following events happened that they never tried it again.

Alex Hanley, with his better-looking half, Eve, infested the magnificent duplex apartment de luxe where I parked with Alice, my beautiful bride, and her kid sister Lily, another fifty-four-carat disturbance. We all got along like a cageful of parrakeets and while I'm a family man which dotes on his kinsfolk, they's times when a guy craves a trifle more privacy than falls to the lot of a puppy in a pet-shop window. Running a big league ball team which is got World's Series on the brain is somewhat wearing on the nerves and I figured my home should be a soothing retreat and not no indoor battlefield.

"For what it sets us back to dock in this drum, we could be living in Buckingham Palace!" I busts out one morning to Alice, while I'm shaving.

"But think of what it would cost us for clothes there," smiles my

weakness, "royalty does a lot of entertaining, Big Boy, and we'd have to dress the part."

"I ain't kidding," I explodes through the lather, bordering on ire. "I'm sick and tired of your dizzy relations getting in my hair every time I turn around. Why can't we get a place by ourselves?"

"Don't be like that," says Alice. "There's only a few of us Hanleys left, Joe, and we must stick together. Honestly, I don't know why you're always broiling my relatives, for they all like you. I mean only last night Alex remarked that your fine character more than made up for your stupidity. Besides, do you think I'd let Lily loose in New York without someone to watch over her?"

"Lily's over seven," I snarls, furiously scraping my pan. "I bet she could teach you a few things! Anyways, Alex and Eve can guide her footsteps, can't they?"

"You've just cut your profile!" says

Illustrated by
James
Montgomery
Flagg



Alice. "My goodness, men are clumsy! Wait a minute and I'll put some iodine on it. Whatever would you do without me?"

"You'd be dumbfounded!" I growls. "I suppose when Lily gets married she'll want to bring her padlock to live here too, hey?"

"Not if I know it!" Alice firmly remarks.

"Well, thank Heavens for that," I says. "If—"

"We'll take a house when Lily gets married," continues Alice. "It'll be more fun! Three loving families all living together in perfect harmony and, perhaps, Long Island."

"And a sad, empty chair at the table!" I adds.

"Whose?" asks Alice.

"Mine!" I howls, banging my hand down on that infernal iodine bottle which immediately turned turtle all over the bathroom rug. A half hour later I was coldly denying to the squawking landlord that we was making whoopee, in spite of his semi-official reports from indignant neighbors. Me and the little woman was simply discussing that iodined rug.

They was somewheres between eighteen and two hundred reasons why I wished to shove off with Alice and finish my days in a cottage built for two, my gentles, but the main reasons was Alex and Lily. The first was a raging

headache to me and the second was a daily source of grief and worry on the account of her being young and a Grade-A looker. The Chevalier Hanley lorded it over me around my crowded domicile where I put out for most of the heavy overhead and them poisonous success broadcasts of his was the cause of my nails being bitten to the quick. On top of that, the big stiff always clicked no matter what he turned his hand to and you know yourself that a bird which *never* makes an error gets to be like something in your beard. I was no more jealous of him than I'm jealous of the Prince of Wales, but should Alex of departed for Afghanistan I'd of held back the tears with ease!

HIS racket was as remarkable as he was himself. Down in Wall Street, Alex had a grand hideout where he drew customers from all walks and runs of life, not to get advice on the stock market, but to take stock of their own market. You see, Alex dealt only in failures. He'd take apart inveterate losers of all sexes, and find out their hidden trick. Once found, he'd develop it and put the lucky victim over.

He turned tenth-rate oculists into first-rate osteopaths, plumbers into architects, dentists into aviators, etc. into so-forths and all of 'em into a pungent income for himself, for he muscled in on a cut of their weekly take once

they got hot. Sometimes, even a client's hobby turned out to be a gold mine for said client—and Alex. What a boy! The girls looked on him as a gift from Heaven, but to me he was punishment for the sins of my youth, for with a bozo like that in the house, I was as popular as Mabel Willebrandt would be at Texas Guinan's.

Lily was a horse from another merry-go-round, subscribers. A beautiful thing if they ever was one and with more than her share of s. a., she just couldn't make her mind behave with regards to boy friends and jobs. Neither of them necessities could hold her for more than a couple of weeks as she insisted on variety, both in work and in play.

The lad which had the inside track today was the subject of her wild laughter tomorrow and the profession which had her gah-gah this week was all damp the next. Lily's life was just a series of gasps and giggles and she'd of baffled the twelve guys which Einstein claims is hep to his funny conundrums. Since checking her form out of high school, she'd aced around as a stenographer, a actress and a reporter and she was now nothing less than a full-blooded private detective.

All them exacting portfolios had been promoted for her by Alex which, to give the devil his annual dues, had the patience of a flea-tamer. Once a fortune teller had hauled off and informed Lily she was doomed to be a writer and as that fate hadn't seemed so horrible to her at the time, I excavated the subject at noon rice one day.

"When are you going to throw the great American novel, Lil?" I asked, to make small talk.

"For Gossakes, don't call me Lil!" she explodes. "That name simply poisons me—it's got a burlesque show touch to it! Books aren't written overnight. I've worked a little, but, honestly, I'm actually surprised at how hard it is to write a novel—I mean most of them these days read as if *anyone* could do it. Oh, well, the only reason I wanted to write was to see my name in print and to get some money for imported lingerie and so forth."

"Shades of Conrad!" yells Alex, "so that's your inspiration, eh? You want to become an author so you may obtain the wherewithal for pretties. What a divine urge! I desire a new fur, or an auto, or whatever, so I'll sit down at once and compose a best seller—there we have the sole stimulus of ten thousand similar fools."

"WHY not dash off a landscape, or carve a statue in bronze, or make a watch? You know as much about doing those things as you do about writing. You evidently overlook the long apprenticeship necessary, the rebuffs to be encountered and overcome, the patience and courage to continue despite all setbacks and most of all the rare gift of imagination, coupled with the unquenchable thirst to express yourself, without thought of material reward.

"All those elements and many more you airily dismiss—you require a gown, so presto, you'll write a story! That's the mental attitude that allows those fake correspondence schools of authorship to flourish. Lily, you and your counterparts are a menace to the sincere artist and a curse to the editors. Not because you want to write, but because of the absurd incentive behind the desire!"

"But—but, really, I have plots galore," stammers Lily, somewhat abashed by this Bronx cheer. "I get keen ideas for stories every second. I can just be bounding along the street, for instance, and some gorgeous plot will come to me in a flash, but I simply can't get it on

paper, do you know what I mean? For one thing, I never seem to have time I'm sure I could make big money just by selling my ideas to famous authors who have entirely run out of plots. If they wrote them up, I'd be willing to give them half of the proceeds."

"AN AUTHOR who entirely runs out of plots is no longer famous," says Alex, "and no writer of any standing buys ideas from anyone. He has just as many interesting experiences in everyday life as you have, Lily, and a hundred times as many in his trained imagination. The point is, he gets *his* real and synthetic adventures on paper—what have *you* done?"

"Well, I've been working out a great novel with a high society atmosphere," bubbles Lily, a bit revived. "The first chapter is very uptown. It's laid in Monte Carlo and—"

"What do *you* know of society customs and when were *you* in Monte Carlo?" interrupts Alex, harshly.

"Why, never," falters Lily.

"Then why attempt to write about those things?" Alex barks. "Look here, Lily, you've been a typist, you've been briefly on the stage, you've worked on a newspaper and now you're a detective. All of that should be a marvelous background for your writing. Forget about Monte Carlo, high society, cattle rustlers or Arabian sheiks—write of what you know at first hand! Weave your plot around a stenographer, a reporter, an actress or a female detective. On familiar ground, your story and characters will at least ring true—that's half the battle!"

"Alex," I remarks, when Lily had blew, looking thoughtful, "I never heard of *you* writing any books and where you got all that raucous dope on the pen-and-ink game is past me. I often wonder if you're as smart as you make out or just faking it."

"Joseph," smiles Alex, patting me on the shoulder, "what's the difference, as long as it works?"

No runs, no hits, no errors.

WELL, the next day we all hopped off for Long Island, having took a nobby trap on the Sound to cheat the heat of Manhattan, where in mid-summer you can fry eggs on any pavement which ain't being dug up. What I mean it's hot, my masters, I wouldn't fool you! Me and Alex was to go halves on everything, which means this proper Humpty Dumpty put the wasp on me for ninety-four per cent of the nut and made me enjoy it. He was like that.

We had a swell bathing beach and managed to rent a snappy motorboat for a price which was very nominal, viz, compared to the European war debt. The gals stretched out in the sand all day and got themselves tanned by the sun, panned by their homelier sisters and admired by the adjacent Nordics, for I'll state Alice, Lily and Eve was what the guy had in mind when he invented one-piece bathing suits. Even I had to admit that the peppy dip in the Sound before the morning coffee and cakes was the cat's and in the cool of the evening under the stars we put-putted idly hither and yon in our gasoline gondola undressed in swimming costumes, while Lily obliged with choice selections on the uke. I hope to tell you it was abba dabb from any angle you wished to view it and everybody was happy but Lily.

Lily wanted a boy!

They was no lack of petting party material amongst the gay week-enders, but most of the young gents seemed to be already paired off, with little or no chance to duck their fair partners should they of wished to. They sprayed Lily with yearning glances and sighs when she (Continued on page 51)



You'd be surprised how long you can hold your breath, and that's what we done, waiting for Ray's answer. "You deserved to be killed!" he busts out, brandishing the lantern

April Escapade

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far: Mary Kate O'Hara, a beautiful young San Francisco girl, is engaged to Cass Keating, an ambitious young real estate salesman. Her mother, a hard-working widow, likes Keating, but opposes the match because Keating is poor.

Gordon Rountree, Kate's wealthy employer, introduces a young man to her—Christopher Steynes, who makes her a surprising offer. Rich, handsome, prominent socially, Mr. Steynes is being pursued by a Russian countess and her daughter, who is determined to marry him. He wishes to escape—by producing a wife. Will Mary Kate spend twenty-four hours with him, as his wife, in Burlingame, where he has rented a house; dine with him—and the Russians—at Mr. Rountree's house; and lunch with him—and the Russians—the following day? If she'll do it, Steynes will pay her a large sum of money.

The O'Haras are very poor. There's Tom, a restless High School boy; Regina and Tess, two dear little girls; seven-year-old Pat; and Martin, who drives a car for old Doctor van Antwerp and may accompany him to Germany, where he can study medicine, if he can raise enough money.

Steynes' offer tempts Mary Kate. She hates subterfuge. She's a fine girl. But she'd like to help Martin. And—well, she'll think it over.

III

"NOW the point is," Mary Kate said with a jump, "exactly what can we pay?"

"Rent?" Cass Keating asked, with a downward glance at her, walking along a sunshiny spring street beside him.

"Rent."

"Is that a new hat?"

"This? Well, I'll tell you. A girl at the office, named Louise Snevily, gave it to me for Tess. And I gave Tess fifty cents for it."

"It's wonderful." Cass bestowed another look upon his promised wife, a look that broke the first Commandment.

It was Sunday, a warm March Sunday that smelled of earth and flowers. White clouds were moving above a blue, blue sky; the world looked washed and clean, church bells laced the sunny city with a lingering, solemn clamor. Late churchgoers were moving briskly along, but Cass and Mary Kate had already performed their Sunday duty, and were free.

The girl had indeed been out in the cool twilight of seven o'clock, catching the sunrise over the towers and ship spars of lower San Francisco. She had loitered over a delicious breakfast, alone with Ma and Pat, and had seen more sunshine slanting into the shabby kitchen, striking glints from the brass sink faucets and the nickel alarm clock.

SHE had roused Tess and Regina and Tom and Mart, had washed her bright hair, and read the Sunday paper and worked out the cross-word puzzle while it dried; she had helped her mother straighten the kitchen, after the children's breakfast, and had heard once more the story of the day Aunt Nellie caught fire just before the Rowe twins were born, which recollection inevitably led Mrs. O'Hara into a dissertation on Uncle Jim Rowe, who was irresistibly high-spirited, and who had been known in his youth as "the life of the wake." This naturally evoked memories of the Dugans, the Creels and the Spite Wall.

Tess and Regina had to be torn from the fascinations of the Spite Wall to run off to "nine." All the children would listen to their mother indefinitely, when she was in reminiscent mood. Fed by Mary Kate's questions, she would linger by the sink for quarter hours together, wiping the immaculate drain boards and scoured zinc absent-mindedly, while

she relived the days and ways of generations long dead.

At twelve o'clock, on this particular Sunday morning, Mary Kate had come down the stairs a very picture of youth and beauty and smartness, and Cass, respectfully sitting on the edge of a chair in the now spotless kitchen, somewhat timidly making talk with a surprisingly friendly hostess, had risen to meet his sweetheart with a rather doubtful question.

"Could Mary Kate and I go for a little walk, Mrs. O'Hara?"

To which Mary Kate's mother had amazed him by responding heartily:

"Oh, go along with you, the both of you! You'll be doing nothing now but giving us all the slip, I wouldn't wonder."

"Gee, she's kind. What's happened?" the dazed Cass had lost no time in asking Mary Kate, once they were alone.

"OH, you know Ma!" Mary Kate had answered impatiently. "She was on tenterhooks yesterday, for fear it was all broken off between you and me. If you could have heard her you'd think I was the one that made all the trouble! She kept telling me what a fine fellow you were, and how many a girl had lost her happiness playing fast and loose with a man, and all that. She had me almost crying."

"Well, and now won't she expect me to—to say anything—? I mean are we engaged?" the bewildered Cass had pursued determinedly.

And now it was Mary Kate's turn to be a little contrary.

"Oh, yes, of course we are!" she had said carelessly.

"Well, but—we *are* engaged?"

"Well, we're househunting, anyway! Why must we *fuss* so much about everything?" But she had given a jump of general satisfaction in the spring day, her companion, and the expedition, that had afforded him little consolation.

"Let's hunt houses every Sunday until we find what we want!"

A faint cloud.

"Mr. Rountree may want me to go to Sacramento next week-end, Cass."

"Since when?"

"He was talking about it yesterday."

"You've never been there, have you?"

"Oh, never!"



Illustrated by
Charles Lassell

"It's beautiful," Mary Kate said respectfully. The lights and mirrors, the scents of subtle perfumes, the shine of lustrous fabrics confused her senses



"Gee," Cass said, thinking, "I wish I could get away and go down with you." "Mother'd love that," the girl observed, with suddenly cold hands and a thumping heart.

"When do you go?"

"Thursday, I guess."

"Oh, well, I couldn't go then!"

To her great relief he seemed satisfied, it was a natural enough thing. Hundreds of San Francisco's business men made the trip to the capital once or twice monthly. Mary Kate breathed normally once more. But it had been a bad moment.

The hour was one of rapturous excitement. In every obviously-enamored young couple that passed them, they saw themselves. Baby coaches and toddling little citizens in white coats had a

new meaning this morning. And especially were the new big apartment houses, rising tiers of bright clean empty windows, street litter of bricks and planks, filled with new charm.

Wandering, wandering, wandering happily along, they got far from home; way up into Stanyan and McAllister Street neighborhood near the park. Mary Kate loved the idea of living near the park.

In the park, the band was playing in still, warm, afternoon sunshine, and thousands of persons were ranged on the benches, under the plane trees, and lying on the green slopes of grass, and with babies and newspapers scattered about them.

"Want to go into the Museum?"

"Oh, my feet!"

"Mine, too." Mary Kate sat down on the young green grass, and Cass threw himself down next to her, and they listened to the Poet and Peasant together. The girl quite unconcernedly took off her tight little helmet of a hat, and ran her fingers through the blazing red-gold of her silky hair. Passersby looked at her.

The music strained through the fragrant air unevenly, now fanned by an idle scrap of breeze, now fading away.

"I'm sunk," said Mary Kate suddenly.

"Me too," Cass rolled on an elbow.

"This househunting is a job," he said.

"Here's what we ought to do, Cass. We ought to go home, and I'll clean up, and change my clothes, and you go home and do the same. Then come back to supper. Ma has a chicken pie, I know, because she was making puff paste this morning, and then we can either go down to Loretta's or to a movie."

"Check!" Cass said, stirring reluctantly. "We skip lunch?"

"You had that hot dog."

"I know. Well, yes, that's all right."

Cass assented. "Dinner at six, and it's after four now. Come on!"

IN HIS own magnificent way, he stopped a taxicab, and Mary Kate gave a groan of comfort as she sank into the seat.

"Well, anyway, we didn't quarrel!" she exulted.

"Quarrel?"

"Don't you know you always quarrel, when you get tired and hungry and dirty, and begin to discuss plans? Why, bringing us back from picnics, or the circus, my mother says we always used to get crying and scrapping, and one of us would cross the street, and walk along there, all alone, and somebody else would jump off the dummy the minute we all got on—"

This aloud. But in her panicky heart she was saying, "Shall I tell him? Shall I ask him whether it would be all right for me to do what Mr. Steynes wants me to?"

And in her heart she was answering: "No, he'd go crazy. He and Mart and Mother all would. They'd say he was just bluffing me, just trying to take advantage of me. It's all only—fun. I'm no baby, to be deceived, to be gotten 'into trouble.'"

She remembered the penciled sum. She remembered Christopher Steynes saying, "Now listen, no smart cracks about not wanting the money, when I give it to you," and her own surprised, "What else do you think I'm doing it for?" and his friendly laugh.

Life, last Sunday, with a steady rain falling, and Cass Keating engaged to go over and spend the day with his aunt in Oakland, had been quiet, empty, dull, unsatisfying. But life today was thrilling and throbbing with possibilities and excitement.

It was good, after this happy, strangely emotional day, to get back to Mother's peaceful kitchen, and find Mother placidly shelling early peas. Tom, working over the radio, was completely occupied and content. His dark face was absorbed, his big, dirty hands clever and gentle with wires and connections.

"Strong? I'll fix it so it'll blow you out of the kitchen, Ma," he promised.

This horrifying threat found Mrs. O'Hara unalarmed. Her big black sheep was safe with his mother, busy and happy, and she was content. But more than that, as she hastened to inform Mary Kate, hadn't Doctor van Antwerp sent for Martin, and asked him to go with him to a medical lecture, and have dinner first at the doctor's apartment?

"He's going to Germany with Doctor van Antwerp!" Mary Kate said over and over again, in her own soul,

when she heard this bit of information.

While she was laughing and talking at the family dinner table, and later, when she and Cass went to a movie, and sat with their hands locked, and their shoulders touching, half-stupefied by darkness and music, and the flowing story on the screen, she was conscious of the week-end plan as only a sort of menacing shadow, vaguely troublesome, in the background of her thoughts.

But the moment she faced it openly and honestly, it vanished. There was nothing to it. She was nearly twenty, and as informed and alert as to the dangers of the world as any girl need be. If she chose for reasons that seemed good to her to take a chance, it was her own affair.

"The thing is, that we ought to carry this with a rush!" young Steynes told her, when they went into Gamin's beautiful shop, to buy clothes for the masquerade. "You'll have to call me Chris. Everyone calls me Chris."

"Chris," she repeated obediently, trying the sound of it.

She looked about interestedly at exquisite evening bags, fans and scarfs. Her escort asked, with an experienced air, for a special saleswoman, and they went into a private show-room.

"No use advertising all this!" he reminded her. But Mary Kate was too much amused and interested to care.

"If it's an eighteen size it will fit me," she said to the middle-aged, handsome woman who began to show her evening frocks.

"But you will want to try it on, Madam?"

No, Madam didn't want to try anything on. She was, however, persuaded to slip off her brown coat and put on the evening wrap.

It was a garment of white and gold brocade, patterned in little quilted squares; its great collar was of creamy fur. Mary Kate's shiny golden hair rose from it like a flame.

"This is ridiculous!" she said to Christopher Steynes.

"Stop looking at the tags, then."

The evening gown was of ivory satin, patterned about its low neck, that left the wearer's shoulders bare, with shining rows of pearls, embroidered into roses.

"IT'S beautiful," Mary Kate said respectfully. She was a little bewildered. She never had been in such a place. The lights and mirrors, the scents of subtle perfumes, the shine of lustrous fabrics confused her senses.

But she showed no awkwardness. Now and then she crinkled up her blue eyes and laughed into Christopher Steynes' own, as at some secret joke. For the rest she was dignified, interested, protesting only by an occasional glance.

"If it's worth it to you—" she would say with a shrug, when the wrap and an evening gown were followed by pearl-buckled slippers, transparent fine silk stockings as thin as fog, a white silk morning gown, smart and brief, like a tennis frock, with a knowing little striped silk jacket to accompany it.

"It is worth it to me," Chris always answered, with a businesslike nod.

"Do you know anything about bridge?" he asked, as they left the shop, and found themselves in the late afternoon tide on Post Street.

"Oh, yes. I play."

"Not contract?" he asked incredulously.

"Oh, yes!"

"You're perfect," he assured her. "Now, let me see where we could go to have a cup of tea—" he said, pondering. "The Palace? It's quiet there. Do you like the Palace?"

"I've never been there for tea."

"Well, come (Continued on page 55)

Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD YORK of Aristides, N. Y., is accused of the murder of his uncle, Adrian York. Circumstantial evidence against him is damningly complete. Driven to desperation by the venomous brutality of Chief of Police Clow, Richard breaks free and finds refuge in the attic of a deserted cabin in the mountains. He sees a load of liquor delivered by airplane and stored in the cabin, and hears arrangements made for its disposal. Convinced that the bootleggers are responsible for his uncle's murder, he sends an urgent message to Desire Minot, formerly his fiancée and daughter of the district attorney, to send State Trooper Tarleton to him.

Desire and Tarleton arrive together. As they enter the cabin they are held up by a bootlegger, left to guard the liquor. Richard, dropping from the attic, overpowers the man, but in so doing badly wrenches his ankle. Tarleton recognizes in their prisoner Skeen, former top sergeant of the troop of state police to which he belongs. Skeen has taken to drugs. Unable to move Richard in his motorcycle, Tarleton leaves him in the custody of Desire and starts for town with Skeen. A few moments later Desire and Richard see men closing in on them from the woods. . .

Meanwhile in Aristides Ehud Meister, secret confederate of Chief Clow in bootlegging and his rival for the affection of Rose Michaux, has been murdered in his speakeasy. Clow tries to pin the guilt on "Dip" Tucket, trouble-shooter for the liquor syndicate, who has been sent to Aristides to adjust an open feud between Meister and McGrogan. Captain Wilgus, Clow's assistant and the secret partner of McGrogan, turns suspicion upon his chief. In Clow's pockets are found a watch and checks belonging to Meister. He confesses the murder and is taken away, leaving Wilgus in charge.

VII

AT THE door of police headquarters District Attorney Minot lingered and spoke beneath his breath to Captain Wilgus.

"I don't suppose we should have held the Michaux woman? She won't try to get away?"

"She can't," Wilgus returned with oily alacrity. "I got a man trailin' her right now."

"Good," Minot nodded abstractedly. "We have, of course, her affidavit, anyway. What about him?"

He looked at the freckled man in the rumpled and drying checked suit who sat expressionless in the corner, a cigarette pasted on impassive lips.

"What about him?" the district attorney asked again, vaguely, with a hint of appeal in his tired eyes. Wilgus spoke with hearty briskness:

"Whatever you say, D. A. I'm here to follow orders. Personally, I think the little guy was framed, cold, by that big crook."

Minot nodded agreement. "Yes," he acknowledged. "So it appears to me. Only after what has happened—"

He glanced through the open door at the car that waited by the steps. The fat sergeant sat behind its wheel. Beside Conway in the tonneau, loomed the apathetic bulk of Stephen Clow.

"A thing like this is a shock, Captain," said Minot. "I always believed in the chief."

"Yeh," Wilgus acknowledged with faint malevolence. "You didn't know him as well as I did. I been watchin' him quite a while. Yes, sir."

MINOT put on his hat, and glanced again at Tucket's scarecrow figure. "Use your own judgment about him," he directed and left.

"Yes, sir," the captain called after him. "I won't overlook a trick. You can bet on that, D. A."

Minot seated himself beside the chief, who seemed unaware of his presence. The car slid away. Wilgus watched it with sluggish glee and turned at length to the silent room behind him. With his back against the door, he regarded Tucket a long moment in silence.

"Well, Fixit?" he said at last.

Tucket grinned wryly and retorted, "Well, Chief?"

"Sooner you get outa town the better for everybody," Wilgus drawled. "Nothing but grief since you landed here."

"Ain't it the truth?" Tucket said composedly. "I better tip Izzy before I go."

Faint worry clouded the captain's swarthy face.

"That's a funny thing," he confessed. "I phoned him ten minutes back, when I went to the drug store for salts to calm down that yowlin' jane. An' nobody answered. Nobody."

"Maybe that other trooper's took 'em all," Dip snickered, picking his belongings up from the desk top.

"Yeh," Wilgus grinned derisively. "Him? That mob?" He stretched luxuriously so that his flabby body strained against his buttoned jacket, and gorged with satisfaction returned jackal-like, to its source.

"Can you imagine," he ruminated aloud, "a sap like that big bull, Clow? Kills a man, tries to pin it on you an' alla while has evidence to burn himself in his clothes. All beef an' no brains."

A grimace grooved Tucket's face into welts of sophistication. His ruddy eyes glittered with reminiscent pride.

"He had a idea," he granted with dramatic indifference. "Only, it didn't work. He picked the wrong guy to run it on—Mr. Tucket, who's a very good man."

"Idea," Wilgus returned. "Huh. Idea! Crazy over that noisy, fat broad. That was his idea. I had that guy right since before they made him chief over my head. A heel. That's all. Kills Meister an' walks around with his roll in his pants. Hell."

"He didn't have that roll," the little man confessed, his face impassive, his eyes glittering with devilish self-complacency. "I had."

WILGUS stared and then grunted skeptically.

"The trouble with you, Chief, is that you didn't give the big boy credit," Tucket continued generously. "He killed Meister but he knew Meister was set to bleat. He took Meister's watch an' he planted it on me back there in the cell. He thought I was out when he knocked me down. Instead of shovin' that watch in my pants, he ought to of gone through me. Whew, he had me wingin'."

The rumpled little man seemed to delight in the captain's blank bewilderment.

"You was down there," Wilgus said slowly at last. "To Meister's? After he done it? What for?"

Tucket chuckled and tried to jerk the creases out of a coatsleeve. His face for an instant was shadowed by past terror.

"I was," he conceded. "And him layin' dead in his office alla while an' I didn't know it. I cleaned out his cash register. Well, he'd been holdin' out on the works, hadn't he? An' when Clow pinched me, boy, I like to die right there. He had me right an' didn't know it. No wonder I run. An' on top of that, the big ham planted the watch on me."

"But—but—" Wilgus stammered in complete bewilderment.

"But—but," the little man mimicked with a leer. "But—but he didn't give me credit. He makes this play to search me in here, see? I jump him an' while he's trying to wring my neck, I—"

He paused and flexed his long fingers with satisfaction.

"I plant the watch back on him," he concluded with the meek look of one who recognizes a triumph too great to require emphasis, "an' I give him the roll I'd gone off with, too."

"Why," Wilgus gasped and slowly recovered speech—"you dirty little crook!"

Tucket ducked his head in acknowledgment of the tribute.

"Only when I'm crowded," he amended. "I've learnt a lot in my day and I ain't forgot none of it. I wisht, though, that dried-up D. A. hadn't taken that roll for evidence, I—"

HE HALTED. Wilgus had crossed the room hurriedly and was peering from a window. He spoke over his shoulder:

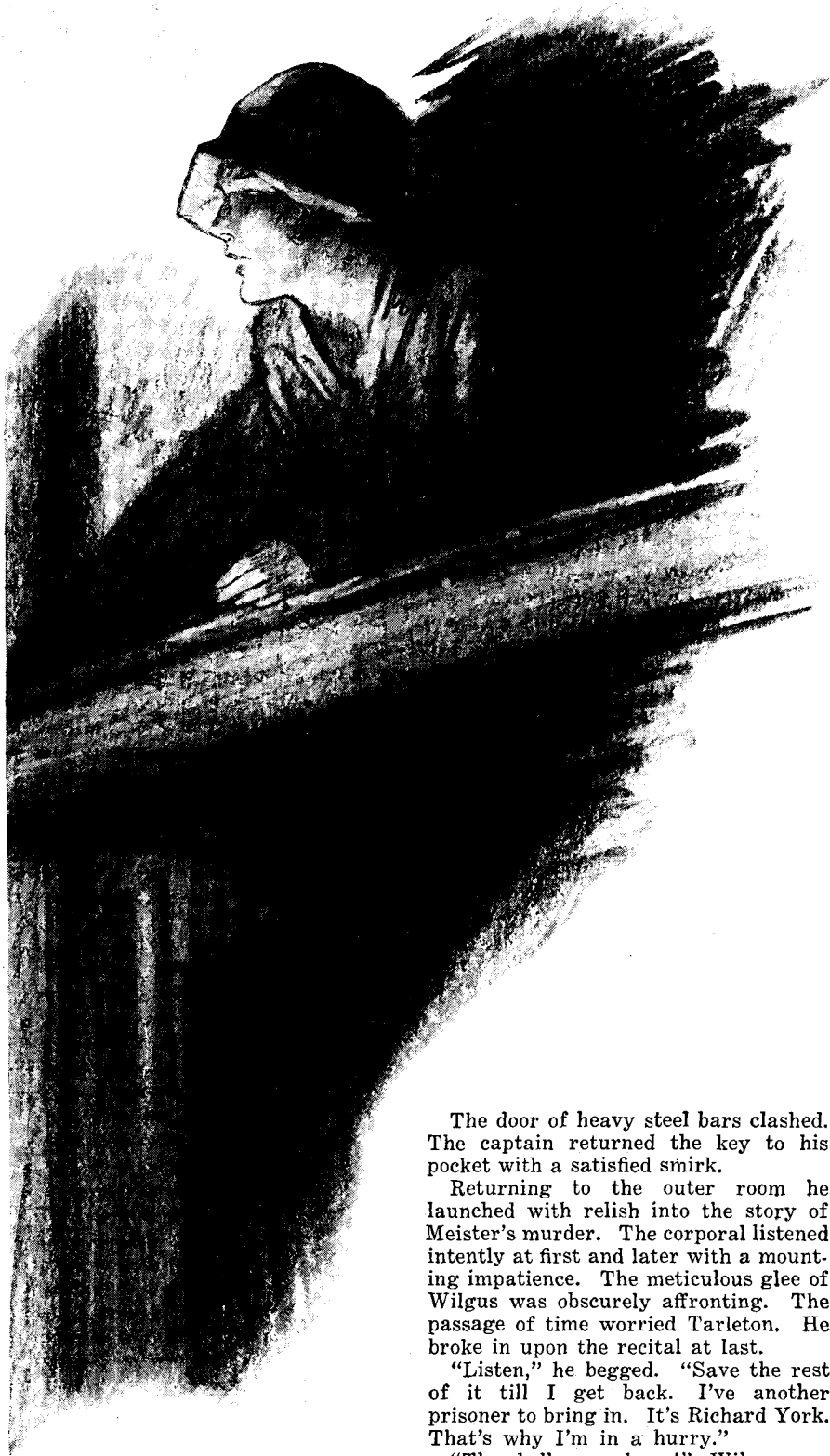
"Here's that other damn' trooper an' someone with him. Out that back door, fella. An' keep goin'."

"Yeh," Tucket agreed. "So long—"

The light glittered on the pistol, drawn and ready in his right hand, and shone upon a face peering down through the empty stairwell

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr





character, material witness, carrying a gun. Suit yourself. Just hold him for me."

"D. A.'s chauffeur, ain't he?" Wilgus asked, nodding toward the abject figure.

"He was," the corporal admitted. "By the way, where's Mr. Minot; home?"

"Him an' your partner's takin' Clow into Altair. Goin' to lock the big stiff up in the county jail."

"What?" the corporal exclaimed. The captain's dulled gaze strayed to the figure waiting with the dumb, docile patience of a horse in the rain.

"Le's lock him up first," he suggested, "an' I'll tell you."

The corporal hesitated an instant but followed into the jail corridor. At the cell door, Wilgus delayed the prisoner and raised his eyebrows.

"Been through him?" he asked and when Tarleton shook his head impatiently, rummaged swiftly over the unresisting figure. "Hah!" he exclaimed at length and held up a flat metal packet with a leer.

"Always a good thing," he informed the corporal as though instructing a recruit, "to go over a fella when you take him." He motioned Skeen into the cell.

The door of heavy steel bars clashed. The captain returned the key to his pocket with a satisfied smirk.

Returning to the outer room he launched with relish into the story of Meister's murder. The corporal listened intently at first and later with a mounting impatience. The meticulous glee of Wilgus was obscurely affronting. The passage of time worried Tarleton. He broke in upon the recital at last.

"Listen," he begged. "Save the rest of it till I get back. I've another prisoner to bring in. It's Richard York. That's why I'm in a hurry."

"The hell you have!" Wilgus exclaimed. "Where?"

"Out that way a piece," Tarleton replied with an indefinite jerk of his head. "Lend me your car and I'll get him in in an hour."

Wilgus hesitated an instant after the door had slammed behind the departing trooper and then spoke a number softly into the telephone, waited long with a mounting anxiety and cursed as he hung up the receiver.

TARLETON roaring westward in the captain's car rode the sun down behind the rising bulk of the hills. Dusk and the cool of evening were gathering in the valley as he parked the machine beside the wood road and hurried up its gloom-filled, tree-bordered arcade.

The sky was palely luminous with afterglow when, panting and mud-spattered, he emerged from the forest into the clearing.

He was aware as he hurried across the glade that the door of the tumble-down cottage stood blackly open.

He peered into the chamber, spoke softly. There was no response. He stepped inside, right hand upon his revolver butt and struck a match with the other.

A gasp escaped him. The waver-

ing flame painted the outline of the room. The man had vanished, the girl who had been security for him was gone, and the match revealed the floor where lately a stack of burlap-wrapped liquor had stood, as bare as the chamber's sagging walls.

The fire stung his fingers. He flicked the stub away and in the darkness spoke aloud.

"Damn," he said violently and fumbled for another match, stiffened, held his breath and listened in the gloom. Overhead, he could have sworn that something had stirred and a plank had complained. The second light he held aloft. It glittered on the pistol, drawn and ready in his right hand, and shone upon a face peering down through the empty stairwell.

FOR a long instant after Richard York had spoken, neither he nor the girl, seated inside the doorway of the ruined house, stirred. He continued to stare across the clearing and she watched his face as though it might mirror what was happening beyond her view. She saw his eyes narrow, his mouth twitch in calculation.

The glamorous light was fading from the wide glade and with it Desire Minot's courage ebbed away. In the distance a stick crackled beneath a careless foot. She flinched but it was York who spoke.

"Men," he reiterated, "five of them. They're closing in."

"They're—they're after you?" she faltered. He hesitated and shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I think the gentlemen have—come for their liquor. I want you to hide up above. They haven't seen you. They don't know you're here."

"I won't," she said. "I'm going to stay with you."

"You will do as I say, Desire. These aren't, I imagine, gentlemen you care to meet. I—"

He grunted with pain as he hobbled toward the stairwell, swayed and dropped to hands and knees. She gasped but he crawled across the floor and commanded: "Come. Quick!"

Obedient to his peremptory voice, she rose and followed. He had halted on all fours below the square gap in the ceiling and spoke over his shoulder:

"Step on my back. You won't hurt me. And pull yourself up."

Only for an instant she hesitated.

"What—will they do?" she faltered.

"I'm not at all sure," he muttered quickly. "Lie still up there, whatever happens. And hurry."

Her weight pressed down upon his shoulders. He felt it lift, heard the rub of cloth upon wood and looking up caught the glimmer of her face in the aperture. He saluted it with a gay wave of his hand.

"Quiet," he murmured, "whatever happens. Remember."

A board creaked softly and the face vanished. He hauled himself across the floor and into the pathway of light streaming through the open door. Resting against the liquor heap, he waited.

Outside, he heard the low murmur of debate, the hesitant shuffle of feet. Then the doorway was darkened by the bulk of a man, black against the light, stooped with the rigidity of a coiled snake.

"Hello," York ventured and at his voice, the man fired from the hip. Splinters from the floor stung York's hand. On the heels of the flame spurt, while the old building still shook to the gun's explosion, the intruder yelped savagely and raised his arm again. Another, leaping forward caught it, spun him backward so that he fell and dodging out of the doorway again, swore with a lacerating fury.

"Ain't we got enough to haul outa

here without a corpse?" he screeched. "You—" His mad voice rattled, scoring obscenity: "Advertise us will you, you hop-headed son of a sow? I ought to—Don't you talk back at me, Jerry. Who the hell do you think's running this mob? Hey? Aw right; go ahead. Make a move, damn you—"

ABOVE, York heard Desire stir and gasp his name. He lifted his voice to hide hers.

"All right," he shouted, "I surrender. Come in."

His voice hushed the raging tirade. A man stepped to the doorway again. The beam from an electric torch flashed about the chamber and centered upon the lean figure against the liquor cache.

"Who are you?" the intruder spoke hoarsely through the dregs of anger. "Come out. And snappy!"

York scrambled slowly to his feet and hobbled to the door, clutched its side, and surveyed the group that now pressed in before it, with vision incurious through pain. They crowded about him, undersized, swarthy men with the wary eyes, the over-alert movements that cities and jungles breed.

A little in the rear another with a white slab of a face flexed his wrist and cursed beneath his breath. This, York judged, was Jerry. He regarded him with interest. Twice before he had encountered him and now saw him clearly for the first time.

The voice of the man who had ordered him forth purred in his ear.

"What are you doing here, eh?" he demanded. His insolent black eyes were set faintly askew, giving his slanting swarthy face a perpetual air of leering inquiry, and the metropolitan suit he wore was suavely tailored. York replied:

"Being shot at."

Another of the group grumbled:

"Ask him where's that cop, Izzy?"

Izzy McGrogan wheeled.

"I'll do the talking," he ordered. "Get that stuff outa here. Into the pond, by the dam where it's deep."

York hopped from the doorway and stood against the building's outer wall, supported on one leg, while the others filed in and out, package-laden. They vanished. Presently the sound of falling water was punctuated by hollow splashing. Izzy turned a lop-sided face upon his prisoner.

"NO STALLING," he warned, dark threat in his gaze, "Who are you?"

"Richard York," the other reported simply.

"Is that so?" McGrogan said slowly. The first of the men, returning from the pond, loitered an instant gazing at York. Izzy glanced at him, drew back a silk cuff, inspected a platinum watch on his shaggy wrist and squealed savagely at the lingerer:

"Are you in with that cop? Get that liquor. This ain't a picnic, Gus."

The man gulped and blundered into the house but another, who followed him, retorted spitefully from the threshold: "Let him come. We'll burn him down."

McGrogan regarded him apathetically and his voice was deceptively soft.

"Yeh," he agreed. "Sure we will. And that'll mean there'll be a dozen of them down on us. What do you think that baby's been doing since he took Skeen in? Didn't you know there was telephones? This time tomorrow the Hole in the Wall will be inside out. Get goin', Jerry."

But Jerry lingered, a scornful leer on his peaked white face.

"Bill's on the level," he retorted. "He ain't gonna squeal."

"No," Izzy agreed, his voice still softer, "An' how long'll he be on the level, when (Continued on page 47)

Bumping the Umps

By Al Demaree



Any reference to Hank O'Day's sartorial taste brings immediate action

A WHITE line streaks into the green outfield, swiftly moving men flash into action all over the diamond, a roar from the stands, a long curving throw-in, and a puff of dust at the plate. "Yer out!" a blue-coated, pudgy man bellows, gesturing with a sharp upward jerk of his right arm.

And Evers, the great Johnny Evers, leaps to his feet like a panther and glowers over the shorter figure of the man in blue, jerking his head back and forth, jawing and raving and tearing up the dirt with his spikes. Most of what he is saying cannot go into print, but the ump seems to be taking it. Perhaps he is philosophic and realizes that all justice is not on one side.

The other players crowd in and take up the row. The fans in the stands roar in anger and disgust. The ump ignores the raving pack around him and steps forth to brush off the plate; then motions for the game to go on. Evers sulks away toward his dugout. Then suddenly he stops for one last shot. "Hey, you!" he shouts, "who's yer tailor, you big fathead?"

"You're out of the game," commands Hank O'Day immediately. All the other abuse had rolled off him like water off a duck's back. Only that one stuck. "Fifty bucks for that one," he adds.

Evers takes it. He knows he has gone too far. Sullenly, like a whipped wild beast, he struts off the field, inciting the fans to boo O'Day, but realizing somewhere down inside, where he is a great sportsman, that Hank was in the right. He had stepped on the ump's toes where they were sorest, for Hank O'Day was the proudest man in the world of his clothes, and the most sensitive.

This One Never Fails

Perhaps it was because he was a bachelor, but never a day passed that he didn't appear in at least five changes of costume—shepherd plaids, tweeds, serges, broadcloths—all the product of the most exclusive tailors in the country.

A ball player could call Hank almost anything, but he couldn't say to him, "Who's your tailor, you big fathead?" If he did, it was curtains for that ball player for that day.

Bill Klem was just as sensitive about being called "catfish." He couldn't stand to have a batter look around at him after a called ball or strike, either. "Don't look around at me, busher," he

would snarl, "or I'll give you what you're looking for."

Jeff Tesreau used to slip over to the bench and yell "Catfish!" from a group of players and then walk out innocently to Klem, and say, "Well, I see they're on you again, Bill. Somebody just won't have enough sense to cut that out."

Then Jeff would ease over to the first base coaching line, and presently he'd be on the bench yelling, "Catfish!"

It drove Klem frantic. "Just give me an intimation," he pleaded to Jeff. "You don't have to tell me who it is, Jeff. I don't ask that. But just give me a little intimation. That's all I want."

Jeff started to say something, but Klem interrupted him: "Don't go any further. Don't say another word. I know who it is now."

And Bill rushed over to the bench and chased Walter Holke, a silent sort of chap who hadn't opened his mouth, out of the park and fined him \$25!

Bill wouldn't have made that mistake, though, if he had been as clever a Sherlock Holmes as "Bull Neck" Guthrie is.

Down at Nashville, where Guthrie was umpiring, the ump's dressing-room was right next to the players' quarters. One evening after a game a player was calling Guthrie everything in the rainbow. When he let up a moment to get his breath, he was petrified to hear Bull Neck yelling through the partition: "That's just cost you fifty bucks, young fellow."

As they came out of the clubhouse the player asked, "How'd you know who it was?"

"I recognized your voice," explained Bull Neck, "and that fine goes."

Ball players on that club believed ever afterward that the walls really did have ears.

Guthrie is one of the old-school tough-guy umpires. He knows he doesn't have to take anything from the players nowadays, and he doesn't. He canned Bib Falk of the White Sox one day because he overheard Bib "cussing his luck" be-

When you see a ball player kicking up the dust, waving his arms and glaring at the umpire, don't jump to conclusions. He's probably saying, "How's fishing down your way, Jim?" Not that he may not get thrown out of the game. He may. But it'll be for criticizing the ump's taste in clothes or his knowledge of football



Umpire Tim Hurst personally escorted Harry Hemphill on a furious dash around the bags for a homer and then informed the player he had hit a foul ball

cause the shortstop had just leaped up and speared a line drive to rob him of a hit during a long batting slump. Guthrie thought Falk was shooting at him.

A fellow slid into second when Bull Neck was umpiring and was called out. The player raved, as usual, and wound up by fuming, "Well, you gotta admit it was close, anyway."

"Nope," came back Bull Neck, "in dis game dere's no close ones. It's eider dis or dat, and dis time it's dat—so you're out o' da game."

His Umps Can Also be Mean

It was Guthrie who, while firing one of the Yankees, instructed him, as Miller Huggins approached to take up the argument, to "take the bat boy along with you!"

On hot days, Heinie Zimmerman used to try to get thrown out of the game so he could go out to the race track or somewhere he could miss the heat of playing ball. Those days the umpires usually were on to him. "Go right ahead, Heinie!" they would say to him sweetly and exasperatingly as he kicked his head off. "Say anything you want to. Call me anything you like. I know you want to get thrown out of this game, but you ain't. You're going to stick right in there and sweat! See?"

A mean trick of the same gender was pulled once by Tim Hurst on Harry Hemphill, outfielder of the old Yankees, or Highlanders, as they were known then. One blistering day Hemphill had been riding Tim. Hemphill came to bat and hit a liner down the right-field foul line. Hemphill set out for first, with Tim after him, as there was only one umpire in those days.

"Don't forget to touch the bag," shouted Tim as they neared first. And Harry stomped the bag good.

As they neared second, Hurst yelled: "Don't miss the bag, you big bum!" Harry stomped that bag solid, too,

and set sail for third. "Don't miss third," screamed Tim from the rear.

They rounded third and headed for the plate. "Slide! Slide!" roared Hurst, and Harry made a beautiful dive into the dust.

When he stood up and started for the bench, Tim howled, "Hey! Come back here. Foul! That was a foul ball!"

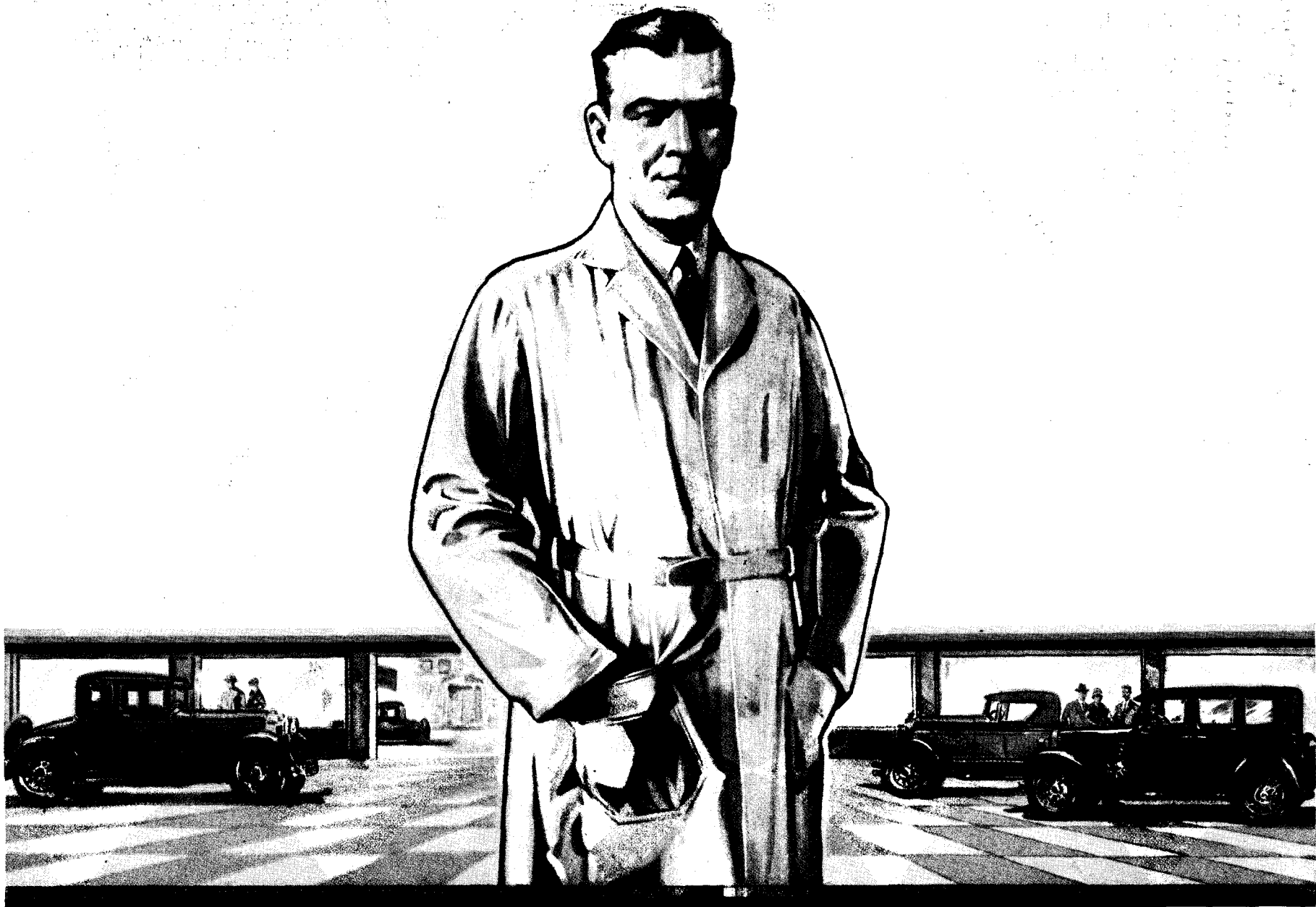
Things are not always what they seem in baseball, as in anything else. For instance, when men rant and rip around the umpire they are not always raising cain with him. Many players do all kinds of fake kicking at the umpire, either to make themselves look good, or to incite the crowd to razz the arbiter.

"Derby Day" Bill Clymer, former coach of the Cincinnati Reds and a successful manager in many minor leagues, won a reputation as a peppy player by kicking ferociously at the umpires, waving his arms and wagging his head, when all he was saying was, "How's fishin' down in the Old Mill Pond, Bill?" or "That tip you gave me on the horses last week was all wrong," or "Why'd you tell me you got fifteen fish last week, when you only got eight?"

And while Derby Day Bill was going through (Continued on page 38)



Some catchers will let a fast one get by to take the ump in the chin



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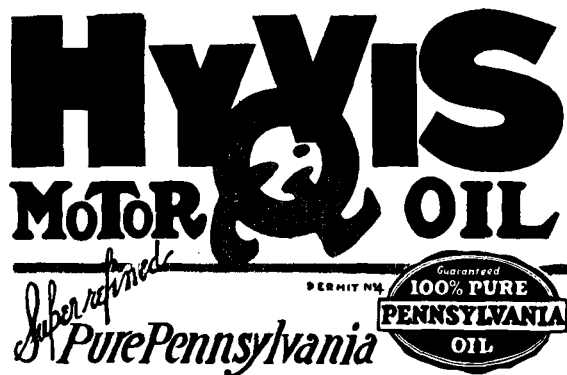
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Evil Intent

By Stephen
Morehouse
Avery

*Hell is said to be paved
with good intentions.
Here's what happened
to a bad one*



He wondered if she realized he'd kissed her, he being himself still rather dizzy with it. "Do you mind, Anita? You're too adorable not to"

Illustrated by
Nancy Fay

"I'D HAVE done just as you did—but I wouldn't lie about it." So runs that lively, well-known, and enduring anecdote, and in the face of its good-natured human cynicism one can but state the facts about Gilbert and Anita and hope for the best. Even the facts are not too convincing, unless one is romantic and generous-minded. But who isn't? Or—who is?

To begin, anyway, there was Gilbert Stannard, after two years in Europe at the beck and call of his fiancée of five years' standing, returned suddenly to New York without her and with certain definite evil intentions in his heart. One would like to say that the evil intentions sneaked into his heart through the cracks which Muriel Devon left in it, but it wouldn't be true. His heart was not even chipped.

No, to be honest, both of them had been aware after the first six months of their consequently long engagement that the curious *sine qua non* was missing. They were born to be friends, not lovers, and they ended that way finally with Muriel asking his advice in her mad romance with a shell-shocked Irish baronet. Gilbert promptly advised her to go to London and marry the beggar.

Muriel followed his advice to the letter and gave him some advice in return. "Gilbert, my dear old stick," she said, as they talked out to the Le Bourget flying field, "for heaven's sake, go back to New York and have some fun. If you could have even threatened occasionally during these years to be the least bit wicked, I might have loved you."

Waiting for the Handley-Page which was to land her in London and her mad baronet's arms, she was more explicit. Apparently she had something definite in mind for his fun. "And when you've found her, Gilbert, despoil and deceive her no matter how much you love her and, above all, don't—oh, don't idealize her, Gilbert. Myself a notable exception, you put such a pedestal under

every woman who looks at you that the poor things almost pop in the rarefied atmosphere. At home in their kitchens they say: 'What a brilliant and witty minded man that Gilbert Stannard is! My, but it's nice to relax.' And the next night they go out with Tony Nicolai, who can be counted upon to insult them and whose brains are in his tango shoes. Fortunately you're not too old to reform."

Whereupon, Muriel Devon stepped into the cabin of the huge passenger plane and flew away out of Gilbert Stannard's life and out of this story. She was not really a nice woman and both he and we are lucky to be rid of her so easily. Let the baronet worry about Muriel Devon.

Gilbert, indeed, was not too old to reform, very fair and blue-eyed and young for his thirty-six years, young in body and perhaps in spirit. In experience, world weariness, fatigue of life, he was, in his own opinion at any rate, antediluvian. Nothing remained that occurred to him as important. Love had been tried and found tiresome. Success had been fairly well achieved and found empty, though convenient. Nothing remained except the possible casual excitement of certain of those already mentioned intentions.

THEY, however, were important enough to cause him within three days after the Ile de France had put down her gangplank to get hold of some of his old furniture and to buy a little more. He put it all into a small but select apartment in the East Fifties which looked, when he was through with it, exactly the den of iniquity he hoped it would prove to be. He acquired a Japanese manservant Yohito, a tiny chap with just the correctly sinister expression. He bought some richly hued drapes and bed covers, hung a small Zuloaga portrait of an Andalusian beauty, and ordered a crimson velvet smoking jacket. Then he telephoned every friend of adventurous propensities he knew in town.

Most of them failed him; invited him to charming and respectable dinners and theater parties. "Knew better than to drag you into the low company I usually enjoy, Gilbert," they said. "How are world affairs?"

"Not so good," he would reply, thinking up an excuse to avoid the charming dinner. The "world affairs" meant his mild renown as writer and lecturer on political science and as expert observer on committees at Genoa. "Call me up some other time, the first time you need an extra man. I guess I can stand any company you can. You see, I've changed since you knew me."

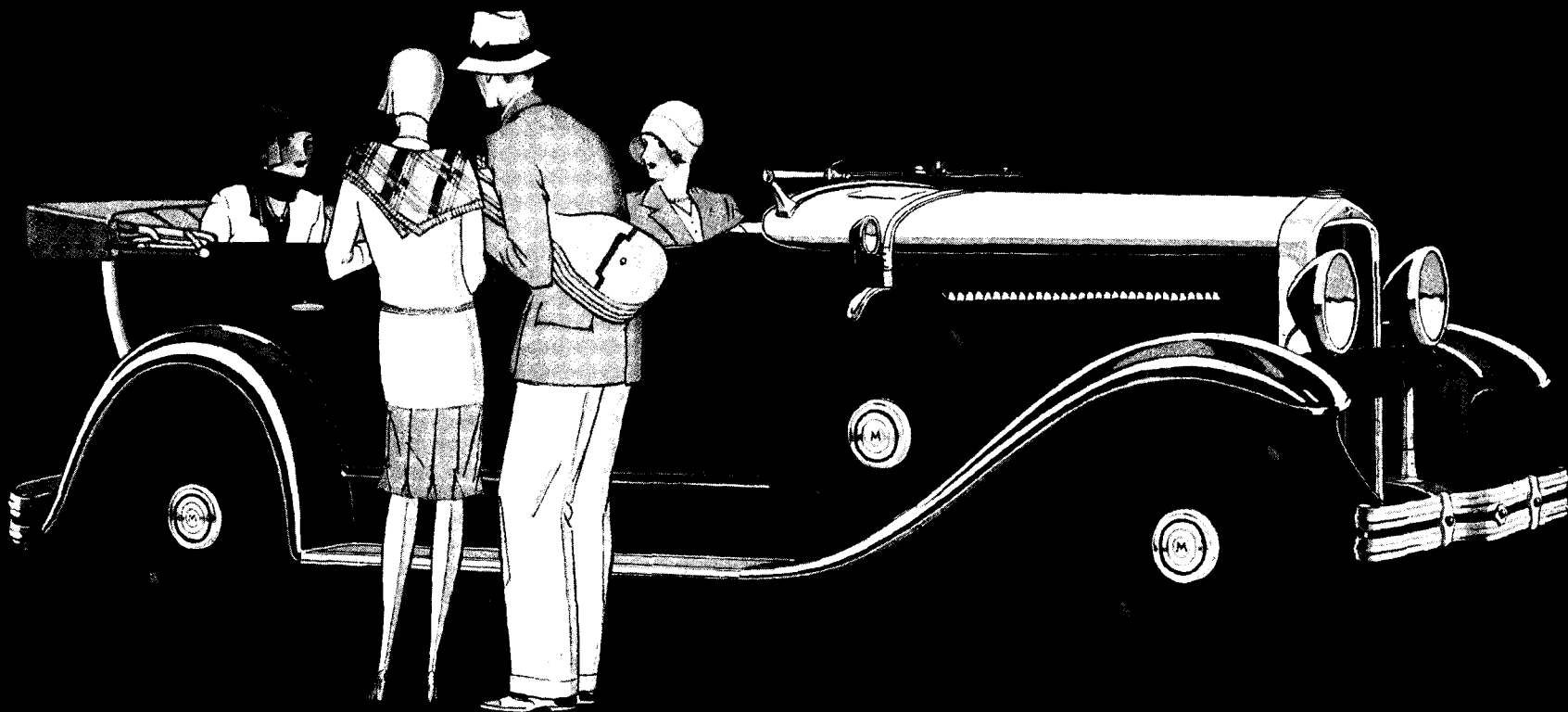
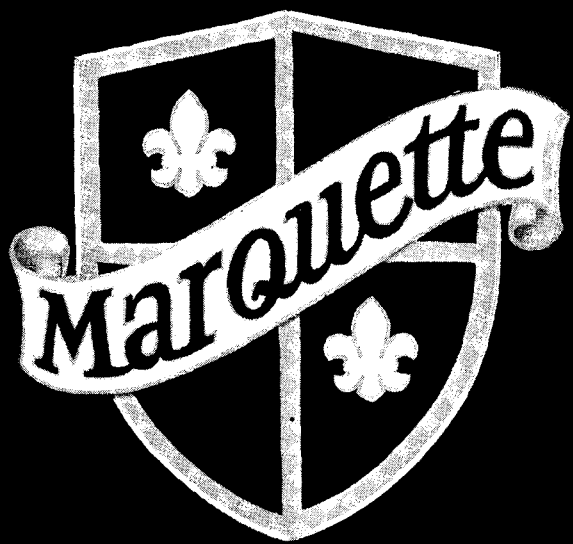
Bob Downs, his best and truest, was more useful, as Gilbert might have known. They were really more than friends, blood relations in a sense. They had flown through the war in the same squadron. Utterly different, utterly devoted, Gilbert had his intellectual ideas and Bob Downs had a good time. But Bob Downs was in Gilbert's apartment within ten minutes after he learned that Gilbert was in America.

Their uneasy greeting over, they began in the male fashion just where they'd left off two years before. "Well," said Bob Downs, glancing about the apartment, "has Europe done this to you? Who is the woman in the case?"

"In what sort of case?" asked Gilbert. "Have I forgotten something?"

"Nothing but the Rus-

(Continued on page 20)



NOW, in the Marquette, new millions can enjoy the advantages of Buick craftsmanship and engineering. The great resources of the Buick Motor Company have made available for the first time a full complement of fine car features in a moderate-priced automobile. Throughout the Marquette are the complete quality and thorough goodness that have made "Built by Buick" a symbol of worth and dependability the world over.

Here are a few of the distinctive features that this brilliant new six brings to the thousand-dollar field: perfect driving vision—made possible by a windshield tilted to a safety angle of seven degrees, thus eliminating completely all distracting glare . . . special genuine

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

sian cigarettes, my boy. Where's the lady? What! No lady? We'll have to do something about it."

After a while they went up the street to Bob's club to "drink 'er down, down, down as of yore," as Bob said, in honor of their reunion. "Earl Briggs is going to drop by about five o'clock. Remember him? The loon flew all the way up from Alabama in his prehistoric Curtiss."

EARL BRIGGS, rich, wild, uninhibited, was already there when they arrived, Earl Briggs and friends, particularly an ex-aviator friend named McKane. They had settled at a table in the guestroom within easy reach of the cozy and busy little club bar, and they were a long, long way ahead of Bob and Gilbert. "Here, you two Kiwis," saluted Earl, "we'll close our eyes and count fifty while you catch up with this party."

Fifty minutes were required, however, to bring them abreast. Fifty minutes more, then they subscribed heartily to the sentiment of Earl Briggs' speech in which he said that the five men present were his dearest friends. In fact, he claimed to hate everybody else in the world and he was dead certain that Gilbert, Bob, McKane and himself had been the best pilots in the war and he felt that under the circumstances none of them would dream of breaking up the party until the dawn's early light—if ever.

To make certain that they didn't the entire company went home with each member while he dressed for dinner, which was arranged in a private dining-room of Briggs' hotel. Somewhere en route the party increased to seven, seven gay ex-aviators up to their old tricks. But one of them, at a point halfway between duck and salad and the fourth and fifth bottle of bubbles, fell suddenly asleep. That left six.

It was all very vague to Gilbert, very vague and very nice. He even cheered the suggestion of moving on to Freddy Denmore's soiree, although he'd never heard of Freddy Denmore. He felt sure that would be very nice too and, in a way, it was.

Going down in the hotel elevator, however, Bob Downs' whispers cooled his enthusiasm. "We'd better duck this part of it, Gil. It costs about a hundred each and champagne at twenty-five. You know Denmore? Gets a crowd of the wilder Broadway girls for a party at his house in East Sixty-eighth and invites his alleged friends to come and support the affair—and incidentally himself. Of course, there's a lot of action."

"We can't duck it," said Gilbert, although Bob's hesitance gave him considerable alarm. If it was too fast for Bob it would have to be rather speedy.

IT WAS all very vague, and still very nice, although one had qualms. Freddy Denmore's impressive butler had admitted them, and Freddie himself, carefully dressed and carelessly mannered, had greeted them in the hall as boon companions and offered a quick whisky all around before they joined the ladies. Laughter and music, indistinct and exciting, had reached them from above.

And now they crossed the ballroom, or what served for one, and were presented to the group about a large oval table in the dining-room, several other men and eight or nine beautiful girls. Really beautiful girls they were, beautifully gowned and poised, betrayed only by that elaborate formality which they bring to their "swell parties."

The formality didn't last very long. Bob ordered champagne. McKane told the proper story. A red-headed girl sang the proper song. A three-piece orchestra played the right dance tune. It was all very vague, and not quite so nice. Gilbert didn't know exactly what

to say to the incredibly blonde girl who sat next to him. She linked her lovely arm through his and said: "Now for heaven's sake, Blue Eyes, don't be shy. I'm afraid of shy men."

He supposed there was a reply to that but he didn't know what it was and his gaze darted frantically about the table in search of either inspiration or help. There was no help. Everybody seemed to have plenty to say and to be absorbed in a study of blue, brown or black eyes.

There was no help but there was inspiration. Some movement stirred the blue haze of cigarette smoke into whirls and eddies. It was all very vague—and again very wonderful. A face appeared to him out of it, across the table, the smoothest, sweetest young face Gilbert Stannard had ever seen. Her hair was dark and soft as sleep. Her chin was tilted. The planes of her white brow spaced two shadowed but luminous eyes. Faint, smooth little arcs ended in bewitching depressions at the corners of her mouth. And then she smiled.

Gilbert shook off the pink blonde's lovely arm and stood right up. Her voice followed him around the table. "Why didn't you say you preferred brunettes in the first place, Blue Eyes?"

He suggested that they desert the crowd and sit by themselves on the landing of the broad stairway



"Why did you have to say that?" She collapsed limply over the suitcase

If everything hadn't been so vague, he would have died with embarrassment.

He found there was a girl behind that vision he'd seen, a slender darling, very simply dressed in a dark afternoon frock, and next to her was Earl Briggs' empty chair. Earl couldn't have noticed her. He was beyond noticing very much of anything, probably. Everything must have seemed very vague indeed to Earl. But to Gilbert, although things seemed more wonderful than ever, they were no longer vague at all.

He sat down. "Did you smile at me?"

She smiled now, somewhat timidly, he thought. "I don't know. Did I? You

were staring at me, and perhaps I did. You are the nicest man here—for that matter."

GILBERT was wondering why her voice was low and vibrant, like cello tones, when all the others were clarinets. "In other words," he said, "you don't rate this party very much, Miss —"

"Anita Forbes," she supplied. "What's your name? Gilbert? I don't like that, —but the other name's nice. I'll call you Stannard. No, I don't rate this party much, Stannard. As you see, I didn't even dress for it." She made a curiously frantic little gesture with

her hands, as if to push the spectacle of the table and the bright lights away from her. "Oh, that's a bluff. The truth is, I haven't an evening dress."

Of course—as straight and sweet a youngster as this would have a hard time of it. The thought brought a phrase immediately out of memory—"And above all, don't idealize her, Gilbert." And Bob Downs, puffing after forty rounds of fox trot with his pretty toe dancer, leaned across to suggest with a wink that Gilbert stop by on his way home for some Russian cigarettes.

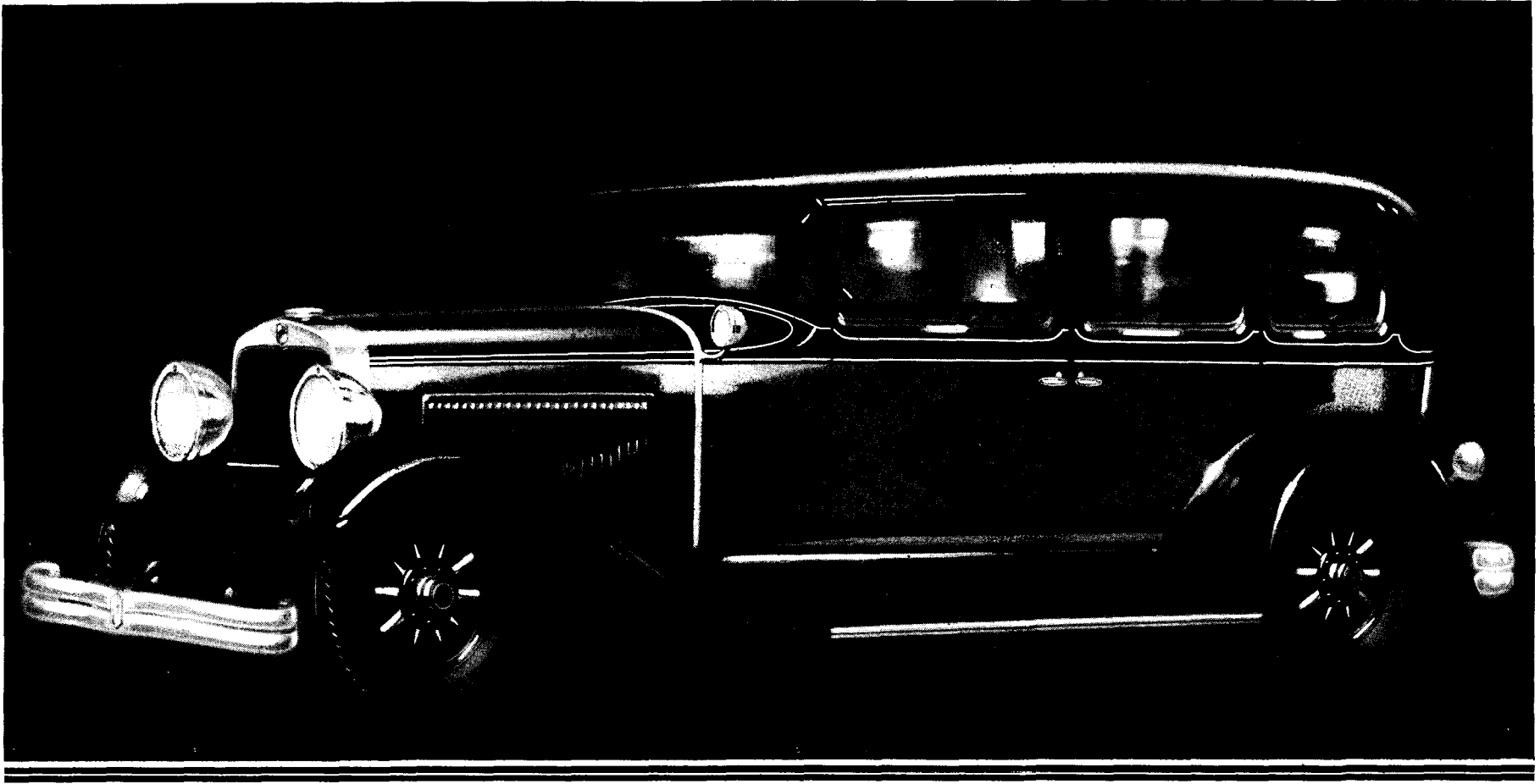
So he was being a soft sort of fool again. Incurable, probably. Well, he wouldn't let this child get away with it. Working him for a dress, that was plain, and he'd let her know he was wise. "Don't worry," he said, "I buy evening dresses for all my girl friends."

She flushed. "I wonder why I thought you were different from these other men, Stannard. Come on, you probably want to dance, don't you? Let's dance." She rose.

"Don't if you don't want to, Anita." He softened again.

"I don't care what I do," she said. Her eyes blazed, as they had a moment before, when she'd made that gesture. "I'm here and the rest of them are dancing. I'm here to do just what they all do." Then she (Continued on page 44)

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One-Man Shows

By Grantland Rice

What is there about a Dempsey or a Ruth that packs the gallery? Showmanship, says Mr. Rice. Here he analyzes it for you

EVERY now and then you hear someone eminent in sport referred to as a "great showman." Just what is a "great showman?" What mystic attributes are needed to gain this title?

It doesn't mean unusual ability, for many stars replete with courage and skill are not in any sense to be listed among the showmen of sport. Outstanding skill is nearly always needed to build the showman up and to keep him going. But it isn't the entire story.

One of the chief attributes of showmanship is a distinct personality, commonly known as "color." Color is merely that personal touch that catches the eye and the fancy of the crowd.

In the case of Jack Dempsey it was his ring spirit, his battle scowl, his ferocity in attack, his unshaven countenance and, with these details, his heavy wallop.

In the case of Ruth it has been his vast bulk, his good nature, his intense eagerness and, again, the old wallop.

You may notice that the wallop plays an important part in showmanship, whatever the game—Ruth, Dempsey, Tilden, Jones, Hagen—on back to John L. Sullivan.

But there is something more. In a certain P. G. A. championship match, to cite one example, Walter Hagen was on the verge of being cudged out of the party. He was 5 down at the time, and apparently sinking fast. The gallery had not sensed any such result and only a small crowd was following this match. His opponent told me the story. "The Haig," he said, "was disgusted about this time. On one tee he threw the ball on the grass without teeing it up and hit a careless drive. He wasn't playing well and he didn't seem to care. But about this time word came back that Hagen was 5 down and about to be beaten. In about five minutes there must have been 4,000 spectators waiting around the next green. They came from everywhere. When Hagen looked around and saw that crowd he was another Hagen. He had his gallery—his audience. I could see

an entirely different look on his face. Here was his chance to put on another show—a show that several thousand could watch. He had a chip shot off the edge of the green. He had played one just before the crowd came without any side lines or flourishes. But this time he walked from the ball to the pin, walked back, changed his club, and then almost holed the shot as the crowd cheered. That was all he needed. He knew the club he was going to use in the first place, but he had the dramatic instinct to put on a show. There was no use in putting on a show with no one looking on. From that point on he played an entirely different brand of golf and I never had a chance."

The point is that a sporting showman must have an inward sense of drama—a dramatic instinct that likes to put on a show for the multitude, not the few.

Hagen has nearly always been at his best in the big moments. In 1928 Archie Compston crushed him in a challenge match, and in 1929 George Duncan did exactly the same thing. In each case word went out that the old Hagen was through, with the two British Opens just on beyond. No one appreciated better than Hagen his big chance to put on the greatest of all shows in sport—the old come-back, the startling reversal that means comment and publicity. In each case he saw his chance and revealed in the opportunity. It meant a much bigger show to win after taking a bad beating.

The Babe Needs His Fans

Bobby Jones is another who has this human contact with the gallery. Bobby carried his galleries in his wake when he was only thirteen years old. He has carried them with him ever since. I recall at Oakmont in 1927 when Jones was well out of it, with no chance to win, and yet his gallery at the finish was almost as large as those following the two leaders.

Babe Ruth has this sense of human relationship with the crowd raised to a remarkable degree. Most of the

Babe's achievements have come off before the largest gatherings. When he sees a packed stadium there is some inward emotional surge that lifts him above his ordinary rating. In place of being nervous and overawed by 70,000 people looking on he feels an elation, a thrill that finds its way into his play. In two different world-series games he has hit three home runs. Not so long ago he was out of the game because of illness. It was supposed that he would need at least a week or two on his return to get going again. But his first important start happened to be against the Athletics, the Yankees' chief pennant rivals. In the first game the Babe could do nothing. But with the crowd gathering force as the second game started, the old thrill of the packed stands overcame his lack of play and practice. Here was the mob to see him again. Here was his chance to put on another big show. And so in that second game with 70,000 looking on the Babe hammered out two home runs and drove in seven of the eight Yankee tallies before his cheering audience started home for late dinners.

A great mechanical player is much more likely to be at his best in quieter spots. Many of them do not care for big crowds or big galleries. They either try too hard to please or their nervous systems can't stand the spotlight. They lack the dramatic touch, the inward response of showmanship.

In the old days when Bill Tilden was at war with Bill Johnston for tennis supremacy the majority of the crowd came out to root for Johnston. And this might be almost an entirely eastern crowd. Yet it was Tilden who drew most of them in. Johnston wasn't a bad showman, but Tilden was a better one. No one knew at just what moment

he might do the unexpected. In one match with Vincent Richards the latter slipped just as he got the ball across the net. Tilden promptly lobbed a high, easy chance directly at Richards to give his opponent the chance to recover and make his return. Loud cheers. A moment later Tilden was riding an official for some decision that failed to agree with his own vision.

Our Recent Heroes

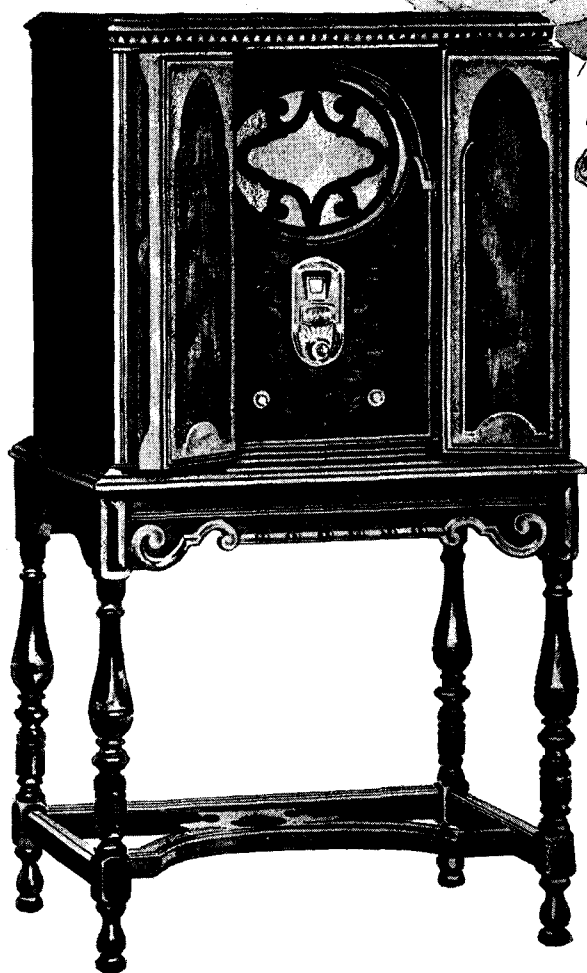
The star showman in sport must get results, but he must get them in a certain way. Hornsby led the National League in batting six or seven years. He was a great ball player and a winning one. But you have heard few remark they were going to the park to see Hornsby play. He lacked the touch of showmanship that made a Ruth and a Cobb. Skill, speed, power, form and courage all play their part in making the showman. But not the entire rôle. The great showman must be in close touch with the crowd, he must have a personality that reaches out and catches hold. He must feel the thrill of packed stands and surging galleries. He must have a certain amount of the actor in him.

The crowd in turn can always feel this reaction from the player. A certain indefinable magnetism comes from the ring or the field into the stands. A far more efficient machine might fail in this respect. Probably no one era in sport has known so many showmen as the last ten years have shown—Dempsey, Ruth, Hagen, Cobb, Bobby Jones, Tilden, Paddock, Grange, and, to mention one showwoman, Suzanne Lenglen. Greater stars may take their places—but will these newer personalities get across to the multitudes?

They all have the wallop and a strong dramatic instinct. They are actors

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Majestic dealers, twelve thousand strong, are ready to show and demonstrate these newest Mighty Monarchs of the Air. See and hear these new Anniversary Models 91 and 92 in their rich period cabinets of choice American burl walnut and Australian lacewood.

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PUBLICITY

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frank Condon

HIS name was Jim Runnell, and, while he was not actually old, he was elderly and a trifle soured with life and its vanities. He definitely disliked Moore and Lacy, because they were now what he used to be. They were acrobats and aerialists, with large muscles and extensive chests. He was forced to see much of Moore and Lacy, for they were on the same bill, playing the Sullivan Circuit, which means the sticks.

Mr. Runnell sang a song or two, danced in clogs, told four very brief stories and performed one trick with a rope. His dancing kept him in small-time employment, but it was quite obvious that he was slipping and would presently slide out and be seen no more behind the footlights.

Moore and Lacy were young, husky and bursting with ambition. They flung themselves over bars with the tremendous gusto of unappeased youth, and Moore, who was a calculating fellow and a thinker, thought up small items for the theatrical press. You often saw something about Moore and Lacy, the sterling acrobats, in *Variety*. They were referred to in the *Billboard* on occasions and several times they broke into the *New York evening papers*. Moore was quite clever about it.

THIS successful contact with printer's ink was offensive to Jim Runnell, who was never mentioned, even in the most obscure publications. Hardly anybody remembered that Jim had been an acrobat, but he remembered it and recalled, too, that he never, in those days, gave out untrue stories just for the sake of getting his name into print.

Murkily, he went on from week to week, dancing in the sticks, and disliking Moore and Lacy, who were totally unaware of old Jim and even more unaware of his choler. And young Moore, who was the one with the literary tendencies, joyously made up little whoppers for the newspapers, harmless items, but designed to apprise a waiting world of the fact that Moore and Lacy were the ring-tailed bazoos of acrobatic vaudeville.

"Certainly pays to advertise," Moore often said to Lacy.

"Certainly does," Lacy agreed. "Yuh never get nowhere unless you're in the papers."

Over in New Jersey, the Sullivan Circuit flings its web. Haverwood is in the tank belt of New Jersey, almost in sight of New York's towers and battlements, but further from Broadway than day is from night. The Haverwood Theater plays a news-reel, a feature picture and vaudeville. Moore and Lacy were Number Three and Jim Runnell was Number

*Illustrated by
Denys
Wortman*



Moore and Lacy had been blown from their lodgings and landed on a load of hay. The reporter snapped them from several angles

Two, following a man whose act consisted of an exhibition of trained dogs.

They played along through a half-week, Jim feeling old and useless and hating Moore and Lacy for their gayety and their muscles and for the obvious fact that they were crawling up life's ladder and he was crawling down. Always somber when the curtain was down, Jim scarcely spoke to those about him. On Friday he received a letter from the Sullivan Circuit, informing him that his act had lost its entertainment value and that he was done.

Jim read the letter. Then he went slowly to his dressing-room, thought for a time and arrived at certain definite conclusions. He decided that when Sunday came there would be no Jim Runnell. That person would have passed on, by Sunday, to where things are silent and an old man can rest. He sat toying idly with a cigar lighter that would never light. Somebody had given him the lighter, probably because it would never light.

Moore and Lacy, having finished their

zestful acrobatics, passed the open door and paused to greet a fellow-worker.

"Howsa boy?" asked Lacy genially, and Jim made no reply. Suddenly he arose.

"Here," he said, "you might as well have this. I don't want it any more."

He held out the cigar lighter. It was Moore who stepped forward and received the little implement.

"Thanks, Mr. Runnell," he said. Jim shut the door without a word.

THEY moved down the corridor to their dressing-room, with Lacy snapping the gift lighter and discovering that it was a broken toy. He examined it intently.

"What did he give it to us for?" he inquired of Moore. "I'll make the dang thing go." Being of a mechanical bent, he set himself to the task of repairing the lighter.

There is one hotel in Haverwood, if you call it a hotel, an ancient ramshackle building erected when methods were crude. Jim Runnell occupied a ground-

floor room, equipped with ancient comforts, including a gas stove. On Saturday morning, Mr. Runnell set his house in order, wrote several letters, which he placed carefully on top of a book, stuffed some paper into the keyholes, closed the windows tightly, turned on the gas and sat down in a morris chair.

Directly above him, Moore and Lacy, having had a hearty breakfast, discussed idly the possibility of a triple flip-flop, with the flip-flopper landing upon his partner's shoulders. No one had yet accomplished this feat. Moore outlined the aerial problem and Lacy sprawled upon the floor at his feet, nodding absently and cleaning with his penknife the ratchet wheel of a cigar lighter that seemed bound to defy him. At exactly ten o'clock in the morning, Lacy glanced up from his tinkering and sniffed.

"You smell anything?" he asked.

"No," said Moore.

"I thought I smelled something," Lacy remarked, snapping the lighter with a vicious thumb. "I coulda sworn I smelled something." He continued with his cleaning and his snapping. Presently a miracle occurred, there upon the floor, where Lacy lay in his struggle with the lighter. It lighted. At precisely the same instant, there was a gas explosion that wrecked the east end of the Haverwood Hotel.

MOORE and Lacy were hurled into the street, amid falling plaster, smashed window frames and roof joists. They were badly shaken, cut with flying glass and dizzy, but their bones were intact. Moore shook the cloudiness from his eyes and, when he could see again, he observed a farmer sitting upon a load of hay. The police discovered immediately that Jim Runnell, old-time vaudeville actor, had been killed by falling wreckage in what was very obviously an accidental explosion resulting from a gas leak.

"Poor old Jim," said Lacy. "He wasn't a bad guy. We were lucky, weren't we?"

"Yeh," said Moore, "we were lucky."

He thought instantly of the newspapers. When he could walk, he strode over to the farmer, who still sat open-mouthed atop his hay.

"Can I hire your hay wagon?" Moore asked.

"Sure," said the surprised farmer, and before the debris had been removed a reporter from the Haverwood Telegram was at hand listening to Moore and Lacy, listening to the interesting story of how they escaped death. Moore talked. The reporter had his camera. He wrote down the details, which were quite simple. Moore and Lacy, first-class acrobats, had been blown from their lodgings by a gas explosion and came down upon a passing load of hay. The hay saved them. They climbed on top of the rented hay and the reporter snapped them from several angles.

"Wasn't it lucky?" asked Moore.

The reporter said it was lucky and would, in addition, make a nice item. It did. In three days, Moore and Lacy were famous as the acrobats who had been blown through a Jersey roof and had landed miraculously in a hay wagon. . . . And soon they were directed, by telegram, to report at the Palace in New York and discuss terms. To acrobats, the Palace means heaven. . . .

"The Palace," murmured Moore to Lacy. "We open at the Palace. What a break!"

"Yeh," said Lacy. "What a break. Too bad old Jim passed out."

Some of the newspapers spelled his name Jim Runnells in the obituaries, with an "s," but *Variety* got it straight. . . . Moore and Lacy went over big at the Palace.



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Mrs. Elwell—Doctor, I never before realized how easy it is to get sick—why it's enough to make one shudder to think that even in our homes deadly germs are our constant associates.

Doctor Gray—I would rather impress upon you how easy it is to keep well—modern science has largely safeguarded home life from such dangers. One should use the modern appliances which help to control these ever-present sources of sickness.

Mrs. Elwell—But, doctor, I keep my home clean. It is thoroughly cleaned every day.

Doctor Gray—That may be true, but this constant recurrence of your trouble leads me to believe there is a source of danger right in your own

home. By the way, what do you do with the dust and dirt collected in your home?

Mrs. Elwell—I always take the cleaner bag down in the basement and empty it.

Doctor Gray—But my dear woman, you can readily appreciate how dangerous such collected refuse might be if contaminated with disease germs, as it very well can be. Use an Air-Way Sanitary System and avoid contact with infectious cleaner-bag dirt.

Mrs. Elwell—But doctor, how can that be? Somebody must empty the cleaner bag.

Doctor Gray—Not any more, Mrs. Elwell. The Air-Way seals all collected refuse safely in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container that you detach

bodily and burn or cast away—surely, you have heard about the Air-Way Sanitary System?

Mrs. Elwell—Yes, but I already have a cleaner, and thought that they were all very much alike.

Doctor Gray—Indeed not; the Air-Way does so many things for you so easily and efficiently, and best of all, there is no bag to empty. It provides complete home sanitation and also a perfectly safe and easy disposal of the collected refuse. Really, I should prescribe an Air-Way for you because with Air-Way you avoid all contact with infectious cleaner-bag dirt.

Mrs. Elwell—I never before appreciated the importance of that point. I'm going to buy an Air-Way today.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under “Air-Way Branch of (your city).” Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

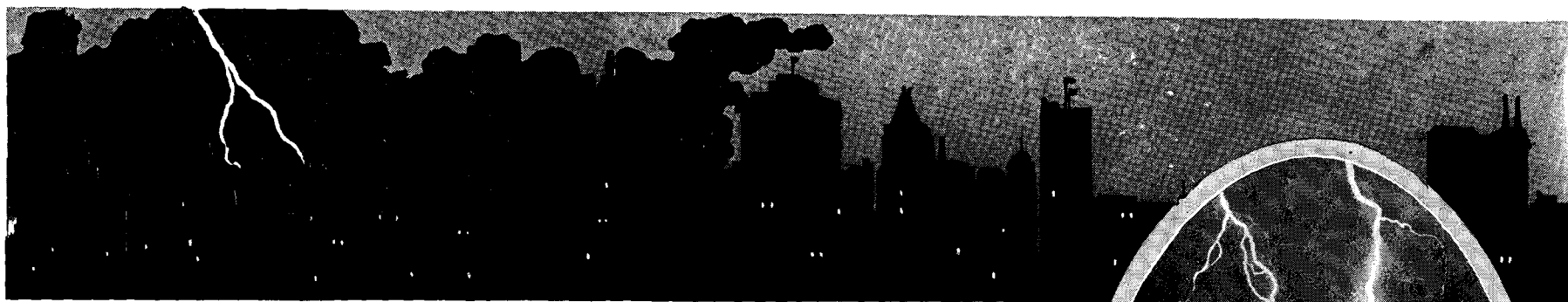
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Lightning bolts in great cities cannot strike inside the cone-shaped area of immunity created by skyscrapers

Twice in the Same Place

By Walter Davenport

Here's a modest scientist who takes 3,500,000 volts in hand and debunks lightning. Your chances of being struck are so small as to take all the excitement out of electric storms

THERE was a wicked, searing flash of white fire which left you blinded. You heard what happened next; you didn't see it. You heard a tearing crash, a ragged cra-a-a-ack as of ten thousand rifles. You reeled against the wall with force enough to shock you back to a realization that you had escaped the disaster, although Heaven knows how narrowly.

The man standing beside you says something which is lost in the hoarse bellow of thunder which follows the explosion; but your eyes have cleared and you look at where twenty feet of telephone pole had stood before the lightning struck.

You see what remains of it. If that pole had been a giant pencil, its core filled with dynamite; and if you had detonated that dynamite—well, there you have it.

The splinters of that pole are still falling and the thunder still rumbling as you catch what your neighbor is saying, fatuously:

"He—he certainly ruined that pole, didn't he?"

"Ruined the pole?" jeered an engineer who, I am happy to report, was as staggered as I by the smash. "Ruined the pole? Man, he's making a tramp out of Jove."

Man-Made Thunderbolts

Well, it was robbing Jove of a lot of might and mystery. Certainly it was literal theft of his thunder. A dozen bolts of manufactured lightning had reduced the hulking Olympian boss to modest human proportions and given him to you in the tweed-clad person of F. W. Peek, jr., consulting electrical engineer for the General Electric Co. at the Pittsfield, Mass., plant.

Mr. Peek was conducting a program of scientific thunderstorms with the rain omitted. From the west coast of Florida, where there is more lightning per year than in any other place in the United States, to California, which sees

the fewest flashes, Peek had come from studying and measuring natural lightning and learning how to frustrate its sudden gunman raids on life and property.

In the enormous Pittsfield laboratory—a vast building in which thousands of men could be housed—he was playing with three and a half million volts of electricity and making it prove theories he had evolved as he stood in valleys and on hilltops applying clocks, calipers and yardsticks to nature's firebolts of one hundred million and two hundred million volts.

He was making no effort to catch, imprison and harness this terrific voltage. Scientifically he had measured lightning's commercial worth as it has come to earth and had found that a single flash represented about seventeen cents worth of possible power. Not worth catching in spite of the fact that, as it left its cloud, it represented a thousand billion horse power.

On the floor of the laboratory they had erected targets for Peek's lightning; a cross-roads hamlet of white houses in disarray, a wooden church with a thin pyramid of steeple, the village saloon with the village drunkard shambling up, crops, fields and dejected barns on the outskirts.

A hundred feet away lay a farm of oil tanks modeled after the great reservoirs of California. Yonder they had set up explosives magazines, such as at Lake Denmark, N. J., before the holocaust. And further away stood a group of little iron men, doubtless discussing the debenture.

Upon all these in turn Peek flung lightning bolts, first with and then without protective rods, towers and screens. The clouds from which the lightning leaped were great condensers. A cloud is nature's condenser.

First the village took the storm. Under a tree at the end of the street two women had huddled to escape a drenching. They should have known better. The first stroke of lightning nipped the

church's steeple. But it was too dry and dry wood is a poor conductor.

Baffled, in too much of a hurry to bother with resisting trifles, the bolt gave the steeple a toppling kick and abandoned the holy place. There was no lightning rod or other metal conductor to the ground, so the electricity leaped to the tree, the upper branches of which were wet to their cores with sap.

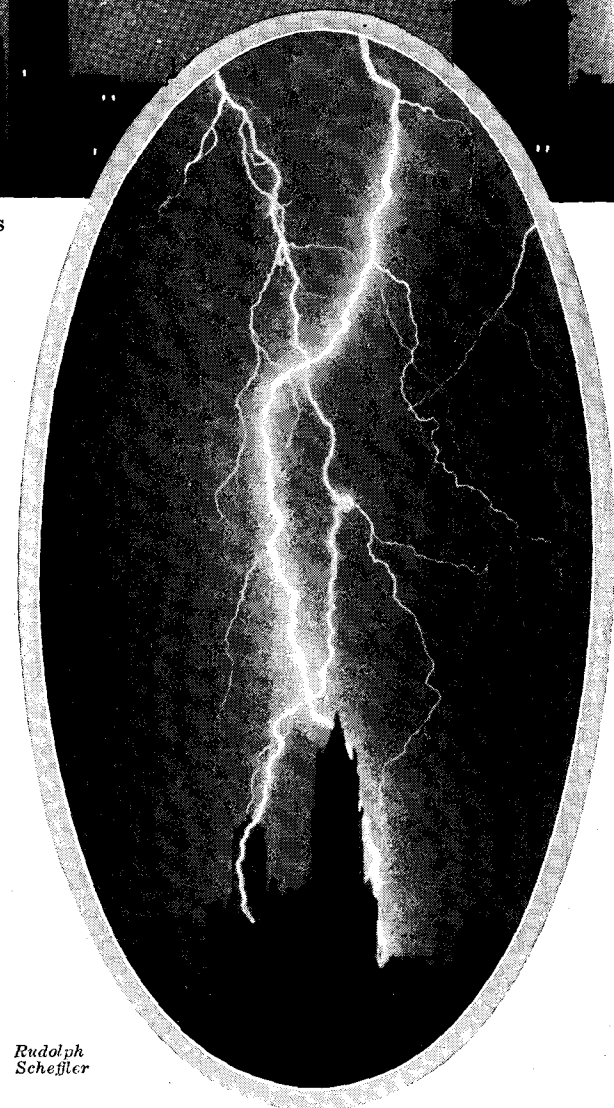
Object Lessons in Protection

Fiercely, joyously the current shot down through the thin wet twigs and on to the drier, heavier limbs which offered greater resistance. Then into the thick bole of the maple where the battle downward was too much for the fickle lightning. The bolt abandoned the tree's trunk as it had the church steeple but instead of giving it merely an imp's kick it tore the tree asunder, blasted it, and leaped upon the unfortunate refugees, smashing them into the earth.

"You see?" said Peek, gallantly lifting and dusting off the outraged ladies. "Don't take refuge under a tree in thunderstorms."

Again the fire was played upon the persecuted village. The church was still the loftiest edifice but apparently it was still the driest. The lightning shaved but did not strike it. The bolt split and did a double job.

One fork buried itself harmlessly in the earth but the other speared the tavern and blasted the evil place and the village (Continued on page 50)



Rudolph Scheffler

Tall steel buildings receive the brunt of electrical discharges and conduct them safely to earth



G-E Publication Bureau

Two million volts of man-made lightning striking a miniature village in a test to determine the best methods of protection

Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

Refreshing as Fresh Fruit

Full of flavor—are these handy pocket confections. A flavor as pleasant and refreshing as the fruit itself. And this is important — they're *fresher* than any other kind.



Why they keep fresh

The Beech-Nut package is actually moisture-proof. These Beech-Nut candy drops are first double-rolled in waxed paper, the ends tightly closed, and then re-rolled in foil. The result—absolute freshness. A kind of wrap *exclusively Beech-Nut*. Buy Beech-Nut hard candies—for their extra freshness.

5¢



ORANGE • LEMON • LIME *flavors*



A breeze is priceless on a sweltering day!

Restless little tots—uncomfortable, irritable, fatigued by the heat. How much would you give for fresh live air—for them?

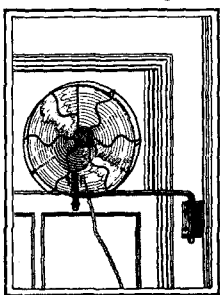
Yet the bracing breeze of a General Electric Fan can be had for one-half a cent an hour. Day or night it is ready to banish discomfort. Can you afford to let them swelter when relief is as near as the G-E Fan Sign?

Choose a General Electric Fan for lasting service...and for low operating cost. Look for the G-E monogram when you buy—it is your guarantee of quality. Prices range from \$5 up.

If your dealer doesn't sell General Electric Fans, write for complete information to Section F-328, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

New this year—ten-inch models. Be sure to see them!

*Buy where you
see this sign*



*The sign of a
G.E. Fan Dealer*



GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Last Leader

By John B. Kennedy

*A tale of uncertain combat
and strange suspicions in
the dark days of Ireland*

Illustrated by
Herbert
Morton
Stoops



Peggy seized her father's
gun and stood by the half
door glancing about

THE story of Peggy Mara and her concern with Denis Drake and Felix Burke is told by many in different ways, for none knows the tale to the finish save a quiet old man of the cloth that lives in peace in the place of the old folks by the lough at Doneraile. He has said as much as may be said, which is all that any man but he will ever know.

Peggy Mara was the daughter of Michael Mara, the blacksmith at Done-raile, that had the furry arms, the black brows and the bold, fighting nose of the Spanish adventurers from whom he sprang. There were but three concerns in his life, of equal strength in claim—his daughter, his smithy and the fate of his country. The man had a patriotic hate as white-hot as the iron in his forge.

In the little low room of his house on

Saturday nights the lads of the Clana-Gael gathered—all men younger than he, save two or three old men that bore wounds in their hearts and minds and about their bodies for the sufferings that befell them in the Fenian raids as lads and in later revolts that marked their training in violence as sons of the sod.

Peggy Mara loved those meetings when grim, passionate speeches were made, she sitting by the fireside, her white arms clasped about her father's knee, looking up whenever he spoke, into his hard, smoldering eyes, and turning from them, fear in her heart, but a fear that was delicious, to wonder at

the fierceness of the young men's faces.

Two lads there were fiercest of all—Denis Drake and Felix Burke. Denis, a pale, frail lad that had a limp in his right leg and a head for fancying verses—dark, rueful poems with savage cries in them against his country's oppressors. But Felix Burke was fresh-faced, with a tawny head like a young lion and blue eyes full of dreams and little enough to say at any time when the old men shook their beards and their fists and called God to send men that were young, with strength and valor, to free their country from the tyrant.

PEGGY learned, however, that Denis Drake's poet's eyes were not always for the faces of the men that talked and thumped and swore when the clan gathered. Many times, as she suddenly lifted her face, she found him staring at her, catching her glance to hold it still, burning through her things he did not say. His limp across the little room when he rose to speak, as always he did, sent throbs of pity through her, and his thin face, like a white hatchet, cleaved through clouds of words to blaze the murderous meaning in his heart.

"It is killing there must be—blood for blood," and his bloodless face made him like the picture of a mad and vengeful prophet.

Felix Burke sat quietly while these

and like denunciations and clamorings were made. His blue eyes clouded and his fair face flushed; white knuckles gleamed on his clenched fists. But no word passed his tight lips.

It was Denis who made known his love for her suddenly in a gust of words on a night after her father had let the others outside his house, for men of the Black and Tans were about prowling for victims, and Mara and the others were tempting them that night.

Denis limped over to Peggy Mara, sitting by the fire. He took her hands, he kissed her hair and poured out poetry to her. She shook herself free from him and stood away, her cheeks white and shivering in the fire glow.

"Do you love me?" shouted Denis at her, and she afraid her father might hear the words. "My head is rocking with your vision, Peggy Mara. Like an angel you haunt me so that all the things I think vanish at sight of you."

"Denny," she said, and the tender drop of the word made him limp at her again. "Leave me be, Denny dear."

He took her hand, and he kissed it, so she rubbed the white marks from it.

"It's as wife I want you, Peggy Mara," said he, and he would have caught her and crushed her, but she was the stronger. She pushed him back so that he staggered, which angered him.

"I know," he flared, "what makes you repel me, Peggy Mara. It's the blue eyes of Felix Burke," he barked, "sitting here with us and no words from his mouth. Spying, maybe, he is, and you and him with secrets between you."

"You are mad, Denny," she said sadly, and she turned away from him to go into the kitchen beyond that room. Then her father entered, and Michael Mara, seeing Denis Drake, glaring and agitated, gripped his wrist and demanded the reason. But Denis hung his head, said nothing, and went away.

THAT night Michael Mara bolted his door, after taking out and loading the rifle that lay at the bottom of a drawer in his bedroom. He sat by the fire, thinking, maybe, of how it would be used, when there came a sudden tapping and a low cry. He waited and listened. Then he strode to the door, his gun dropped back of a chair, and opened the half of it to find Felix Burke, his shadow silhouetted against the low wall of the smithy.

"What is this, Felix Burke?" he said.

"It's on the run I am," said Felix. Michael Mara looked about at the hedges brooding coldly under the moon. He opened the door and bolted both top and bottom after Felix Burke had entered. Then Felix told him that when he had left the meeting and gone over to his house, where his mother lived alone at Innisfar, men were lurking on the road, the moon showing them to him as he came through an oatfield of Glen-cowen Manor.

"Why should it be you they seek instead of one of us?" said Michael Mara grimly.

"It is that fight I had up at Trinity College there during the heel of the war," said Felix. "Have you heard they seized the records of the Gael with the men listed for fighters? And I am one."

Michael Mara picked up his gun. He sat down and rested it on his knee.

"I have come to see Peggy," said Felix Burke.

Michael Mara looked long into the young man's blue eyes. Then he laid down the gun and walked from the room.

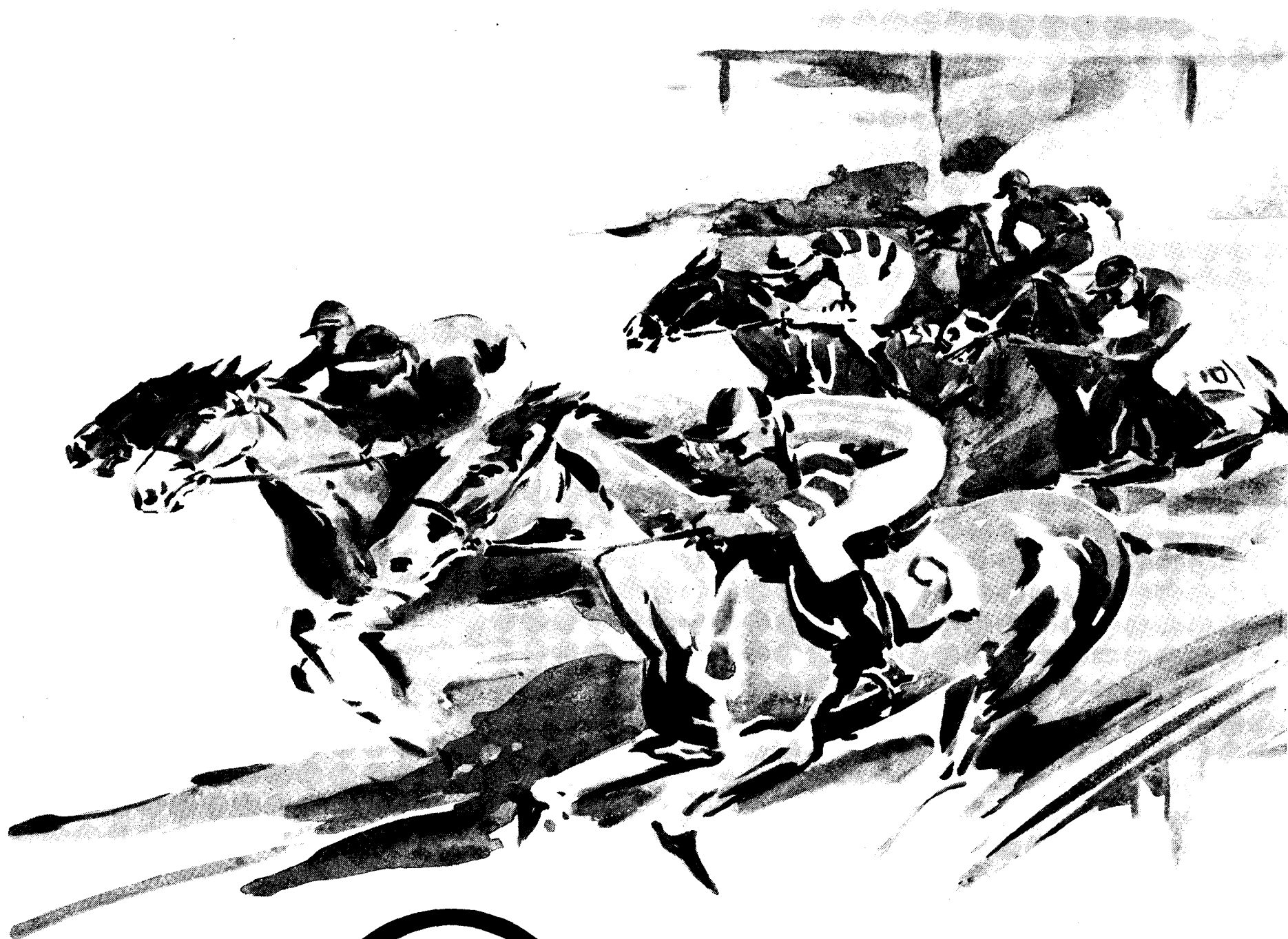
So Peggy Mara came in alone, a rough robe about her and her brown hair like a silken shawl around her shoulders. She stood there watching Felix Burke until the tears touched her eyes.

"It is good-by I am saying, Peggy," said Felix Burke.

"He held out (Continued on page 32)



...on the track it's
SPEED!



Chester

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, . .

...in a cigarette it's TASTE!

FROM the time the tobaccos are bought until the fresh package of Chesterfields comes over the counter, one idea governs its making: *taste*.

* * *

Chesterfield's formula calls for a variety of tobaccos, but each type, each special quality, is chosen for its particular appeal to *taste*... chosen on the shores of the Black Sea, in Thrace, in Asia Minor, in Kentucky, Virginia, Carolina, by men to whom tobacco is a life job.

* * *

These selected tobaccos are aged in Nature's slow, perfect way—for *taste*. They are blended... and "cross-blended"... with scientific precision, to an exact formula which cannot be copied.

* * *

Nothing sensational; no fads. But Chesterfield offers, and delivers: mildness... without flatness; flavor... without harshness; a pleasing aroma rarely achieved. A good rule for making a cigarette, a good rule for choosing one... "Taste above everything!"

TASTE *above everything*

ield

only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



MILD and yet
THEY SATISFY

his hands—strong young hands—and she came close to him and took them and looked up at him.

"Why should they be wanting to capture or to kill you?" she said.

He smiled at this, a bitter smile that brought the tears of her running.

"Your father may tell you that if he will," said he. "I could not go without seeing you last, Peggy, for it is true that I have come here on those nights as much to see you as to hear the wild things the old men tell us."

AND she smiled then, but a sob was in her voice.

"Where will you go?" she asked, not mentioning his name, which Felix Burke knew to be a sign.

"Wherever I may," said he. "The moon is naked tonight, and these lads from the English wars shoot straight. Perhaps I shall be in heaven or hell tonight."

"God guard you," said Peggy Mara. He bent to kiss her hand, but she caught his boy's chin and lifted it, and she kissed his mouth.

He turned then, laughing, threw back the bolts and went away in the night, sliding by the side of the smithy. Peggy seized her father's gun and stood by the half door, glancing about. But all she heard was rapid footfalls on the ditch edge along the road and no sign of anything.

She was leaving the door when Denis Drake limped up to it.

His thin hands rested on the midshelf of it and he scowled at her.

"I saw what passed between you and Felix Burke," he mocked at her. "Where is your father?"

Peggy stood there, the gun in her hands, as her father stepped from an inner room.

"Come in, Denis Drake, and say your say," he called.

Before Denis Drake could bolt the door, Peggy Mara spoke.

"It is the good-by I gave Felix Burke, Father," she said. "I kissed Felix Burke, for I love him."

Michael Mara's brow darkened, and his hairy arms trembled. But the girl stood proudly before him.

"That is not the matter," barked Denis Drake. "It is my suspicions of Felix Burke. He is a spy, I think, that sat here night after night, staring hard when we spoke, but saying little himself. He is gone away now, maybe to be safe with the Black and Tans about."

Michael Mara considered for a while. He frowned at Peggy.

"To your bed," said he. And she went straight away, without a glance, leaving only her father's gun behind. Denis watched her go, biting his lip, and limping to the dying fire for warmth.

THERE was news about Doneraile the next day how the Black and Tans went to Felix Burke's home at Innisfar and searched the place, his old mother complaining, but being thrust into the ruin outside the house with rough words.

Word came in the Dublin paper that Felix Burke had been seized at Dalkey, hiding in a barn there, and it told how he had struggled and knocked about men right and left until they subdued him and threw him into the prison at the Curragh with scores of other lads and older men taken in all parts of the country.

And a savage rebellion broke out in the Curragh. News of that came also to Doneraile: how Felix Burke had led the men against the khaki soldiers, with shooting and killings and vicious combat, and how they had overpowered men against them ten to one and terrified the people of Dublin with the fight.

Felix Burke was a great hero in Doneraile then.

"That is the man," the old men said

at the meetings of the clan in Michael Mara's house—"that is the man God has sent, young and strong, with great courage."

And Denis Drake, sitting at the meeting, caught the dark eye of Michael Mara, and hung his head. But Peggy Mara, sitting by her father, clasping his knee, glowed in her pride until her face grew sad thinking of Felix Burke, a fugitive, running from place to place, with the khaki hounds after him and the king's price on his head.

For days and weeks and months this was so. His name was whispered and wondered at in all households, for men that were chased about and hidden brought tidings of how Felix Burke inflamed every countryside that gathered secretly to hear him, and the young men shouted gladly at his speech and swore to follow him. They drilled by hundreds in the places he passed, and the Black and Tans poured into the country seeking him, in the mountains of the west, along the seaports of the south and through the bogs of mid-Ireland. The price was raised on his head to thousands of pounds, so that no man in the history of Ireland was ever held as high.

IN THE far places of America and Australia and Canada, and those other countries where a divided race beats its heart in pain for the tribulation of the old land, his fame flashed.

Up at Innisfar close watch was kept on his house by the lough, where his old mother lay ill with the worry of the fabulous praises sung about her son. The Black and Tans watched the place, and they saw how the people of Don-

eraile and the parts about from as far north as Tragilly and south as Athlone, came to give their aid and nourish and comfort her in her sickness.

And on a dark night when the nation thrilled with great events portending, knowing that everywhere the men of Ireland were drilled and secretly armed and eager for bloodshed—on such a night, with tempests of rain slashing the countryside and pelting the roofs of Innisfar like scattered cataracts, Felix Burke returned. He came to his mother's house, and he found her sleeping. The neighbors there were startled but they held their peace while he awakened the old woman, flung himself into her shaking arms and tore himself from them. For they told him that Peggy Mara had been there that night, singing and crooning for the old woman, it being Peggy only that could calm her into sleep. And they whispered as he left, seeing how his face was drawn and lined with stern thinking. He went out alone, warning none to follow.

So he came to the house of Michael Mara by the smithy. He rapped at the door and waited while the water streamed from his shoulders and spouted on his face.

Quietly, carefully, the lock was slipped, and by the dim lamp at the back of the room he saw the wisp of Peggy Mara's hair as she bent to see who might be there disturbing.

She flung open the door, and he went within and before the door was bolted he had her in his arms. So they stood, in the dim lamplight, with the fire cold and the rain banging the windows, and for long no word was said.

"My father is away till morning,"

then said Peggy, "drilling with the men of Doneraile and Innisfar for the great battles that are to come."

He wasted no breath on any matter but the kissing he had for her, and so they forgot the open door with the rain pelting in.

"It is only a minute I have," said Felix Burke. "They follow me close."

"My father's old rifle is there by the chair," she said. "And I have learned to use it."

At this he smiled, the grim little smile that had troubled her before.

"I am going now," he said. "For no harm must come to you."

"Oh," she sobbed, low and long, and her face dampened against his. "Take me with you; let me go with you. I've dreamed and prayed to be with you, for then if they catch and kill you I shall die too."

He held her close then, and her fingers plaited his damp hair.

"No, Peggy, acushla," he said, his tone breaking against her throbbing breast. "It isn't marrying now I must think of. That time will come, but it is far away until my work is done—if it is ever done."

She clung to him then while new wind showered rain upon the house. They were quite still. And he whispered:

"We are winning. It is they shall be on the run and run hard to the sea and into it."

He moved gently to be free, but still she clung to him, sobbing.

"I must go now," he said, "but I'll come back again when the fight is over and my work is done."

But still she clung. And in the lulls between her (Continued on page 42)

The girl loved those meetings when the grim passionate speeches were made





FOR MANY DIFFERENT REASONS
YOU'LL AGREE

"There's a Reason"

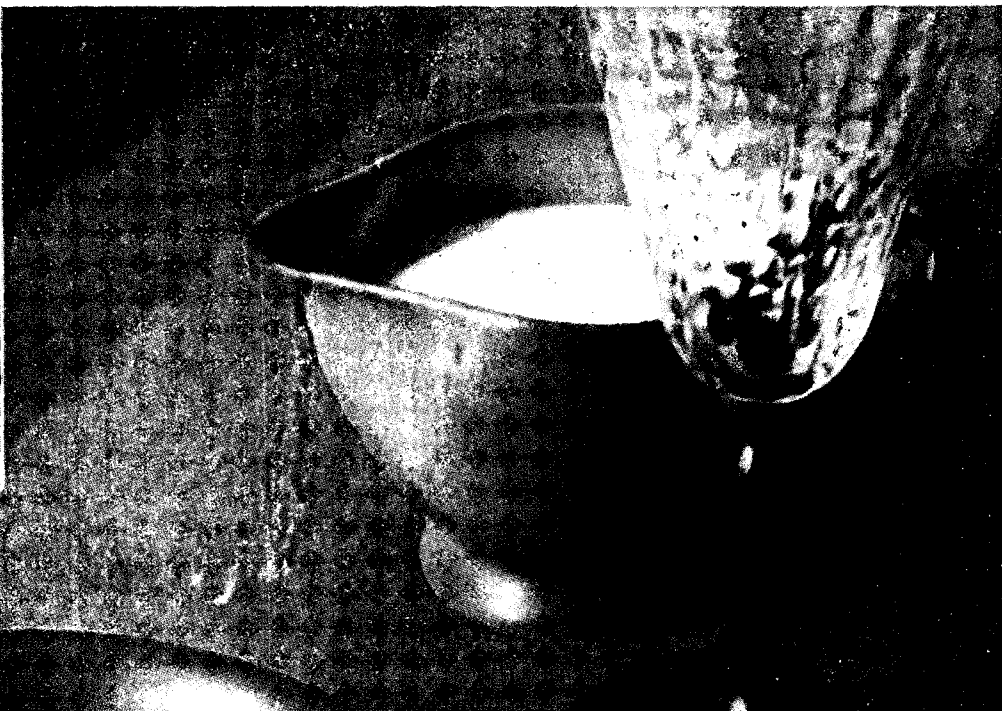
BUT IT'S MOSTLY A MATTER OF TASTE

Grape-Nuts makes a small breakfast a safe one. Served with whole milk or cream, it provides more varied nourishment than many a meal.

THAT'S A REASON

Wheat and barley. These meaty grains—plump to bursting with vital elements that bring health and strength—are blended in Grape-Nuts.

THAT'S A REASON



Crisp, crunchy Grape-Nuts encourages proper chewing, thus giving teeth and gums exercise they need.

THAT'S A REASON

Irresistible, tempting *flavor*—there's the chief reason why millions choose Grape-Nuts daily. Wonderful—this nut-like taste of wholesome grain, so delicately touched with the *natural* sweetness of pure malt sugar.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts is a real "energy" food. It gives needed nourishment in a form the body can easily digest.

THAT'S A REASON



Wide World Photos

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES



*'Mid cries of "Speech! Speech!"
... Julius Caesar rose and faced the folks*

"Friends, Romans, and Country Boys," stuttered Julius, "you are here today . . . that is, I-er-am pleased to, ah, er . . ."

The greatest Roman of them all was flopping. He who had faced a thousand foes was plainly scared stiff. The Program Committee was fervently wishing they had put on the Trained Seal act after all . . .

And then Caesar's wavering hand struck something solid . . . a bottle. In desperation he lifted it to his lips and gurgled a refreshing gulp . . . then another . . . and another. The day was saved. Inspired eloquence poured forth from the throat of the mighty warrior. And when he had accepted the

plaudits of the multitude, Julius sought his orderly. "Boy," said he, "fetch me another laurel wreath, this one is a size too small."

* * *

And that, Dear Reader, is how the Gift of Eloquence came to bashful J. Caesar. When you're a little older you will read all about it in your history book.

"What was in the bottle?" Now, don't be foolish; why a zippy, sparkling bottled carbonated beverage of course . . . which reminds us to remind you to check your household stock of these delicious drinks.



Free! Write today for a recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**Bottled
beverages
Carbonated**



T H E R E ' S A B O T T L E R I N Y O U R T O W N

The Skin Game

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

You all play it. Your face is the field, and the point is to keep life at its best. Doctor Wadsworth gives a few rules with which you can win a good complexion. Then you'll be happy—and so will everybody who looks at you

BESIDE me at the cosmetics counter of a large drug store stood a woman who would, I judged, never see sixty again. She asked for a preparation of Madame So-and-So, guaranteed to rejuvenate the skin and impart a youthful beauty never intended by Nature; and I shuddered when I saw her pay the better part of twenty dollars for it. I waited until the ornate little jar had been wrapped up for her and she had departed, and then asked the clerk if she sold much of the stuff.

She spread her hands expressively. "You'd be surprised," she said. "And mostly to the old dames. What's more, they come back, looking just the same, and buy again. Never give up hope, I guess."

We laugh at the quest for eternal youth, and pity those who follow it, but basically it is not an ignoble quest. The desire to keep life at its best, or to keep at least the appearance of youth, is as normal as are hunger and thirst. The psychiatrists tell us that anxiety about personal appearance is much more a sign of mental normality than is indifference to it.

We're All Interested

If some people, as they grow older, seem to worry a little more than circumstances justify about their looks we need not jump to the conclusion that they are frivolous old bodies, trying to remain alluring. They are more to be admired than those who argue that their heyday is past and let their appearance go to the dogs.

Suppose we grant that all of us, women particularly, are fundamentally interested in making the most of our looks and keeping what we have of pleasant appearance as long as possible—is there a sensible and rational way of going about it, or must we dash from one cosmetic gold brick to another until we find one that works?

The last generation was taught that beauty is only skin deep—we don't hear so much about that nowadays—with the implication that skin-deep beauty is not to be desired; but just the same, in our quest for youthful appearance we devote most of our attention, and rightly so, to the skin. Except for the occasional individual who tries to change his features by the adventure of plastic surgery, most of us put up with the structural basis God gave us and simply work on the covering.

It behooves us, then, to know something about the skin; how it is made, how it behaves in different circumstances, what causes the effects which we are trying to obliterate and avoid, and how we can, if we can, accomplish the result we are looking for without destroying the health of the very structure we are trying to preserve.

I remember going once, with another woman past the first bloom of youth, to look at a comparatively new baby. We stood beside the crib and looked down

at about as inviting a piece of pink and white humanity as you would ask to see—velvet-soft skin, bright eyes, shining bright red lips, and the other woman turned to me in disgust and said:

"Isn't it shameful that we all looked something like that once, and look at us now! Two rather muddy-faced females with dry lips and dull eyes! Where does it all go, that intrinsic charm?"

And I could only reply sadly, "Wear and tear, my dear." Which is, after all, what we are trying to avoid in our attempt to keep the appearance of a youthful skin.

Of course we must remember that it is not youth alone which gives the skin beauty. Human beings are very unequally endowed with beauty of skin. A natural, healthy, youthful skin may be very unlovely if it has certain inherent qualities, such as oiliness, hairiness, too great density or large pores. We may say that a thin skin which

shows the color of the blood in the capillaries through it, or a skin which has naturally just the right amount of oil, and very little visible hair, and small pores, is likely to be beautiful because it looks clear, pink and smooth. It may be no healthier than the unlovely skin, no more resistant to infection; but when intact and healthy, it will be beautiful.

Skins Vary with Types

We can say, in fact, that there are two general types of healthy skin, although in a mixed race like our own the variation from these two is naturally very great.

The first type is associated with blond, auburn or light brown hair, and is a fine soft skin, thin and transparent, closely pored and finely haired.

The second type is associated as a rule with brunette hair coloring, and is coarser in texture, has larger pores, is

intrinsically thicker and therefore less transparent, and while the hairs may not be abundant or coarse they are often quite visible because dark in color. Such skin shows one of the two extremes in the matter of oiliness: it has either such scanty oil that it dries quickly and seems rough, or its oil is so abundant that the skin appears greasy unless carefully treated.

Generally speaking, the first type of skin is more beautiful than the second type, but it is less resistant to wear and tear, and its owner may be said to age more quickly in appearance. It is also more susceptible to some of the common infections which we will mention later, burns more easily on exposure to the sun, and shows internal disturbances more easily than does the darker, coarser type.

Given a normal healthy skin of either type, what can we do to keep it at its best and freshest? Although the rules vary a (Continued on page 36)



Illustrated by
Loren
Stout

A bewildering forest of cosmetics confronts the woman who seeks a rational method of retaining her attractiveness as long as possible



How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North		East	
S. K-9		S. 6-2	
H. 9-7-5		H. A-J-3-2	
D. 7-5-3-2		D. K-J-8	
C. 10-8-3-2		C. 9-7-6-5	
West		South	
S. 10-5		S. A-Q-J-8-7-4-3	
H. 10-8-4		H. K-Q-6	
D. Q-9-6-4		D. A-10	
C. A-K-Q-J		C. 4	

WITH the above hand, given in last week's Collier's, a little interesting bidding would take place in both Auction and Contract. In Auction, South doubtless would feel too strong to deem a preemptive Spade bid necessary. In this case, South would bid one Spade, West two Clubs, North and East would pass. South would cheerily bid two Spades, West and North would pass, and East would bid three Clubs. South would willingly bid three Spades, West and North again would pass, and East would have the strength to justify a second raise.

East's four-bid would not be in accordance with South's fancy; he would be willing to bid three Spades, but not so keen to bid four. Had the adversaries been bidding Hearts, he would have a "free" double of their four; but a double that is not free is a dangerous declaration, so South would doubtless take the lighter risk and bid four Spades which would obtain the contract.

At Contract Bridge, South would be too strong to start with a bid of only one Spade which might be left in by a partner who had strength enough to produce a game at Spades, but not strength enough to raise a one-bid. I believe that a dealer should bid three when he wants his partner to raise one on one probable trick; should bid four if willing to try for game even with a weak partner.

In this case, South should start by bidding three Spades. West of course would pass, and North—although weak—has one probable trick in the King of Spades, and consequently should bid four. As West has not shown any strength, East would not dare to double, so in either game the contract would be four Spades.

The Play

West would start by leading the King and Queen of Clubs, and South would trump the second trick. The Declarer now could see that he was sure to take seven Spade tricks and one Diamond;

he also is sure of one Heart trick, but can make it two if he can lead Hearts twice from North and if East holds the Ace. One Heart trick will leave him one short of his game and contract, so he naturally will seek a chance to make two.

The King of Spades is dummy's one sure entry; but if West holds the Spade Ten, North's King-Nine is good for two Spade tricks and consequently two entries for two Heart leads. It is hardly probable that one Heart lead will suffice, as East would not play the Ace on the first lead unless he suspected that South had a singleton King—hardly to be looked for in view of the fact that South already has shown up with a singleton Club.

Clearly Declarer should not bank on East's covering a small Heart with the Ace on the first trick, and must figure that his best chance for game lies in playing upon the basis that West holds the Spade Ten and East the Heart Ace. If South leads a small trump and North plays the Nine after West has played small, it will cost a cold trump trick if East has the Ten, and in that event Declarer would be down two. So the situation is this: If South plays a low Spade and North takes the elephantine finesse, Declarer sacrifices a trick and is down two if East has the Ten; the experiment neither gains nor loses, and Declarer is down one if West has both the Spade Ten and the Heart Ace; if East has the important Ace and West the still more important Ten, Declarer gains a trick and makes his game and contract.

When North's Nine of Spades wins, the rest of the play is easy. North leads a small Heart which South wins (if East ducks) and leads another small Spade, and then a second Heart from dummy.

It matters not at what time East elects to cash his Ace of hearts; East and West win only one Heart, one Diamond and one Club.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North		East	
S. J-10-8		S. 9-7-4	
H. 10-8-2		H. J-6-4	
D. 5-4-2		D. K-J-10	
C. Q-J-9-7		C. 10-6-5-2	
West		South	
S. A-K-Q-6-5-3-2		S. None	
H. None		H. A-K-Q-9-7-5-3	
D. 9-7-6		D. A-Q-8-3	
C. 8-4-3		C. A-K	

The Skin Game

Continued from page 35

little according to the type of skin in general they are the same:

1. Protect it from dirt
2. Protect it from drying
3. Protect it from irritation
4. Supply it with fluids

Let's stop a minute to look at the structure of the skin and note its own remarkable equipment for obeying these very rules.

We must look on the skin as a structure in a constant state of change—it is wearing off and being replaced from its lower layers every day of our lives. The outer layers of the skin are really dead tissue, protecting the living layers beneath. That the outer layers slough off constantly is in itself a protection from dirt.

Civilization's to Blame

The oil, which is secreted by the oil glands in the middle layers of the skin and which spreads out in a fine coating over the skin, also absorbs some dirt and is sloughed off with the dead skin, and it protects the skin from drying to a great extent. So does the sweat which is automatically produced when the skin becomes too hot and has a tendency to dry out. The layer of inert, flattened cells which makes up the outer layer of the skin protects it from much mechanical irritation, and the hairs have a similar function.

Our skin might have a fair chance of taking care of itself if it were not for the conditions of civilization. But it simply cannot work fast enough to take care of coal dust, road dust, powder dust, and applied cosmetics of various sorts. We have got to do something to help it out.

1. Keeping the skin of the face clean. Let us be honest with ourselves: we are keeping clean for the looks of it, more than for the health of our skin. There is all the difference in the world between a superficially washed face and a thoroughly cleansed one.

The person blessed with a moderate but sufficient supply of oil can use almost any cleansing method with impunity. The face can first be cleansed with cold cream, and then washed with soap and water, or it may be washed with soap and water alone if the environment is not too full of coal dust. Nobody disputes nowadays that the use of a cream to absorb the worst of the gritty dust of cities is one way of saving wear and tear of the face.

The use of a mild astringent after the soap and water washing—and no astringent is better than a good toilet water made with pure alcohol—removes traces of soap which may not have disappeared in the rinsing, and a light application of vanishing cream afterward takes away the somewhat tight "pulled" feeling skin often has when it has been so thoroughly washed that all the natural oil has been temporarily removed.

The very dry skin may not be able to tolerate the use of soap and water at all, in which case after the first and dirtiest cream has been removed, another application should be made and thoroughly removed, just as one would rinse the face with fresh water after using soap.

In the case of the very oily skin, extra oil in the form of cleansing cream may not be necessary, but I think that a little helps.

One thing must be remembered about keeping the face clean: no face can continue to look clean long after it is

washed if the hair is not clean. Especially must the person with the oily skin and scalp remember this. Oil from the scalp, especially if it is excessive, spreads down over the face in a thin layer which carries dirt from the scalp with it and gives the face a muddy appearance. Although it isn't practicable for most of us to wash our hair as often as we wash our faces, the hair must be kept reasonably clean if the face is to be, and look clean.

In washing the face with soap and water the best results are obtained if the water used is warm, not hot, and if the soap used is very mild and lathers freely.

2. Protecting the skin from drying. Excessive drying of the skin has a two-fold effect on its appearance. It makes the skin rough, and the roughness increases its ability to collect dirt.

The prevention of drying is simple enough, even for a skin deficient in oil. A very small amount of oil may have to be applied at times between cleansing, and the application of cleansing cream and vanishing cream should not be neglected. If the tendency to dryness is localized around the forehead and eyebrows, one should be suspicious of facial dandruff, examine the scalp for dandruff, and treat the two conditions as one.

Normally a dry skin is driest on the sides of the cheeks and on the chin.

The person with a dry skin should use powders sparingly, should use rouge paste rather than rouge powder, and should use astringents with great caution. Dryness of the skin, like dryness of the scalp, is sometimes an index of general conditions which are best treated by a doctor.

3. Protecting the skin from irritations. Here we must give chiefly negative advice. Our rules are a series of don'ts:

If you must have your hair dyed, don't let the dye reach your face.

If you use powder don't use one with any metallic element in it.

If you use rouge and lip-stick don't use one with anything but vegetable dyes in it.

When you wash your face with soap be sure that your soap is simple and pure and lathers well. A calm skin is much less likely to acquire infections than one which has been irritated with disinfectants.

If you use perfume don't apply it to the skin always in the same place, or too often in any place.

Don't try to close up naturally large pores with patent astringents. You won't accomplish your purpose, but you will irritate the skin.

A Use for Water

Don't scratch. Rub the itching spot with alcohol and cotton and follow it with a little cold cream.

Don't use very hot water when washing your face.

4. Supplying the skin with fluid is not, of course, a part of the local treatment of the skin. To supply the skin with fluid, we must keep up the fluid content of the body by drinking water.

Any tissue of the body is improved in function and in appearance by having all the water it needs. Normal tissue will not take up more. In any infection the maintenance of a proper amount of water in the system helps to combat the disease. Similarly, in health, if the tissues are to be at their best, they must be plentifully supplied with fluid.

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FASTEST
RACE**

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four of a kind

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After the Honeymoon

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

PRESIDENT HOOVER has been in office long enough so that opinion about him has begun to form. People begin to think they know how his mind works, what his strength and weakness are.

The process of judging him has been expedited by the presence in Washington of Congress in special session. Congress throws a great deal of light upon the Executive.

The President, starting out as new Presidents normally do, controlling the spotlight himself from March to December, can largely shape opinion about himself for that whole period, for the executive branches operate behind closed doors, giving out what information they choose.

Besides, Congress affords one of the tests of a President. We judge the occupant of the White House somewhat by how he handles the men on the hill.

As a matter of fact, of course, no President really passes this test one hundred per cent. And Mr. Hoover is unfortunate in having his party worse split than any of his predecessors have had. The election did not mean what it seemed to mean.

The West did not vote for Mr. Hoover so much as it voted against Governor Smith. It was ready at the first opportunity to exhibit its discontent. And the special session afforded it the opportunity. The juxtaposition of farm relief and tariff revision in a simple special session was bound to be unfortunate.

Farm relief legislation was sure to show that the Administration and the Republican party were unwilling to go as far in the aid of agriculture as farm organizations and the political leaders of the farmers demanded that they should, while tariff revision was equally sure to reveal the Republican party as willing to do the utmost bidding of Eastern industry. The contrast was unfortunate.

Certain Differences

It is questionable whether anyone could have handled Congress any better than the President has done in such a situation as the special session created. But it is to be noted that Mr. Hoover does not know how to make the deals with Congress that more politically minded Presidents make. His mind revolts somewhat from these deals. But because he does not make them Congress looks down on him as impractical.

And Mr. Hoover does not get on very well with the professional politicians of his own party outside of office. He has ideals that are not entirely compatible with politics.

Differences with Congress and with the politicians have never in themselves injured a President with the country. On the contrary they have often contributed to his popularity, for both Congress and the politicians are themselves unpopular. However, a gift for dramatizing such enmities always helps, and Mr. Hoover has not yet shown that gift.

If on the whole things go well with the Hoover Administration it will probably be to his advantage that Congress has been unruly and that the politicians privately cuss him out. It is only when things begin to go badly that the dislike of the politicians becomes serious.

A certain reaction has set in, at least in the West, if one may judge by the result of the recent special election to fill a congressional vacancy in the Minneapolis district. This district has not been carried by the Republicans in the last six years by less than 20,000 plurality. The Republican candidate in the special election barely won.

The Great Fact-Finder

Mr. Hoover preserves his equanimity. He has remained unruffled, except perhaps at the Republican votes in the Senate in favor of the debenture plan of farm relief.

This occasions some surprise, for Washington expected him to show the impatience which executives not politically minded exhibit amid the harassments of politics.

He does not take trifles too seriously, seems to be perfectly sure of where he is going, keeps his eye on the main ends of his Administration, aware, probably, that what seems important today is likely to be forgotten tomorrow. He never speaks until he has the facts before him.

He is the greatest fact-finding President we have ever had. No one knows the exact extent or scope of his investigating organization. He has an insatiable appetite for facts, figures, reports, plans and diagrams, the consequence of his own scientific training. He usually sits, pencil in hand, drawing imaginary graphs and curves.

His habit of mind fits him for constructive work but it militates against a quick and intuitive weighing of the imponderables of politics. He is patient in seeking compromises and that is a valuable quality in office.

He has a great opportunity in the coming naval conference to win applause and popularity. And that conference will not fail for lack of the personal attention of a man who doggedly seeks practicable ends. And he has with him the good will of the country.

Bumping the Umps

Continued from page 16

with all of this rigmarole, the fans would be urging him on: "That's the boy, Bill. Give 'im hell!"

Wallie Pipp, former first baseman of the Yankees, used a "horning-in" version of the same racket. When there was a big row between the umpires and the players, Wallie would horn in, shake his fist in the ump's face, kick up dirt with his feet and gesture wildly with his arms, all the time remarking in a sane and gentlemanly voice, "You were absolutely right, old boy. You called that play exactly right."

One day Hank O'Day called Wallie on this gag. "You've been getting away with this a long time," roared Bill. "I'm on to you. You're just trying to get the crowd on me."

But the fans thought Wallie was a fightin' fool, who wasn't any more afraid of an umpire than he was of a grasshopper.

Have It Your Own Way

The old-time umpires had to institute authority and enforce it themselves; the modern boys have it much easier. They are invested with authority and with no more than a sweep of the hand they can clean out a whole bench.

Back in the old days Tim Hurst called Kid Elberfeld—known as the Tabasco Kid because of his pep—out at the plate one day. Elberfeld jumped up after his slide and walked toward the bench, thinking he was safe. When he discovered that he had been called out he whirled around and charged at Hurst like a mad dog. Hurst figured that a fight was coming so he beat the Kid to the punch. He jerked off his mask and smashed Elberfeld in the face with it, knocking out several teeth and lacerating the Kid's face frightfully. "I'll Tabasco Kid you!" he roared.

Tim was umpiring behind the plate when Wid Conroy, a third baseman of the old New York Highlanders, was at bat. "Strike one!" bawled Tim after the first pitch.

The next one shot past, and Tim howled, "Ball one!"

"What's the idea?" snarled Wid. "It was in the same place."

"All right," came back Hurst. "Strike two, it is."

In a game at Birmingham, Harry Steinfeldt, the great third baseman of the famous old Cubs of Frank Chance's day, took his whole quid of tobacco out of his mouth and threw it into the face of the umpire. Steinfeldt was lucky to get out of town alive, and for years afterward, whenever the Cubs played an exhibition game in that region Steinfeldt had to duck the club.

There are many peculiar accidents that get umpires started in the racket. Many years ago Rigler was working in a bush league when one night while making a jump from Grand Rapids to Fort Wayne the train he was on collided with a cattle train. Only a few people were hurt, but there was havoc among the cattle. The injured steers were bellowing sickeningly, and nobody seemed to know what to do. Rigler smashed the glass in the case containing the tools for use in emergencies and went through the cattle cars putting the poor mangled beasts out of misery.

As he was walking back to his car a stranger tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You're the only man who showed any common sense. What's your name?"

"I'm an umpire in the Central League," Rigler replied. "My name's Rigler."

"So?" the stranger replied. "I'm an official of this road, and I happen to know Harry Pulliam, president of the National League. I'm going to write him a letter about you."

Several weeks later, Pulliam watched Rigler work in a bush-league game, and immediately afterward signed him for the majors.

Umpires have their weaknesses and eccentricities just the same as players. Some umpires favor the pitcher on low balls on the inside, calling them strikes where other umpires would call them balls; while others give the pitcher the edge on outside balls. Rigler gave the pitcher many strikes on low balls, for instance, while Klem was weak on outside balls and strong on outside strikes.

McGraw always claimed, "There are no good umpires." He loved to burn them up, and nothing he could think of could cut an umpire as much as his crack, "Well, I see you got your team picked to win the pennant now all right."

Connie Mack is suave, as always, when arguing with an umpire. "Now I won't talk any further," he'll say. "I've tried to talk to you like a gentleman, and I consider the incident closed."

Some catchers, Gabby Hartnett of the Cubs and Bill Killefer, former Phillies' star, for instance, occasionally step aside when they see a fast one coming at the right spot to sock the umpire behind the plate and let it hit him a terrific blow.

Killefer used to have a sign for the "umpire killer." "It's a good thing to shake him up once in a while," Bill would say. "Put a little life in him!"

When a spit-ball pitcher was working, Bill spent most of the afternoon flinging dirt back on the umpire. "Sorry to have to do it," he would lie. "But you got to do it. Can't hold these fellows without it. See?"

The players often pick on Quigley in a mean, backhanded way, too. Quigley officiates in a good many football and basketball games during the off season, and he is particularly sensitive about cracks about his work in them. The surest way to get thrown out of a game in which Quigley is working is to remark, "What's this I hear about you costing Notre Dame that big football game last fall through one of your bum decisions?"

Divided Honors

So the ball players probably give the umps no better breaks than the arbiters deal out to them. They used to call Bob Emslie, "Blind Bob," and advise him to "get that wig out of your eyes," yet Bob really had remarkable eyesight, being an expert trapshooter and holding championships in that sport.

All in all, it's about tit for tat in the grand old side-line sport of the national pastime—namely bumping the umps.

The umps usually are able to take care of themselves in almost anything the players care to start—even in wise-cracking, at which many ball players think they are strong.

Zimmerman came up to bat one day when Bill Byron was umpiring.

"Lemme see that bat," demanded Byron, noticing that Heinie was trying a trick bat, which he knew was hollow. "What's the matter with the bat?" snarled Zim.

Byron waved it in the air and then tapped it on the plate.

"Hollow!" he replied. "Like your head!"



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What's Wrong with Prohibition?

Continued from page 9

all the existing laws relative to the production and sale of liquor had been repealed, and if the Volstead Act had been made complete from a purely prohibition viewpoint, definite in its provisions.

Such a thing as the confiscation of a car that ought to be a perfectly simple proposition, is one of the most conflicting matters one can handle. When they take a car that is used for the transporting of liquor, the government instead of selling it will put it in a garage and sometimes wait for years, running up hundreds of dollars on storage while the conflicting provisions of the old revenue act and the new prohibition act prevent any definite decision.

The drys have sat back and permitted the whole enforcement service to become the football of politics and patronage and to permit the appointment of persons not in sympathy with the cause and not endowed with honesty of purpose or loyalty to their oaths of office.

The rank and file, particularly the low-salaried force appointed through civil service, has been conscientious and generally efficient, but appointments to the higher salaried positions have been of persons antagonistic to the objects of the service, and of gross inefficiency and indifference. In case after case, instances of dishonesty and of persons utterly unfitted to the work have been brought to the attention of the dry forces and the organizations and to the dry congressmen and leaders without result.

In many instances, persons with criminal records have been permitted to remain in the service even after repeated reports of wrong-doing and the most flagrant conduct have been flaunted before the public.

A Public Farce

In one instance, a gentleman famous for taking bribes and for general immoral conduct was assigned to investigate a large brewery in one of our big cities. On his arrival, he engaged a suite of several rooms at an exclusive and expensive hotel, ensconced himself and an assistant there with two fastidious women imported from another city, and began his investigative duties. Many extremely wild parties were reported and, after a reported collection of a hundred thousand dollars in bribes and a growing unwelcome in the city, he finally exposed one brewer for giving a twenty-thousand-dollar bribe and then fled the city.

The incident caused great publicity and demand for his prosecution for the violation of state and federal laws. He was, however, retained in the service, and the government proceeded to prosecute the exposed brewer, but at the trial failed to produce the main witness—the prohibition officer. The trial was, of course, a farce and a failure and contributed to much unfavorable comment on the government's methods and ethics in its prohibition department.

These and a hundred more instances are the legitimate outgrowth of the pusillanimous notion that you can get a dry law enforced by wets and that it makes no difference what a man's sentiments are if he's employed in this department. An oath of office doesn't even make a wet senator, congressman, judge or jury do its duty, much less make an efficient prohibition officer of a wet.

Many of those who got permits ran illicit places. Inefficiency and apparent indifference in the issuing of permits to druggists, industrial alcohol plants, denaturing plants and manufacturers using alcohol are responsible for a perfect slump. For a long time such permits were issued wholesale without adequate investigation as to the standing or apparent intentions of the permittee

or of his equipment or ability to proceed in compliance with the law.

In many instances wholesale drug companies secured permits when such stores were really nothing but saloons with a few drugs displayed while issuing whisky upon thousands of forged and counterfeit prescriptions. Fake manufacturers of perfume and toilet waters got rich before being detected as bootleg establishments. In numerous such cases, when the influence was strong enough, the case could be settled with a comparatively small offer in compromise, which was another means of

used their position in the brewery section, for instance, to make the attempts at enforcement of the law ridiculous.

I know of the appointment of a man in the Washington section having to do with brewery permits. He got the appointment over a long list of competent and effective and well-trained drys when it was known that this man had just paid a fine for the violation of the Volstead Act in Virginia a few weeks before.

I have known of judgeships and district attorneyships to be filled from Alaska, from Florida, from California,

flaunting violation of the law had been indulged in, and a notorious bootlegger and dope peddler was convicted by the jury, who brought in a verdict of guilty. The law prescribed a penalty of \$50 to \$500 and so many days to so many months in the penitentiary. The judge promptly assessed a fine of \$25. The prisoner and his attorney said, "There is no such fine in law," and walked out of the courtroom. The little fine was ignored and has not been paid to this day. But that judge was reappointed and confirmed.

The responsibility for this state of things where the courts have been manipulated to protect bootleggers by officials responsible to the Department of Justice ought no longer to be attributed to a failure of the drys, nor blamed upon the prohibition unit, for I do not recall that in a single instance of the fifty that I have been interested in, an appointment has been secured through Mr. John Marshall of a person whom the drys in any way recommended. So clear us of responsibility for the failure of the courts.

But we do not wish to side-step the responsibility of the drys for permitting the present situation. If the dry forces had united to watch such things here at Washington and acted as a unit rather than stepped back for a dry czar to take into his hands the full responsibility of standing in with the departments as against the interests represented by all the temperance forces, including his own, we would not have had to contend with utterly wet enforcement officers. Nor would we have had the knock-down and drag-out fight of a few years ago to see that every temperance force represented in Washington was equally represented before the Senate hearing; nor the equally divided leadership in the securing of a dry and an efficient enforcement commissioner after the Reorganization Bill had been passed by the united efforts of the dry forces.

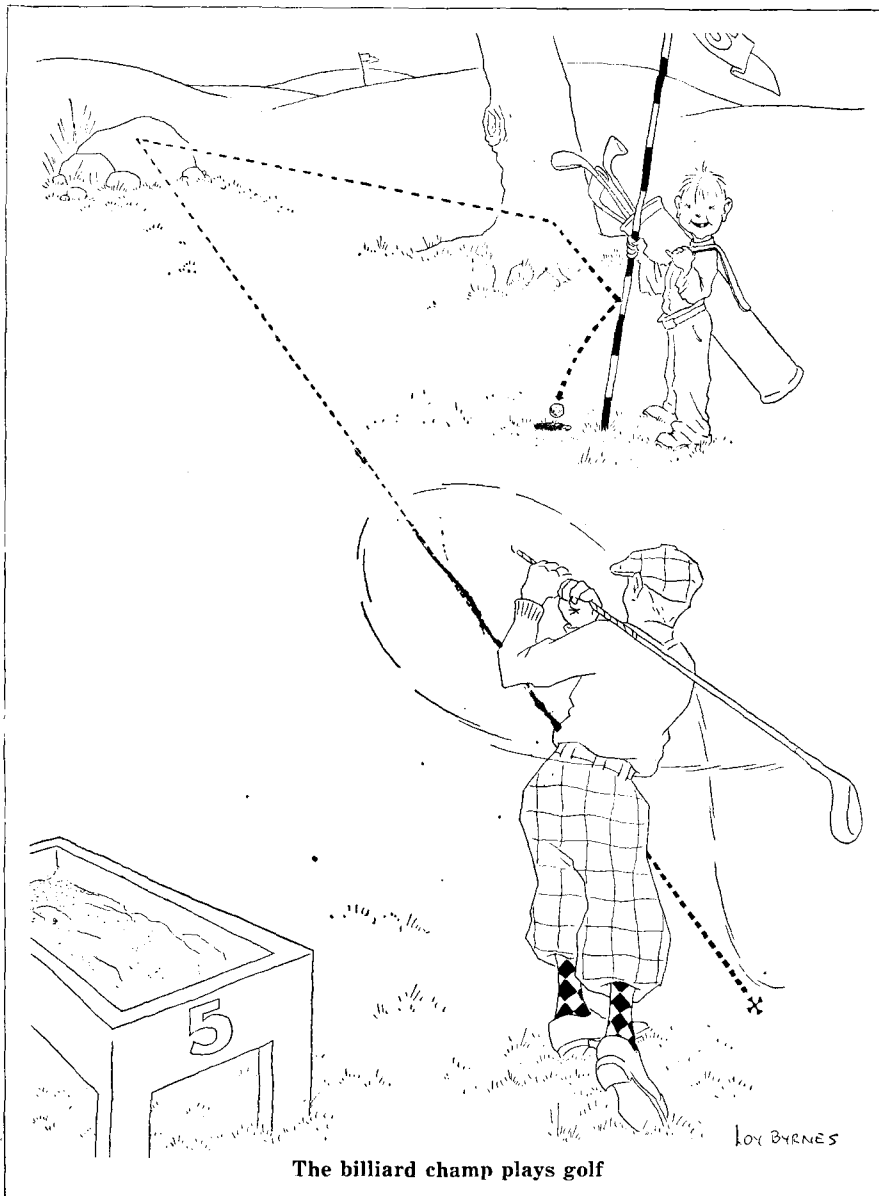
Putting up a Bold Front

When that new bill went into effect the leading temperance organizations should have said: "Now we are going to have a hearing. The leaders of all the organizations that are represented in Washington must get together and make up their program." But the wets hoped and expected that the leaders of the wet forces, united by selfish interests, would rally every conceivable kind of representative and witness and fill one side of the room and leave on the other one poor, sick man whose life was fast ebbing away, as the sole representative of prohibition to be pictured in the press of the country as the forlorn hope of a dying cause.

The sad thing about this is that just what the wets expected was what this dry representative wanted it to be. And one of the most delicate, difficult, frank, and friendly pieces of strategy that ever was worked was necessary in order to present a solid front and not make it seem like a purely individual last cry for prohibition. It resulted in the eight members who represent the entire temperance forces of the Republic and have offices in Washington, being formed into a Committee of Strategy, and they took charge of the dry hearing and it was about the first thing of the kind since the coming of prohibition that had showed a united front.

Public sentiment ought now to compel a getting together of all these forces in Washington, a thorough organization with annual election of officers, so that the unseemly things that have occurred of late—one or two announcing policies for all without consulting with the others—will never occur again.

United we stand; divided we fall.



The billiard champ plays golf

settlement provided in the old Internal Revenue law.

The issuance and control of permits is one of the most important and effective means of enforcement if properly done. It has been one of the most abused means of diverting hundreds of thousands of gallons of illicit liquor every year into bootleg channels. No system of reorganization, in our opinion, will ever be effective which attempts to separate the permissive and enforcement features.

Pawns of the Underworld

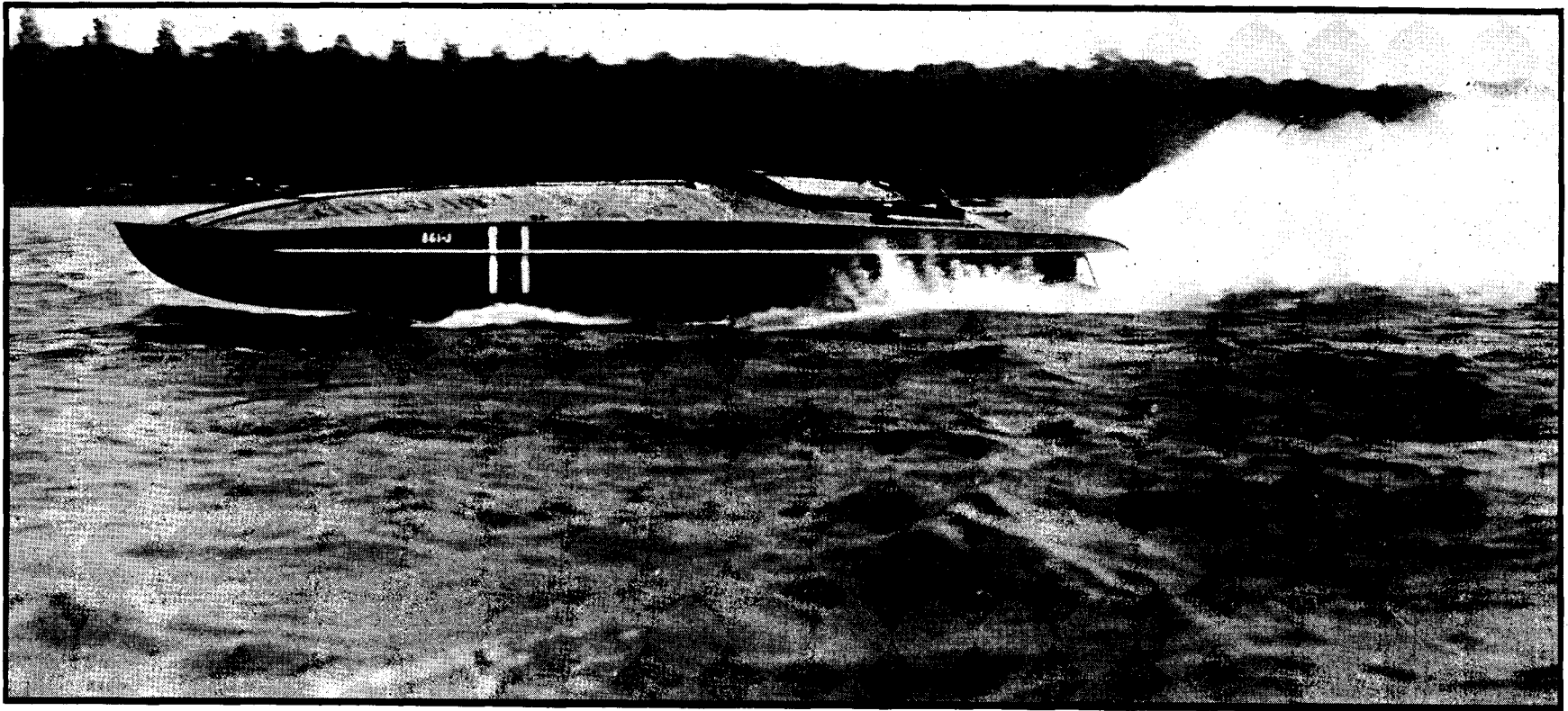
The large number of those who publicly talk and vote dry but who privately patronize the bootlegger and therefore lend their financial support and social prestige to the organized violation of the law is a fact to be deplored. There are still people in the department, some of whom had strong recommendations from certain soft-headed drys, who have

where the decent element would find an outstanding lawyer against whom nothing could be affirmed and whose ability had put him in the front ranks of his profession. Then a man would come up recommended by the representatives of the underworld, who had been a red-light district sponsor and the bootleggers' attorney.

I recall one instance where a man had been on the bench for a long time and in the very town where his court was held there was a restricted district paying graft for immunity week by week, selling dope, selling bootleg liquor and having financial standing with the banks and well-known in political circles. The United States judge who stood for that condition was finally reappointed and approved, not a man on the Senate Committee justifying his conduct, but saying, "We can't get any better through this department."

One of the most notorious dope cases had come before this judge, the most

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If shattering the records were all that this great Sea Sled had done, the average man might very well ask, what good was it all?

But Orlo III proved conclusively that a Sea Sled could run dry and with no dangerous pounding at full speed *where competing boats were forced to slow down to keep running at all.*

And right there she justified every last cent of the high cost which went to her making.

It is largely because of this costly adventure in the higher speeds that luxurious Model 26 can deliver her 42 miles an hour with safety, dryness and comfort at so moderate a cost.

The last swagger Model 22, and the marvelous little Outboard Express Cruiser Model 18, and Model 16 the fast mahogany run-about, are all proud lineal descendants of

old Orlo III. Where that dauntless old pathfinder blazed a trail, reckless of risks, they follow at speed carrying the highest factor of safety of anything known in the boating world.

And of the whole bunch of Sea Sleds, little Model 13 proves the point hardest to the average man. At a price of \$229.00, this little 13-footer furnishes the safety, speed, capacity and dryness which are the outstanding qualities of the whole Sea Sled Fleet.



Model 13, the safest fast craft of her size

Is it any wonder that dealers and owners of these staunch descendants of a record-breaking sire take pride in the exploits of their craft?

TRADE-MARK REG. SEA SLED U. S. PAT. OFFICE

~ THE SEA SLED CORPORATION ~

Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

All prices F.O.B. Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

The Last Leader

Continued from page 32

sobblings he heard heavier patter than the rain.

"There is a man running," said he. He started away, thrusting down her hands. She saw the door open then and hurried to it, but as she bent to the bolts the upper half was pushed open, then the lower, and Denis Drake limped into the room. He was drenched and panting, his white face streaming and wild. After him she bolted the door, top and bottom, as he faced Felix Burke, rain puddling about his feet.

"Stay where you are, Denis," said Felix, his white teeth glinting. "No man stops me this night."

THEN Felix Burke turned and hurried out, Denis leaping after him with such speed that he caught at his hands, but Burke threw him down and slammed the back door after him, leaving Denis sprawled on the floor. He squirmed there and moaned.

"Come back, Felix," he moaned. "We are all friends here."

He turned there, on the floor, to see Peggy Mara standing, her father's rifle in her hands, its muzzle aimed at his head.

"Stay where you are, Denis Drake," she warned him. "It is his head price you are seeking, and if you move I'll blow your own from your neck."

He sat upon the floor and crumpled as she strode nearer.

"I am his friend and no informer," he cried.

"Stay where you are." He saw, as he heard the words, that her eyes burned and her thin knuckles were white against the trigger.

So they remained, he on the floor and she standing above him with the rain skirling and splashing until dawn brushed like an old man's dirty beard against the window. Her father, Michael Mara, came then, furtively, by his back door, with a new gun in his hand, which bumped against Denis Drake's feet. Michael Mara put the bar against the door, and he kicked Denis to his feet.

"Leave him to me," he told Peggy.

"It is nothing I've done or intended doing," moaned Denis. "But Peggy here believes me an informer against Felix Burke."

"Was he here this night?" said Michael Mara, his brow lifting.

"He was and gone long ago to safety, please God," said Peggy.

Michael Mara gaped. He turned like a man dreaming swift dreams and slipped the bar from the back door,

throwing that open wide against the slanting rain, as though he would get sight of Felix Burke.

Two men stepped out of the dawn and pushed him back into the house. Denis Drake recoiled, but Peggy Mara stood against them. They were Black and Tan men in the black rubber coats and heavy boots these wore. They wrested Mara's gun from him, and as Peggy aimed hers one strode under it and took it quickly from her.

"We are not here to fight," said the leader of these two, a sturdy, whiskered man, fresh-faced like one from the north coast.

Michael Mara stood silent and scowling and allowed them to push him further into the house, ashamed at the surprise with which they had overpowered him.

"Is the man named Felix Burke in this place?" said the leader, while the other fellow stood with a hand to the pistol beneath his coat.

Michael Mara and his daughter were mute as iron images, but Denis Drake, limping away to the center of the room, turned and said:

"There is no such man in this house."

"Has there been such a one?"

PEGGY MARA'S smoky eyes glanced at Denis, who stared straight at the Black and Tan leader.

"There has not," he said, nor dropped his eyes.

The Black and Tan chewed these words. He studied Denis, then the girl and then her father while his man looked on, empty-faced.

"Keep your guns and stay in peace," said the Black and Tan. "With him gone it is not long now before these troubles will be ended."

At that he swung about, his man after him as the rain danced against their heels.

But Michael Mara shook his head, and far on into the morning he and Denis Drake talked of the strange words uttered by the Black and Tan and what they might portend.

A ferment ran for days, with flashings of great news, and wild, disquieting tales from some that there had been treachery and from others that all would be well.

Peggy Mara got all these tidings at

the home of Felix Burke, where she went to nurse his mother. The joy in her heart grew greater day by day, and the women of the place trooped in and out to carol their joy and tell the old mother of her noble son. And when the peace was signed the church bells rang and the priests gathered the people and gave ringing praise to Felix Burke of Innisfar and Doneraile for the great deeds he had done. They told of how he would go to Dublin at once from London where he had been, and how there he would be met by thousands and tens of thousands to tell them the great news that had come to Ireland.

And on the day that Felix Burke was to speak to many thousands in Dublin and then go down to Innisfar and Doneraile, men of both those places went up to see and hear him and bring him down a hero to his native place. Peggy Mara remained all day at her house alone, for her father had gone with the other men of Doneraile.

Faintly, like the throbbing of distant wings, she heard the shouts and cries of the crowds about the market place of Doneraile, and saw the spinning red lights that boys shoot at the stars on feast nights. The hours passed. But he did not come.

She sat before the fire, her eyes clouding and the fear stabbing her brain, as it will with women, that a secret lover might forget them in his shining hour. Then she comforted herself with thought of the delays that hamper such a man fighting his way through rejoicing people.

DENIS DRAKE came to the door, and she let him in, leaving it open wide for the music of the droning voices afar.

"Tis precious late he will be this night," said Denis Drake, and she saw something mournful in his face.

"What makes you say that, Denny dear?" she asked quickly, a white hand at her throat.

"He should have been here hours ago," said he. "And there is no news at all."

So they speculated what causes there might be, and Denis there seemed to torture himself pleasurably with the shadowing of her face when their thoughts ran to harmful things, and her brightness when he mentioned all the delays that might reasonably befall.

Heavy feet, marching feet, came along the road. Peggy Mara sprang up, pale, and her eyes brilliant. Her father came to the open door.

"Go to your bed, Peggy," said he; "I have news for you in the morning."

Her lips tightened, and her eyes lost their softness.

"Tell me now," she said coldly, "or how shall I sleep?"

He looked dumbly at Denis Drake; then at her.

"Felix Burke was killed this night," he said.

She swayed, the blood leaving her face and her pale lips quivering.

"As he made his speech before the thousands in St. Stephen's Green a man crawled behind him and lifted a pistol and shot him in the back."

Peggy Mara reeled. Denis Drake limped to her, his mouth hanging. He and Michael Mara held her and placed her in a chair. She sat, dry-eyed, as her father spoke.

"He died with the name of Ireland on his tongue," said Michael Mara, and he added in a slow voice: "It is hard for me to agree with anyone that he was a traitor, although many say so."

PEGGY MARA stirred. Her white fists clenched; she jerked to her feet and her eyes flamed.

"Traitor!" she cried, and her teeth ground the bitter word. She shook and gulped, but her father pressed her shoulders, and she sat down, flinging her hands to her head and sobbing violently.

"Have peace, girl," said Michael Mara.

Her sobbing shook the house as they sat there, Michael Mara gazing grimly into the red fire while Denis Drake looked at the daughter. Chill wind whipped the flame of the lamp, rustling through the swaying trees. Out in the night there was no other sound.

Peggy Mara ceased her sobbing. When she lifted her head it was proud and her eyes dry, wide and cold.

"He was the last leader of his people," said Denis Drake.

Michael Mara rose his full height. His great arms reached for the rifle hidden back of the chimney curtain. Peggy Mara's voice murmured low:

"An end to murdering and the devils of blood. His work is done. I see it."

She gazed into the failing fire. Her father's strong hands cracked and snapped the gun muzzle across his knee. With no word said he walked from the room, leaving Denis Drake kneeling at his daughter's feet, her hand to his lips.

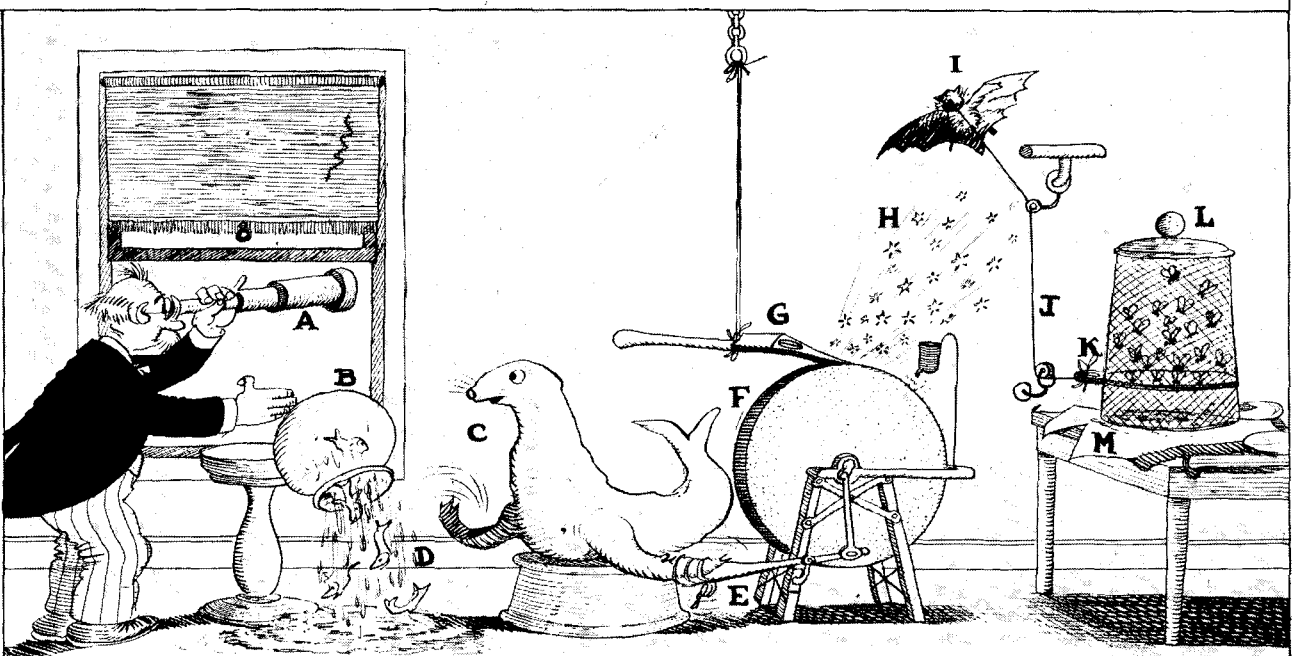
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

THE PROFESSOR'S BRAIN-FUSELAGE COMES OUT OF A TAIL SPIN WITH A NEW IDEA FOR REMOVING GRAY SPOTS FROM VESTS:

YOU LOOK THROUGH TELESCOPE (A) AND SEE FRIEND WHO APPEARS SO CLOSE THAT YOU REACH OUT TO SHAKE HANDS, UPSETTING FISH BOWL (B) WHEN TRAINED SEAL (C) SEES FISH (D) HE FLAPS HIS FLIPPERS, CAUSING FOOT PEDAL (E) TO TURN GRIND STONE (F) SHARPENING AX (G), FLYING SPARKS (H) AWAKEN BAT (I) WHO THINKS THEY ARE STARS AND THAT NIGHT TIME HAS APPROACHED. HE FLIES AWAY PULLING CORD (J) WHICH RELEASES PARTITION (K) IN FLY TRAP (L) ALLOWING FLIES TO REACH VEST (M) AND EAT OFF ALL THE GRAY SPOTS.

IF GRAY SPOTS ON YOUR VEST HAPPEN TO FORM A PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE DESIGN DON'T BOTHER ABOUT USING APPARATUS AT ALL. LET YOUR FRIENDS THINK YOU ARE WEARING A FANCY VEST.



Farm Trade Tips

Volume I

Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers

Number 5

ELEVEN TESTED IDEAS YOU CAN USE WITH PROFIT

"Auction" Display

G. Smedal tells of an interesting "auction" window display that an Iowa general merchant puts on each month. He places an article costing not less than \$25 in the window and reduces the price fifty cents each day. Tension increases each day among at least a dozen customers who want the article, and before many days pass it's snapped up. In the meantime his window has great attention value. He uses a large monthly calendar in the display and as the days pass he covers up the numbers on the calendar with cards saying: "Going! . . . Going! . . . Going! . . . And on the day the article is bought he puts up a card that says: "GONE!—to Mrs. B—n."

TIE UP WITH NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Farm Service

A country general store in Texas adds to its attractiveness as a farmers' headquarters by installing a reading room. Comfortable chairs are provided. Tables are loaded with farm magazines. And the room is in charge of a young woman who is assistant to the county home demonstration agent. On one wall is displayed a large bulletin board carrying nothing but farmers' want ads—"wants" that offer to buy, sell, or trade livestock, poultry, implements, fencing, and so on. The young woman types the ads and posts them for customers. This service is making a great hit with the store's 2700 farm customers.

—Upshur Vincent, Fort Worth, Texas.

STOCK NATIONALLY KNOWN LINES

Store Movies

Stanley Jacobs, of Kansas City, Mo., tells of a live hardware dealer who's using the new amateur moving picture camera to help increase sales of modern farm appliances. He takes motion pictures of local farmers using modern field and barn equipment, also pictures of their wives using up-to-date household appliances—all merchandise sold from his store. One Saturday night each month he has a farm motion picture party at his store. Farmers for miles around attend. His idea has proved a successful sales builder.

SELL THE TRADEMARKED BRANDS



Night Sales

Mary A. Rheam, of Norman, Okla., says that "night sales" have proved big business builders for their store in harvest season. "Farmers' wives have no time to come to town during the day when the men are harvesting," she explains. "So we close the store on Wednesday at 1 P. M. and open it at 7 P. M. for a 'night sale.' Town women like the idea, too, for they'd rather shop in the evening than in the heat of the day. Our 'night sales' practically put two Saturdays in each week for us."



Increases Sales 25 Per Cent

A shoe merchant in Texas increased his sales 25 per cent last year with no increase in inventory. His secret is to stock what the public is buying. He keeps a record of his customers' color and price preference. Every pair of shoes sold is noted as to color and price. For a period just before Easter his record card looked like this:

Color	Pairs	Per Cent
White	4	2.2
Beige	38	21.0
Brown	8	4.4
Red	29	16.0
Blue	26	14.4
Green	3	1.6
Black Satin	24	13.3
Black Patent	35	19.4
Black Kid	14	7.7
Total	181	100.0

Prices	Pairs	Per Cent
\$6.50	14	7.7
7.50	2	1.1
8.50	29	16.0
10.00	73	40.3
11.00	5	2.8
12.50	38	21.0
13.50	7	3.9
15.00	13	7.2
Total	181	100.0

To keep tabs on stock on shelves he puts a private mark on each carton as it is put in stock. Shoes racked in April, 1929, are marked with a "49"—those in January, 1930, with a "10". The first figure designates the month and the last one the year. Stock is listed every three months and no shoe is allowed on the shelf more than eighteen months.

—Boot and Shoe Recorder.

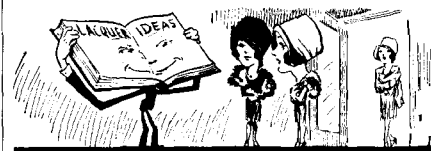
PUSH NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS

Grocery Fountain

Dibble's Grocery in Topeka, Kans., started a soda fountain as a service to customers and now it is the best paying department in the store. Women who are tired from shopping, particularly farm women, are glad to find a comfortable seat at Dibble's where they can

sip a soda and place their grocery order at the same time. The fountain has proved profitable, too, as an outlet for dead-ripe fruit and vegetables, which are served in ices and sandwiches.

—Progressive Grocer.



Lacquer Ideas

W. F. Kinkade, of Bliss, Idaho, says he doubled his lacquer sales by getting up what he calls an "Idea Book" that shows his woman customers the hundreds of attractive uses of lacquer in brightening the inside of the home. His "Idea Book" is a scrapbook in which he has mounted dozens of pages clipped from national magazines—advertising pages and editorial pages, many of them in full color, showing various lacquer designs and color combinations and emphasizing the ease of application and quick-drying quality of lacquer. His "Idea Book" rests on a small table near the entrance under a sign that reads: "If you wish more beautiful and attractive rooms—LOOK THROUGH ME!"

PROFIT FROM NATIONAL ADVERTISING

Show Cards

G. D. Eldridge, Jr., of Texas, says that increased sales proved to him that show-cards on merchandise ought to do more than merely give the price of the article. When his show-card said, "Aluminum Ware—\$1.95 each," he found his sales slow. But they took a jump when he changed to: "ALUMINUM WARE—FOR WATERLESS COOKING—RETAINS NATURAL JUICE AND FLAVOR—\$1.95 EACH."

Local Approval

O. L. Steensland, of Lake Andes, S. D., has this tip to offer. "Nearly all tractor advertising," he says, "carries testimonial letters from owners of such equipment. Much of the benefit of these letters, however, is lost because the writers are not known locally. We print our own testimonial letters, letters from customers in our own territory. Such letters, coming from well and favorably known men carry a lot of weight with prospective tractor buyers. From every tractor sale we secure another strong local testimonial."



Birthday Book

George H. Byer of Wisconsin tells of a general merchant who has built up a big rural and small-town trade through good will secured from what he calls his "Birthday Book." This book now contains the names, addresses, ages and birthday dates of nearly two thousand children in his trading area under ten years of age. As their birthdays roll around he sends each child a letter of congratulation, saying also that there is a birthday gift waiting for them at the store. The store has a daily parade of parents bringing in their children. The gifts cost about 25c apiece and are charged against advertising.

SELL THE TRADEMARKED BRANDS

"Clothes-Line"

M. Arthur of the Greenwood Pharmacy, Kansas City, Mo., says: "In order to place some of our newer additions of stock before our customers' eyes, we devised the idea of a 'clothes-line' across the width of the store. At present we have towels, wash cloths, rubber aprons and gloves, handkerchiefs, men's garters and sun visors displayed neatly on our 'line' with price tags attached. It's a great eye-catcher—one of the best sales ideas we ever used."

\$10 For Your Tip

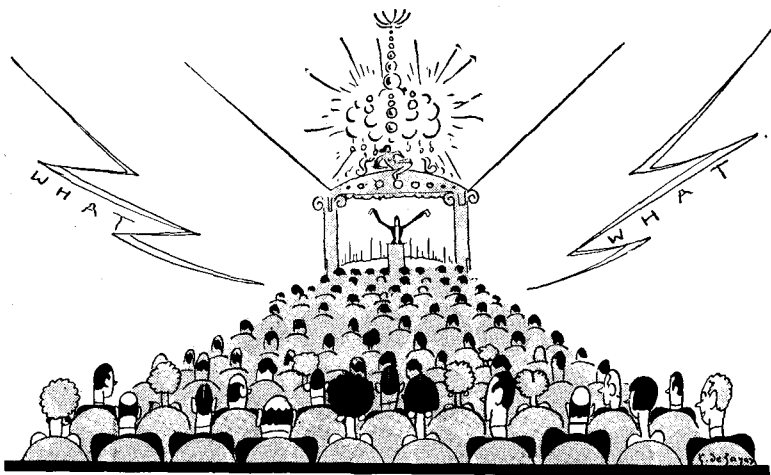
We pay \$10 apiece for acceptable farm trade tips. Send in your idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many tips as you wish. We may use them all. You do not have to be an experienced writer. It's the idea that counts. The only requirement is that the tip must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

Send your idea to Farm & Fireside, Department C-5, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"Farm Trade Tips" appears regularly in Collier's and The American Magazine as part of Farm & Fireside's service to national advertisers and their small-city dealers.

Farm & Fireside
The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,350,000 FARM HOMES



Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

WHEN I stepped upon the stage of the new auditorium in a western city, I thought it was the best-designed theater I had ever seen. But when I spoke I found that I had a most unruly auditorium to contend with. I was interrupted twice in my first sentence.

I began with: "What is most needed in America today—" I heard a sharp voice from the right as loud as my own inquiring "What?" I continued—"is such a system of education as will—" then came cries of "What!" "What?" from the upper gallery and back part of the hall in what seemed to me satirical and sneering tones. I looked down at my audience, 3,000 schoolma'ams, but they appeared peaceable and earnestly endeavoring to hear what I had to say in the confusion of voices repeating my words.

There is really no excuse for constructing echo caves as auditoriums nowadays, for much research work has been done of late on the reflecting and absorption of sound by various substances. The rapid rise of the "talkies" has suddenly made this a problem of practical importance involving millions of dollars.

It's curious that the best room to make music in is not the best room to hear music in. From the standpoint of the listener the best of all walls is no wall at all. The ancient Greek theater in the open air cannot be beaten. A listener one hundred feet from the speaker in the Hollywood Bowl can understand speech better than in the best Los Angeles theater.

But musicians complain of "hard playing" in a completely open space or in a room with deadened walls. They want a certain "come-back" from their efforts. To avoid all echo the early radio broadcasting rooms were muffled like the padded cells of a lunatic asylum, but later it was found better to allow a little reverberation. To get the best results in a concert room the orchestra stage should be boxed in on five sides with somewhat resounding surfaces, while the auditorium walls should be distant or non-existent or deadened by hangings or porous plaster.

If you were sitting in an auditorium lined with mirrors, you would see a dozen replicas of the singer or speaker gesticulating at you from all sides and the ceiling. This would not matter much, for the various images would come to you at the same instant, and, besides, you can focus your eyes on the one on the platform and ignore the rest. But you cannot focus your ears, and so you hear all that the duplicated orators shout at you from their various distances and directions.

You can tell roughly which wall cov-

ering is the best for absorbing sound by the simple method of bumping your head against it and seeing which hurts you the most. An open window is the least harmful (if you don't fall out of it). A layer of hair felt, an inch thick, is about half as good as nothing as a sound absorbent. Carpet, a quarter or less. Glass and hard plaster, about a fortieth as effective. Varnished wood, rather better. Concrete, the worst of all. Of course the padding material preferred by the performer is an auditorium packed with people. They soak in the sound in a most satisfactory manner.

Self-Seasoned Poultry

Modern man is not content with the simple savors of food in its natural state. So he searches all corners of the world for pungent and aromatic herbs with which to sauce his meat. He even makes the animals he eats season their own flesh. For instance, pigs are fed on beechnuts and poultry on curdled milk. But this scheme for seasoning food alive is limited because chickens, ducks and rabbits refuse to eat highly flavored condiments.

In France, where the desire for novel tastes is instigated and catered to, this obstacle has been overcome. Dr. Gauducheau, in collaboration with the Marquise de Noailles, has introduced what are called "intrasauces," which, it is claimed, are likely to revolutionize the art of cooking. The method consists in injecting the aromatic ingredient into the heart of the animal, which diffuses it quickly through the circulation of the blood and into all the flesh. Tomato, mustard, tarragon and pimento have been employed. A pure culture of yeast injected into the heart of a hen is said to impart a delicious cider flavor.



Evil Intent

Continued from page 20

smiled. "Come on, Stannard. It's not your fault if I'm crazy."

One of the obligations of being Muriel's fiancé was a passable ability on the dance floor. Gilbert could dance and Anita danced just enough as though she were not in his arms and enough as though she were. "I suppose all of you girls dance on Broadway," he suggested.

"Most of them do," she said. "I do my dancing as a model for Spangler Gowns, Inc., wholesalers, nine to five-thirty at twenty-seven fifty a week."

Oh yes, the old sob-stuff, working-girl line, eh! He could just imagine the "be your age" rejoinder that Bob Downs would have for that. But as the music stopped he made some perfunctory remark of sympathy and, when she looked up at him solemnly to read its meaning in his face, he kissed her.

She didn't mind, apparently. He suggested that they desert the crowd and sit by themselves on the landing of the broad stairway where there was a heavily carved, late-Georgian bench, and she acquiesced. He wondered if she realized he'd kissed her, he himself being still rather dizzy with it, and he kissed her again to find out. Apparently she realized it a bit more that time. "Do you mind, Anita? You are too adorable not to."

"It's all right," she said. "Don't they all? But not unless I let you, please, Stannard. You're a queer sort to find here. But then all you men are basically the same, the same toward us anyway. Do you come to Denmore's often?"

"Never before, Anita," he confessed reluctantly. "And you?"

"Never before, either." Then she laughed with a bitter clarity. "Every girl here has told one of your friends the same thing, Stannard. Thelma—she's the red-headed one who sang—Thelma has been urging me to come for a long time but I never came. Thelma rooms at the same place I do, or I did. She told me what a fool I was to work like that for so little and have no fun. Tonight I came."

He believed her. He couldn't help it. He was developing a protective feeling for the poor, sweet kid, and Muriel and Bob Downs could go to blazes. "You came and you don't like it, do you, Anita? I'm going to take you home."

"All right, if you want to," she said. "I don't care." He heard a couple of little warning sniffs and then she said, "Now don't get scared, Stannard. I'm going to cry but I'll promise to get over it quickly and be as gay as you want me to. Bend your shoulder down a little, Stannard."

HE COULD tell only by the tremors which passed through her that she was weeping; for she made no sound. After ten minutes of it he began to win monosyllabic answers to his questions and before another hour passed Gilbert had heard the whole story of Anita Forbes—or to quote Bob Downs' unkind comment when he eventually heard about it, her story as long as she stuck to it.

The details indicated a good but unpleasant family and a girls' school education, the school in Nashville and the family in Illinois. When Anita was twenty, which must have been yesterday, she ran away. Her parents had insisted she marry the fat son of the local plutocrat, and the violence of Anita's revolt took her as far as Terre Haute the first day. A forlorn and frequently stranded stock company in need of an ingénue took her the rest of the way, from Terre Haute to Texarkana and east again to Tuckahoe. She

approached that near New York without reaching it, although any number of gentlemen offered to take her there. None of them offered to send her.

In Saginaw, Michigan, by way of a convenient fire escape and to avoid becoming the love of the cave-man manager's life, she left the stock company to its precarious fate and pursued her own even more precarious one to Chicago. She was hungry there for six days until she discovered she could pose for illustrators. While she posed, the illustrators, three of them anyway, proposed. One of them proposed marriage. A published photograph and the influence of a girl friend finally brought Anita a chorus job in a New York revue.

She lost it, however, in two weeks, chiefly because she wept one night all through the Glad Rags number. Nine men waited for her at the stage door that night but they couldn't give her back her job. There were no more stage jobs, no more money, no more food. When it came down to no more food she began that lifetime of parading Spangler gowns before rows of dry-eyed buyers.

GILBERT, aware that the last part of the story, the New York part, wanted something in clearness and coherence, nevertheless was deeply moved. He kissed Anita very tenderly again just to show her that all men were not as she thought them.

It was an awkward moment for this gentle expression of his sympathy, however. When McKane and Bob Downs with the red-headed girl and the toe dancer swept down upon them, Gilbert knew they would misunderstand. A kiss was only a kiss to them. They probably never heard of a kiss of sympathy. "Here, you love birds," they shouted, "this is a party. Come on and join us. We'll restore you to each other's arms later on."

They all returned to the table. A champagne cork popped. McKane told a story which ended with: "I'd have done just as you did—" It all went on for a long time, a half hour, or maybe two hours. Through holes in the cigarette smoke he caught glimpses of that smooth, white little face and those wide-open eyes, now solemn, now smiling when they met his gaze.

Gilbert remembered that he'd offered to take her home and he found a chance to pass a roll of bills under the table to Bob Downs. "I'm leaving," he said. "Take care of my end of it, will you?"

Bob grinned. "Better save enough for cigarettes."

"Shut up," said Gilbert. "You'd suspect a winged angel." He took Anita away, ostensibly to dance, and they slipped down the stairway. "I think you and I have had enough of this. I'm going to take you home."

"Just as you wish, Stannard," she said.

Outside, waiting for a cab, he noticed her inadequate wrap, a cloth coat with an almost pathetic collar of cheap dyed fur. She had a somewhat battered suitcase also but he didn't think about that just then. He was thinking about the sort of wrap Anita would soon have—if she would accept it.

A cab drew in and he put her inside. "Where to, Anita? What address?"

Only her face showed, white in the gloomy interior of the cab. "What do you mean, Stannard? Don't you know where you live?"

They had arrived almost at Gilbert's apartment before he recovered from the

shock. What a sentimental ass he'd been! How Muriel would have laughed! And Bob! How true to form he'd run! When he'd asked to take her home, she'd simply taken it for granted that he meant his home. Why, the hard-boiled little devil had even brought her suitcase.

Well, he had started out with evil intentions, hadn't he? He ought to consider himself lucky. He did feel lucky, and excited, and relieved that he need feel no further responsibility. He ushered Anita into his apartment with all the *savoir faire* which he supposed a man with evil intentions would naturally command. "I hope you can smoke ordinary cigarettes, my dear. I'm all out of the Russian ones."

"I NEVER tried a Russian cigarette," she said, glancing uncertainly about. "It's—it's very nice here, Stannard." She allowed him to take her hat and coat and to arrange the pillows behind her on a low divan-couch. He kissed her, and after a moment she smiled, as if she'd just remembered that one ought to smile. "Yes, it's very nice, Stannard. Are you going to sit here?" He noticed that she was trembling.

"What's the matter? Are you cold? I'll ring and have Yohito bring us a little brandy."

Yohito appeared silently. Yohito, at least, was a man of the world. He placed two thimble glasses of brandy beside them without so much as the twitch of an eyebrow. That round and wrinkled little face of his was the face of an imp out of hell. Yohito should have carried a pitchfork. What he did carry, without comment or instruction, was Anita's battered suitcase into the other room. One might have imagined a slight disdain on his part toward that suitcase. One heard him in the bedroom, the soft plump of pillows, the whisk of fresh linen. Yohito may not have been Satan's pet imp but he was at least a man of the world, or a man of the world's man.

When he had disappeared in response to Gilbert's nod of dismissal, Gilbert found himself talking rather rapidly, as one does when he must think about something else. He asked Anita some more questions, about the New York part of her story, and several times he kissed her.

About the third time there was a faint warmth and rush of color as if she had felt an impulse to kiss him back. "You're really a sweet man, Stannard—if any men are sweet."

She refused the drop of brandy he poured for her. "What's the matter? Am I trembling again? Come on." She jumped up. "Aren't you going to show me the rest of your apartment?"

He followed her into the other room, puzzled. Perhaps a more experienced man would have known. The preparations for the night which that little brown demon of a Yohito had made seemed almost startling. He was glad Anita took no notice. She had gone to the foot of one of the beds where her suitcase lay spread open and ready for her. Over her shoulder he said: "Well, you have plenty of pretty things there, Anita."

She smiled back at him. "My best and only, Stannard."

"It's a regular trousseau, my dear."

Anita stiffened suddenly and the faint color left her face. She turned upon him almost angrily. "Why did you have to say that? If you'd said almost anything else—" As suddenly as her anger had come, it left. Weakness displaced it. Her knees seemed to give way. Then she collapsed limply over the open suitcase.

A faint half sigh, half moan came first and then a sob, deep sobs, not at all like her quiet weeping. Gilbert, re-

covering from his blank astonishment, saw her hands clenched into the soft pink and white of her "trousseau," her fingers groping for something. He moved the clothes aside and saw what it was. She clutched the leather-framed picture of a boy, a young man, and apparently as handsome, strong-willed and self-confident a young man as all young men should be.

His momentary feeling of distaste, at least in connection with Anita, for a young man who was so decidedly what young men should be, did not survive in his sympathy and alarm for her. When her sobbing quieted and she slipped exhausted to the floor with her forehead against the edge of the bed, he knelt down beside her. "Who is this, Anita?"

"Oh, it's just a boy." She let him take the picture. "Arthur Caulfield. You've heard of the Caulfields, haven't you? This is the boy I was supposed to marry tonight—"

"Tonight? But I don't understand—"

"Well, you see, his family objected of course, and we were going to run away. Everything was set—for tonight. This morning I gave up my job at Spangler's and my room. I was all packed. But Art didn't show up and—that red-headed girl, Thelma, did."

"And you took your little trousseau along with you to Denmore's," said Gilbert.

"I had to. There was no place to leave it. Please forgive my giving 'way like this, Stannard. It's not playing the game the way I meant to—"

"The game!" he interrupted. "We're talking about life, not games." The pieces of a picture puzzle, which was Anita, that contradiction of circumstance and character, began to fall into place: Denmore's, her luggage, her bitter impulse to hurt the boy who had failed her no matter what the consequence to herself. "Perhaps, Anita," he said, "for some good reason the boy couldn't show up."

"Couldn't?" She was scornful. "No, he backed out, that's all. He was always questioning and suspecting me anyway. Because I'd been on the stage and was a model, I suppose. He was so desperately afraid I might not be his idea of a good girl."

"But you still love this boy, don't you, Anita?"

SHE tried to meet his gaze with a denial, but before the words were out her chin sank and she said nothing.

"Of course you do." Gilbert answered for her. Then he lifted her up and led her back to the divan in the living-room. After a minute of silence, he said: "If you had a home, Anita, I could take you home. A hotel at this hour would be awkward. I think, everything considered—because all this is no longer a matter of your reputation, my dear—I think you'd better stay here. I'll go to a hotel."

She looked at him as though she didn't understand, and astonishment had not left her until, having watched his brief preparations, she saw him ready to depart at the door. Then she went across to him and put her hands up about his neck. She kissed him. "Because I never knew anyone just like you before, Stannard."

Bob Downs, pleasantly diverted next morning from the prosaic and impersonal correspondence on his desk, said, with an annoyingly knowing wink:

"What would I do, Gilbert my boy? Why, of course—I'd do just what you did—only I wouldn't—"

He got no farther. The frosted glass in the door of his private office was almost shattered by the impact. An invitation to the nether regions lingered in his ears.

(Continued on page 46)

GEORGE WHITE tells Jim Henry



GEORGE WHITE, famous producer of "The Scandals" and other musical shows, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he likes the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.

"Fine for first-night nerves— those new triple-cool MENTHOL-ICED SHAVES"

PRODUCING elaborate musical shows isn't exactly the best thing in the world for one's temper. And so I try to save my nerves as much as I can. That's why I like your new Menthol-iced. It gives me a good quick shave. It's good for my disposition as well as my face. The cool tingle of the menthol is like a tonic—refreshing—bracing. Sets me up for the day."

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MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

TALC TALKS by Jim Henry

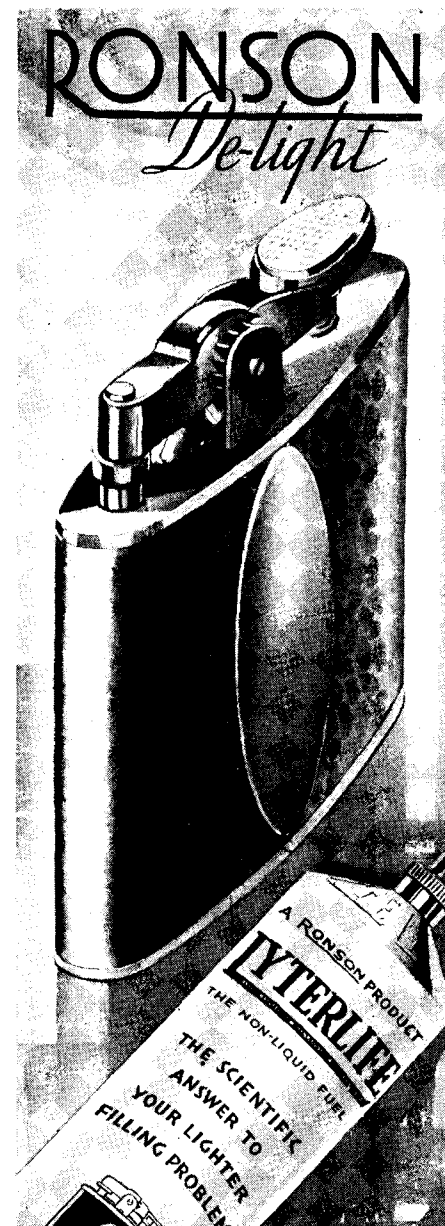


There are still a lot of he-men who think that talcum powder belongs only on feminine noses. They're all wrong. A man's skin needs talcum especially after a shave or after a bath. And I don't care how tough your hide is, brother, it needs protection against weather, before and after.

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A RONSON PRODUCT
LYTERLIFE
THE NON-LIQUID LIGHTER FUEL

(Continued from page 45)

Outside, Gilbert walked nine blocks in several directions while his temper cooled. He had an almost uncontrollable desire to punch Bob Downs and to strangle Muriel Devon. It is maddening to be understood by people. They took it for granted that he would go on idealizing to the end of his days. But he knew Anita Forbes was a special case. They didn't believe in special cases. Finally, since Bob had failed to come through with advice which he had absolutely counted upon, he now had to use his own judgment. And that was enough to put anybody in a temper.

His own judgment led him, after some inquiry, to another private office, downtown this time. The long ride in the subway hadn't improved his disposition and, as he remembered the pictured features of a young man who was so unpleasantly what young men should be and read the name, Arthur G. Caulfield, Jr., on the frosted glass door of the private office, he was in no mood to be diplomatic.

Arthur G. Caulfield, Jr., perfect in the rôle of the old man's son in the old man's business, sat behind his huge, empty, flat-topped mahogany desk and tried to look mature and impressive. He impressed Gilbert Stannard, however, merely with his youth and his dark good looks. He was like his picture only, if possible, more so. He was Anita's "Art." "Your card, Mr. Stannard," he said, "states that you are here on behalf of Anita Forbes. Won't you sit down? I expect you're going to tell me that you represent her legally and that you are going to sue me for breach of promise. If so—"

"Forget it," said Gilbert. "I represent nothing but a casual friend of Anita's who chances to know that you were going to run off and marry her last night. I'd like to be able to tell her why you didn't show up."

"DID she send you to ask? I don't recall her ever mentioning a friend named Stannard—although she probably knew a good many I never heard about. Oh, when it comes right down to it, Stannard, a fellow doesn't like to actually marry one of these Broadway girls."

"But Anita isn't 'one of these Broadway girls,'" said Gilbert, adding with just a dash of acid: "You, of course, are obviously rather a superlative young man or I should say she were a lot too good for you. If a girl that lovely were in love with me—"

Arthur G. Caulfield, Jr., without suspecting how near he was to being assaulted, regarded his visitor as though he could quite understand how anyone but a superlative young man might easily feel that way. "How long have you known Anita, Mr. Stannard?"

"I know her very well," said Gilbert with a certain malicious pleasure. "I think I know her much better than you do, Caulfield. I met her for the first time last night at eleven o'clock."

"Last night at eleven o'clock!" Anita's superlative young man flushed. "Where did you meet her?"

"I met her at Freddy Denmore's house in East Sixty-eighth Street."

"Denmore's, eh?" Young Caulfield jumped to his feet. His face was red as beef. "You mean to say she went there? And you expect me to marry the sort of girl who spends her nights at Denmore's?"

"Oh, she spent the night at my apartment," said Gilbert. "Now sit down, Caulfield. You might burst a blood vessel. At your age that would be deplorable. Sit down and I'll tell you why I think that you or any other superlative young man should consider himself fortunate to have the chance

to marry her. It's quite a long story and it's true as it is long."

It was long enough anyway to take the young man from Muriel Devon's farewell flirt of handkerchief to Anita's good-night kiss. There was much in it about people who were so crusted with suspicion that they wouldn't know good if they saw it. When it was over, Gilbert looked up hopefully and said: "Do you believe it? I don't claim any special credit. I feel sure, Caulfield, that in my position you would have done just what I did."

"Yes, I would," agreed that young man—"but I'd tell the truth about—"

Mr. Arthur G. Caulfield, Jr., was interrupted by a sudden and, from his point of view, unwarranted right hook to the chin and he reacted in the customary manner. His backward flight was arrested by the conveniently padded office chair. The glaze of utter bewilderment came into his eyes.

Gilbert Stannard in the meantime was too enraged to be gratified that his right hook after almost a decade of disuse was so singularly effective.

By the time he left the subway at Fifty-first Street, however, his anger had vanished, displaced by depression over his failure. He had set out de-

days that month. New York, close held in its clouds, was soft and wet and misty and splotted with the yellow of reflected lights. One spent one's whole time thinking about and discovering amusing, warm and cozy places. About the coziest of all was Gilbert's own apartment, now that it had been completely feminized. Gilbert's hotel room was not so cozy or pleasant, but one gets used to anything in time.

ONE evening a card was sent up to his hotel room, announcing that Mr. Arthur Garnsey Caulfield, Jr., would like to see him with reference to Anita Forbes. Gilbert pushed a table aside, cleared the room for action, and sent down word to show the gentleman up.

That superlative young man, however, was not belligerent in the least. Apparently he was not vengeance-bent and he quite openly offered his hand. "Accept my apology, Mr. Stannard, for the doubt with which I received your story when last we met," he said. "I know you wish only for Anita's and my happiness and that sock on the chin was enough to convince me of your sincerity. Your presence at this hotel, certain investigations of my own, and some things about Anita I learned from a



Meet—

GALLOPING PETE

An impetuous young-man-in-love who craved experience and got it by the bale—at a very fancy price, as usual.

By
**Thomas
McMorrow**

IN NEXT WEEK'S
COLLIER'S

termined to return that sweet youngster to the arms of her love. He must now return to the apartment and break her heart anew with the fact that her "Art" was out of her life forever. He must tell her that Art believed the worst and would never return.

Anita bore up amazingly well. What a little sport she was!

"Come on," she said, "don't talk about Art any more. We've got to get through luncheon and I've got to start this afternoon looking for a room and another job."

BUT it was almost a winter's evening before the luncheon dishes were taken away. It was almost time to begin thinking about what they would do that evening, and at one A. M., after their return from the theater and a moment at the Ambassador Grill, Anita locked her hands behind Gilbert's neck and kissed him good night as he once again departed for his hotel. "Plenty of time tomorrow," he said, "to find quarters for you, youngster. It's a job for a bright day."

Unfortunately there were no bright

red-headed girl who knew her, proved to me weeks ago that my suspicions wronged her. I want to make it up to her. I want to marry her."

"Well? Why don't you? What's holding you?" asked Gilbert. Somehow he failed to be as elated as he should have been.

"One reason I don't," said that splendid, handsome, vital young man, the more admirable for his present humility, "is that she won't let me. She won't even see me. I've been phoning, wiring, sending messages and pleas to her for three weeks—"

"You don't mean it! And she hasn't said a word to me about it. Why wouldn't she see you? I can't understand it."

"Because," said Anita, close to his ear that night as they stood in the apartment doorway and gave to each other what might have seemed to a practical mind a little more than was necessary for a good-night kiss—"because the world is overrun with men like him, Stannard, who are wise enough to be suspicious. I've met only one who knew enough to be blind."

Still Waters

Continued from page 15

they take his snow away from him? Longer'n you'd be, maybe, but not much."

"Hell," Jerry defied. "You're haulin' out of the Hole in the Wall tonight because a hick bull—"

So swiftly that to York the action was a blur, McGrogan stepped in and smote Jerry across the mouth. He yelped, staggered, recovered himself and crouched, his dead face working, a cut lip dribbling red. The chubby gang leader stood still, his eyes on the hand that crept inside Jerry's vest. His own were thrust into the pockets of his smooth coat.

"Pull it," he invited at last and York saw the bulge of something sharper-angled than a fist through the cloth. "Pull it, you coke-sniffin' son of a sow. Go on."

UNDER the menace of his purring voice, the hand of Jerry faltered and fell. McGrogan struck him again on his bruised mouth and launched a squalling burst of fury.

"Bad, ain'tcha?" he screeched. "Fulla hop an' cryin' for trouble, ain'tcha, eh? You snow louse, you will belch when I say something! I'll—"

He raised a hand, his jowls creased with fury. Jerry cowered, shielded his face with a crooked arm. McGrogan relaxed, sleek, impassive again save for his rapid breathing.

"Get that liquor out," he commanded. While his men carried out the remnant of the cache, Izzy considered York.

"So," McGrogan offered thoughtfully at length, "you're the guy that bumped his uncle, eh? I guess we'll take you along with us, Mister Richard York."

A man on either side half hauled, half supported Richard York through the torture of that twilight trail. Beyond the final pitch of the wood road, the pavement of the highway gleamed palely in the gathering darkness. Izzy whistled, and underbrush crackled. A squat simian shape forced itself through, an automatic pistol swinging in one paw.

"Nothing stirring, Benny?" McGrogan purred.

"He ain't showed," the other reported almost regretfully and thrust the weapon into a shoulder holster.

"Bring him along," Izzy bade York's conductors. "An' heave him in," he added as they reached the touring car parked at the roadside. York clamped his teeth against outcry and edged himself over to the far side of the tonneau. The others swarmed aboard, McGrogan plumping himself down between his prisoner and the seat's other occupant. Through his coat pocket he thrust an unyielding something against York's side.

"Now listen," he bade in his soft slurring speech as the car backed and turned. "We're going around the long way to the Hole in the Wall to keep from meeting that bull. One holler out of you and you've a hole through your gut. Get me?"

"If," York said with a wan smile, "I'd been going to holler, I'd have done it coming down the trail. You've got some very rough gentlemen working for you, McGrogan."

The gang leader looked at him suspiciously. Even in the half light, the weariness of recent agony was clear on his captive's face. Admiration, a sense of triumph and mounting excitement at thought of the work still ahead stirred McGrogan. He spoke almost considerately:

"You ain't yella, guy. I'll give you that. Act nice now an' no one'll jump

you. Listen," he added. "We blow tonight. You can ride the truck clear to New York, if you wanta."

"Thanks," York muttered equivocally. His lack of enthusiasm seemed to please the sleek little gang leader.

"You got guts, bimbo," he acknowledged.

The automobile jolted along for a time, then turned into a driveway bordered by whitewashed stones and stopped before a structure, black against the darkening sky. The sign that had once proclaimed its name was covered by a swath of white cloth, blazoned with hastily painted letters. "Closed," York read.

As the men clambered from the car McGrogan rapped:

"Gus, get at that truck. Rest of you start takin' down them stills. Jerry, help this guy into the house. Stick him in my room."

York sat, nursing his injured ankle, on the edge of an unmade bed. The squalor of the chamber, only half seen by the twilight ebbing through dusty panes, had restrained his first impulse to lie down. The air was hot and tainted, and the prisoner's nose wrinkled involuntarily as his glance strayed across the littered floor, to the incongruous spruceness of McGrogan's wardrobe, dangling from hangers against a wall, and returned to the restless figure of Jerry who shuffled on a strip of mouldy carpet, his back to the door.

"How about opening that window?" he suggested.

"Shut up," his guard retorted. "Much obliged," York replied. "Boot-leggers never use water, do they?"

Jerry's snarl was overwhelmed by the reiterated peal of a telephone bell in the next room, clear through the thin wall. Presently it ceased and York heard McGrogan's silky voice offering monosyllables. After a pause it asked with a lilt of excitement: "That state cop back?"—"Keep him off me. Hear?"—"Yeh, by midnight"—"Kayo."

THE door was thrust open and McGrogan, entering, growled to Jerry, who retired. The gang leader lingered, peering through the dusk at the still figure on the bed's edge and spoke at last unwilling tribute:

"That bull, Clow's, done one good job, anyhow. He's got Meister."

"Eh?" York jerked incredulously. McGrogan's soft voice complained:

"They've nailed him for it too. Damn a break like that."

"Clow killed Meister?" the other asked, in bewilderment. "Who told you?"

McGrogan chuckled. "Ne'mind who," he replied. "I got my stool pigeon. Right under the nose of 'at tub Clow I had him. Meister's out an' Clow's out an' now we gotta blow because that damned state cop—"

He cursed the troopers in husky fury, and turned toward the door.

"We're blowin'," he offered, pausing, "we got too valuable an outfit here to risk a raid. Tomorra, guy, you'll be in little old—"

"Wait," York blundered, thinking fast, "if Clow— Leave me here when you go, McGrogan."

"Huh?" the other grunted with suspicion. York pursued:

"I'll take my chances if Clow isn't chief any longer. I'd—I'd rather fight it than run."

"Oh," McGrogan returned softly, squinting at him, "you would, eh?" His laugh was low and derisive. "You'll come with us. You know too much,

(Continued on page 48)

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BRISTOL
Torsion
STEEL
SHAFTS

(Continued from page 47)
Mister Richard York." He pronounced the name with a faintly jeering emphasis. "Turn yourself in for murder, eh? A fat chance."

Fifty miles away the car that bore the police chief jailward had slackened speed on a pitching downgrade at the bottom of which a long freight thundered when Clow, who had sat torpid during the ride, moved for the first time.

Beyond the crossing over which the box cars jolted, lay Altair. The panic that had smoldered in the big man for two hours burst into flame, made his leap amazingly swift and agile for one of so great a bulk.

Conway clutched vainly at a vision of flailing arms and teeth bared in a frenzied face. Clow fought him off, and as Minot and the trooper yelled together, flung a leg over the car's side. The district attorney and the fat sergeant reached for him. The head of the policeman snapped back as Clow's fist reached his jaw and the car, brake released, surged downhill and thrust itself against the moving train.

The smash of glass and metal rose in one raw burst of sound, ripped by a scream as the machine slewed, was dragged across the road and overturned in a ditch.

A brakeman screeched from the car top, but from the wreck at the roadside, for a long moment, neither movement or sound came through the slowly settling dust.

IN THE hall of her home, Desire Minot listened numbly to the rattle of Tarleton's voice at the telephone. She had dropped into the nearest chair, dazed by anxiety and the tumultuous speed with which the corporal had driven the police captain's car down from the hills toward Aristides. Its roar still lingered in her ears, confusing further her staggered mind. This had been the first telephone Tarleton could reach. They had halted before the unlighted house and he had fidgeted impatiently at her elbow while she had rung the bell vainly and then had fumbled with her latchkey. By the time she had snapped on the lights he was at the instrument.

She understood only dimly the purport of his excited speech. Fatigue had impelled her to seat herself but neither body nor mind would relax further. Her hands throbbed from their tight grip upon each other. She twisted them the more as though pain might clear her thought. That shot—and the long stretch of agony before Dick spoke—the tiny brutal voices and the shuffling feet below where she hid—the long, almost unendurable stillness before the corporal's match flared in that well of darkness beside which she crouched obedient to York's last admonition.

She wished for her father, yet accepted his absence without question. It was unbearable to sit here but her body rebelled against the impulse to rise. She regarded the straight back of the man at the telephone, envying him his strength, his decision.

"—the Hole in the Wall." His repetition of the name woke echo in her mind. The dully rasping voice had said—"hauling out of the Hole in the Wall tonight." It had stuck in her memory and had been the first thing she had told the corporal. He would stop them before they left. He would find Dick. She shrank at thought of the flagrant savagery of that shot, fired at the sound of his voice in the gloom.

Tarleton turned from the telephone. "Captain Dover's sending Cardigan and Hume but they can't reach here till after midnight. So," he shrugged, "it's up to me and the local police."

For the first time he seemed aware of the anxiety that burned in her eyes. He said clumsily:

"There's nothing to worry about, Miss Minot. Take it easy. They took your—Mr. York just to cover their trail. He'll be all right. We'll just go out and get them—and that'll be that."

"I know," she returned valiantly, and hesitated.

"When you do—see him," she said with difficulty, "will you give him a message for me? Just say that I told you—to tell him there—is a light in the window."

"A light in the window," he repeated. "Yes, I'll certainly tell him, Miss Minot. When you see your father, tell him what I—we—know. Good-by."

The radiator of the captain's automobile was spouting steam when the corporal drew up before the municipal building and ran up the steps into headquarters. At the desk, Wilgus held the telephone receiver to his ear, his dusky face still, his eyes intent slits.

"Got some men to spare?" Tarleton barked. Wilgus gave an admonishing jerk of his head, spoke briefly into the receiver and continued his taut attitude of attention.

"Listen," the trooper intruded, impatiently. "Cut it off just a minute. I—"

The captain clapped a palm over the mouthpiece. "Will you shut up?" he demanded, and said into the instrument: "Hello, Mr. Minot. I didn't get that."

Perforce, the corporal waited. Wilgus' eyes met his blankly, and across his dark face, emotion moved as an oil film stirs on a stagnant pool. After an interminable interval, he said, "Yes, sir. You can count on me, D. A. Absolutely," and restored the receiver to its hook.

"There's trouble," Tarleton snapped before he could speak. "When'll Conway be back?"

Excitement shone in the captain's faintly bleared gaze and his voice was acrimonious.

"He's in the Altair hospital with a busted shoulder. An'—"

"In Altair?" Tarleton interrupted. "In Altair—"

"I said that, didn't I?" Wilgus returned, relinquishing almost unwillingly his superior knowledge. "An' Sergeant Hook's got three busted ribs. Minot's the only one got away clean. That dirty crook Clow's gonna cheat the chair at that."

ASSUAGED by the blank astonishment on the face of his audience, he leaned back and told with acrid relish of Clow's attempted escape and the ensuing wreck. Momentarily Tarleton forgot his errand in the recital.

"He's gonna die in a hospital," Wilgus concluded, "'stead of the chair, where he's due. But the D. A. says," he added with a taint of satisfaction, "he was smashed up something horrible. Say," he ejaculated, with sudden recollection, "I thought you was bringin' in that York feller."

"I was," Tarleton admitted, "I—"

"Didn't get away from you too, did he?" Wilgus jeered with an evil snicker. "You said you was gonna—"

"I know where he is," the corporal said slowly and it seemed to him that the captain's congested visage grew suddenly a shade paler. "I've got to have help from you, Captain."

Wilgus stirred and regarded the trooper with hooded eyes.

"Have, eh?" he jeered.

"Know the Hole in the Wall?" Tarleton demanded. Wilgus inhaled with a throaty sound and for a moment stared at the gray-uniformed figure in lurking uneasiness.

"Sure," he admitted with a trace of defiance.

"He's there," Tarleton revealed. The police captain gave a yelping, derisive laugh.

"I hope he enjoys himself," he returned. "I ain't interested. You been chasin' the wrong man, sonny."

"Well," the corporal challenged the other's tantalizing reticence at length, "spill it. Who's the right man?"

Wilgus rubbed his flabby body about in his chair with a gleeful, wallowing motion.

"Clow," he confided with a leer. "Clow done it. He's confessed to the D. A. Him an' Meister was in a rum-running racket together. They was haulin' liquor outa Adrian's place when the old man butted in. They thought he was a hijacker an' both cut loose. Clow says he thinks 'twas Meister who hit him, but I'd bet 'twas him, himself. This department ain't interested in Richard York."

His ghoulish satisfaction angered Tarleton. He flung into the gleeful face:

"Or in rum-running either, eh, Wilgus?" It at once comforted and disturbed him to see the smirk vanish.

"Now what the hell do you mean by that?" the police captain retorted with carefully regulated bluster. The covert wariness in his tone checked Tarleton.

"I'll tell you later, maybe," he said over his shoulder, moving toward the jail corridor. "I want to talk to Skeen."

THE police captain sat motionless an instant, listening. Then cautiously, he thrust back his chair and rose.

In the pale dribble of light from a ceiling bulb, William Skeen sat on the edge of a dirty cot. Through the grimed hands on which his head rested, gray hair protruded, and Tarleton recalling its black luster felt pity stir. He cleared his throat. The beaten figure on the cot's edge did not move.

"Bill?" the corporal faltered. At his voice the prisoner looked up and the overhead light dealt cruelly with his sagging face. It twitched and gave a faded smile.

"Well," said Skeen and there was a hollow sound of mockery in his tired voice, "if it isn't Corporal John Tarleton of the gallopin' state police."

"Your mob, Bill," Tarleton said, "is on the skids."

Only a flicker of interest crossed the ravaged face Skeen raised. He hesitated and shook his head.

"Mob?" he echoed, "I don't know any mob, Johnny. I'm just a lousy truck driver."

"I know your mob. I know their hangout. I'm going to get them, tonight," the corporal insisted. He saw Skeen's eyes focus an instant. Slantwise, he regarded the trim, uniformed figure beyond the steel bars, rubbed his nose and spoke:

"You make a snappy-looking trooper, Johnny," he offered. "I always knew you would."

With an effort, Tarleton drove ahead. "McGrogan," he threatened, "and Izzy McGrogan's gang are all going to be behind bars in two hours from now, Bill. You know where that'll leave you?"

The ghost of Top Sergeant Skeen's debonair smile disturbed the corporal. Into the prisoner's voice crept a morbid humor.

"You can't put me in two jails, Johnny," he retorted, and rubbed his twitching nose again.

"Bill," Tarleton proposed, "you know a lot. Come through."

"I don't know anything," Skeen recited.

"No," the other retorted, his jeer hiding compassion he dared not show. "You knew this York lad didn't kill his uncle; you knew—"

"I didn't know," the prisoner returned, dully. "I just guessed that the shots I heard—"

"Clow's confessed he did it," Tarle-

ton revealed in the hope of spurring on the stalled voice. Skeen blinked.

"I made a good guess," he commented and said no more. The corporal plunged ahead:

"Meister and Clow were fighting your gang. I know that now as well as you do. You've got other dope I need—who they are, how many of them and how we can handle them best. Come through, Bill."

The other hesitated a second and then shook his head with sharp decision. When he spoke, his voice was alive, earnest, with an echo of homesickness:

"Johnny, who's riding old Homer now?"

"Lieutenant Delaney," the other responded involuntarily and resumed his persuasion. "Bill, you're in this up to your neck. If you'll—"

"Delaney, eh?" Skeen mused aloud, apparently deaf. "And a lieutenant? Delaney had hard hands and Homer's mouth was always tender as—"

"I'm trying to help you, Bill," the corporal interrupted angrily.

"Help me?" Skeen echoed and his face twisted in acknowledgment of a bitter jest. "How long you been a corporal, Johnny?"

"Have it your own way," Tarleton surrendered. "You're one of McGrogan's gang—a rum-runner, and I know it."

"I'm a truck driver," the other said stubbornly, "and what the truck carries is nobody's business—not even mine. I heard that Sam Peabody has been made a corporal too."

"IF YOU'RE so damned interested in the service," the trooper said in desperation, "you might—come across, Bill. I'm offering you an out. We'll raid that dump, the Hole in the Wall—didn't think I knew it, did you?—before midnight. You're only killing your own chances, Bill."

For a moment Skeen looked about the dim confines of the cell with a hunted expression that raised Tarleton's hope. Then he shook his head.

"I'm a bum," he confessed shamelessly. "I'm a souse. I'm a—let that go. But I'm not a rat yet, thanks just as much, Johnny."

He paused and his face twitched. "Besides," he went on slowly, "think how it'll tickle Lieutenant Daggett to see me in jail and—"

"Daggett's been out over a year," Tarleton cut in. "The major canned him."

"Did he?" the other asked and for a minute stared at the ceiling light. He shrugged and his laugh was like a splintering board.

"Well," he surrendered, "you gotta hand it to life, Johnny. Always some pretty little joke up its sleeve, eh? You were a rookie and I was top and—here we are."

The passive voice broke the corporal's failing patience.

"And here you'll stay, a long time," he rapped. "That Hole in the Wall gang's pulling out tonight. I'm stopping them."

"You and who else?" Skeen asked gravely.

"Me, if I can't get more help," Tarleton retorted. A shudder ran through Skeen's lax body. He rubbed his tormented nose.

"You want me to squeal?" he said at length. "All right. I'll tell you this much. Don't, Johnny. You're not enough, good as you are."

"Yes?" Tarleton scoffed. "I don't bluff that easy, Bill."

"I'm telling you," Skeen insisted with the vigor of sudden anxiety. "Don't try it. You can't handle those bozos solo. You don't know 'em. I do."

"What's the idea of that steer?" the corporal asked more gently. Skeen's

shrug was convulsive. He considered the trooper with tormented eyes and said at last with a ring of wistfulness in his voice:

"I don't know, Johnny. I was a top sergeant once. And a good one," he added with feeble defiance. "Once you've worn the uniform, the stain sticks to you. It's a good steer, Johnny. Take it."

He subsided into apologetic mumbblings and wiped his twitching face. Tarleton considered this ruin of a man, squatting in unconcealed misery on the cot's edge and ventured at last:

"Bill, I'm going to stop that truck at the crossroads. Your mob's making a getaway. I don't dare wait till Cardigan's patrol gets here. How many of them are there? If you're on the level about that tip, come clean the rest of the way."

His urgent voice seemed to exert an obscure strain upon Skeen. He gulped, twisted, shrieked with the stridor of breaking nerves, "Go to hell, damn you!" and flung himself face down on the cot. It squeaked rhythmically beneath his shaking body.

Stiff with anger, Tarleton tramped down the jail corridor, not heeding the faint delaying cry Skeen sent after him, and kicked wide the half-open door. It banged against the wall so violently that Wilgus, standing in the center of the room, flinched and gasped.

"Gawd," he crowed. "I thought 'twas a jail break." He observed the angry corporal with a careful composure.

"Get anything?"

"Nothing I didn't know," Tarleton snarled, and after scowling thoughtfully an instant shot at the captain: "How many men can you spare me?"

Wilgus hesitated. His eyes strayed from the trooper's face and glanced uneasily about the room.

"Spare," he echoed at length. "We ain't got none to spare, and that's a fact."

"Listen," the corporal urged, "I know where McGrogan and his mob are holed. You've heard of McGrogan."

"Mebby," Wilgus admitted stolidly.

"He and his gang," Tarleton pursued, "are beating it tonight. Soon. I've got to stop 'em and I want help. I'm going to raid the Hole in the Wall."

The captain's dark face was stagnant.

"The Hole in the Wall," he offered at length, "ain't in the city limits, Tarleton."

The corporal stared, anger rekindling. "You mean," he asked tensely, "that you'll let this gang get away clean and not raise a finger—"

WILGUS' tone was sodden with obstinacy. "I mean," he echoed, "that I ain't got a man to spare. Clow's out, Hook's in the hospital," he pursued, warming to his subject. "I got to run this department short-handed as 'tis. Think I'm gonna send the men I got goose-chasing all over the county? No, sir!"

"But it's McGrogan's mob," Tarleton begged, quelling his temper momentarily. "They'll get away clean if—"

"Run your own territory an' I'll run mine," Wilgus interposed woodenly. "Let 'em go, I say, an' good riddance."

In Tarleton's rigid face his eyes were fixed and bright. He bit off his words savagely—

"You yellow, time-serving rat. You—"

Wilgus' smile was ghastly. He invited:

"Use all the language you want, sonny. And then get outa here. I'm busy."

The trooper wheeled and departed, slamming the door. The police captain stood, listening intently until he heard the cough and sputter of the motorcycle. Then he leaped like a striking spider to the telephone.

(To be concluded next week)



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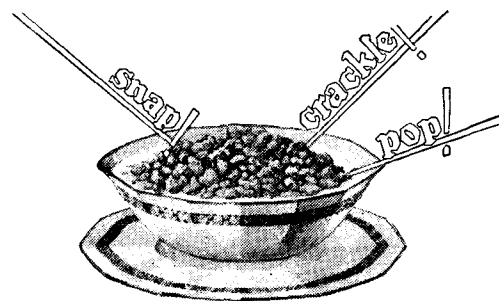
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Twice in the Same Place

Continued from page 26

drunkard with it. Poor weakling, he was hurled a great distance and they found him in a field.

"Who's that?" demanded one of Peek's audience, pointing to a second figure lying near the defunct toper.

"That," said Peek, "is a farmer who took to the safest place within reach, the middle of a flat, treeless field. He flopped on his face and achieved thereby something very close to immunity. Had he stood up in the middle of the field, far from trees, he would have been safe enough. Not more than one chance in a hundred million of his being struck. But by lying down he multiplied his immunity by sixteen."

Comfort for the Suburbanite

A third attack upon the village ruined an isolated house which had stood in a grove upon a hilltop.

"A lightning rod properly placed and of right height might have saved it," said Peek, "although that's not a certainty. At least a rod would have gathered much of it in and conducted it harmlessly to the ground. However, I've been surprised that the other bolts didn't find that house which, being on a hilltop and therefore nearer the clouds than the rest of the village, is the most exposed of locations."

We pause to reassure the suburbanite who lives in a hilltop home surrounded by trees. Such a residence doesn't necessarily demand a lightning rod. It may not be in the path of storms. Many houses may have what amount to protective appurtenances, being equipped with plumbing and probably thoroughly wired for electric lighting. Lightning can strike such a house—possibly the chimney—and do no more harm than to dislodge a brick or two.

That attacked chimney of your suburban home, Peek shows us, is a poor conductor at best. Near by is the soil pipe poking its iron snout through the roof. Or not far away are the electric-wiring connections. Your lightning, forever a seeker after the easiest way—the path of least resistance—will leap to the soil pipe or the electric wiring and speed into the earth.

Also, your suburb of today is quite likely to contain a few apartment houses or a school or two and almost always these edifices will be of steel-frame construction—the suburb's lightning rods. Therefore, unless you are one of those who refuse to be happy unless worried, there is no reasonable excuse for your apprehension in electrical storms.

Peek's condenser-clouds were centered next upon that group of iron men who, we have presumed, were gathered together to discuss debentures. So absorbed are they that they are unmindful that the storm is upon them.

The bolt enters their confabulation, speaking at once the final word. Although the iron farmers had not been standing so closely bunched that the overthrow of one meant the fall of others, ten-pin-like, the entire gathering was prostrated. Several of the victims were undoubtedly dead.

"That one," I observed, "was about the most powerful bolt you've shown us. So many victims."

"Not necessarily," said Peek. "In fact it may have been just the reverse. Lightning has human characteristics. It is easy to predict what the average bolt will do under given conditions, but one can never be certain of the individual bolt when one has no definite knowledge of the conditions."

Then someone remembered that he had seen a somewhat similar disaster and went on, as if to astonish us, to tell of the left shoe being knocked off of one man and the right shoe off of another. He did not say that the shoe laces weren't even broken, for which we were grateful.

But that matter of the shoes was easily explained. You are struck by a bolt of intense heat, so intense that it instantly causes an expansion in the air space in the shoe. Thus the shoe is exploded off. The explosion might have torn both shoes off had it coursed down both legs, but lightning is usually a single-track traveler. A similar phenomenon takes place when wood is split by lightning. A tiny streak of wood is converted into gas under great pressure.

And that you might have a fuller comprehension of the magnitude of a single bolt of lightning keep this in mind: It represents a minimum voltage of one hundred million volts, a current of one hundred thousand amperes, four kilowatt hours of energy and a thousand billion horse power. Take that with the fact—the scientifically measured fact—that the time consumed by such a bolt in its course is a few millionths of a second at its slowest and you have something to feed your imagination on.

Now let us proceed with our laboratory demonstration. We move the clouds—the condensers—over the oil-tank farm. (A group of raw-oil reservoirs is known as a farm.) Here we have an opportunity to let lightning rods show off. Not however until we let the lightning play on the unprotected tank.

These miniature tanks are built to scale. The full-size reservoir is either circular or oval, in the former instance frequently 500 feet in diameter and in the latter 600 by 1,200 feet. Usually they are about thirty feet deep. Their capacities vary from 700,000 barrels to 3,000,000 barrels.

Safeguarding Oil

The safest repository for this oil is an all-metal tank but the cost of such containers is frequently prohibitive and concrete basins are commonest.

The first stroke of lightning hits near the center of the model tank. The second smashes the rim. Either shot would have started a conflagration which would have achieved the first pages of all the alert newspapers. At least ten million dollars' worth of oil would have gone on that farm.

But now three tall lightning rods are erected about the tank which, in this instance, is circular. Each rod or tower is the same distance from the center of the surface of the oil. Now play your lightning. One, two, three, four bolts. The tank is not disturbed. Oddly enough neither is the ground in the immediate vicinity.

In this manner the city sky-scraper, itself a huge lightning rod, affords protection to objects within a radius usually from two to four times its height. Here in the city we have what amounts to row after row of lightning rods, each sheltering its neighbor.

These laboratory experiments were borne out in a natural electrical storm over New York last August when the New York World building was struck, Mr. Peek explained. Had this building, which is approximately 350 feet high, been 200 feet nearer the Woolworth building so as to come totally within its protective cone this flash would undoubtedly have hit the Wool-

worth tower or some building at a greater distance, outside the area protected by it.

Mr. Peek produced a diagram of the skyline of lower Manhattan, showing the protected space around the Woolworth building to be within a cone, the point being at the top of the tower and its area a circle with a radius of 1,100 feet from the center of the base of the building. The New York World building, 900 feet from the Woolworth building, came within the protected cone, except for its dome, which extended about 100 feet outside. This, Mr. Peek said, was undoubtedly the reason it was struck.

And thus we explain, to those who are constantly marveling, why the city isn't the victim of the lightning as the farm hamlet is. Lightning dances along the city's skyline, a gorgeous picture, yet it seldom disturbs a tile. The steel frame is the best of rods.

Drafts are Harmless

"In fact," said Peek, "the safest place you can be in an electrical storm is in the steel-frame office building. Sit there in your office and gaze through your window at the beauty without."

"Even sit at the open window?" asked somebody. "In a draft?"

"If you choose," replied Peek. "Sit in the draft in the office building or in the farmhouse. It makes no difference in your chances of being hit. The draft has nothing to do with the direction lightning takes. Consider this: That flash of lightning from a cloud a thousand feet above the ground consumes about one millionth of a second to reach the earth whereas your best draft travels at a rate of a few miles an hour. Lightning isn't to be influenced by anything as poky as a draft."

"But if you are not in the city," was the next question. "Where, aside from the center of a treeless field, is the safest place? Out on the farm, for example?"

"Well," he replied, "I wouldn't advise lying out in the field in the rain. Personally I wouldn't do it. You would be as safe as you have any right to expect to be if you merely go into the house and sit down. Particularly if the house is equipped with a lightning rod. Even if it isn't so defended there is very little to be wrought up about as the probability of the house being struck is not great unless it is directly under the storm center. However, it would be well to keep away from chimneys and electric or other wires coming in from the outside."

"But would you advise a lightning rod?" I asked Mr. Peek.

"Yes," he replied. "Why not? The lightning rod is of real value in preventing or limiting damage when the building is struck. When lightning strikes the unprotected roof, or the chimney, the resistance is high and it may cause damage and explosive effects. When a rod is used the lightning is given rapid and unobstructed passage to the ground."

Field observations of natural lightning build a fascinating background for the laboratory tests. For example, to supply the world with its daily lightning would require the present developed power of Niagara operated continuously. Simplified, that means that there are visible from this earth three hundred thousand lightning strokes every hour of every day. If the total energy of these strokes were combined at the computed four kilowatt hours per



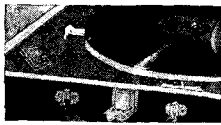
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stroke they would represent 1,200,000 kilowatt hours per hour.

The great majority of these flashes occur in warmer temperatures, the arctic and antarctic regions being practically innocent of lightning. The reason (which sets forth why we have electrical storms in summer rather than in winter) is found in the insistence of the sun's warmth refracted from the earth to rise and carry to the skies the electricity stored in the atmosphere's moisture.

To clarify that we must analyze an electrical storm—expose its origin.

Lightning begins with a microscopic particle of moisture. A great number of these particles unite. In time a raindrop is formed. The falling raindrop is from one tenth to one fifth of an inch in diameter.

A Giant Condenser

Now there are two kinds of electricity—positive and negative. That raindrop at first contains equal amounts of both and is neutral. During a thunderstorm there are always upward air currents which break up the unstable, large raindrops. When a drop is broken by an air jet it retains an excess of positive electricity. The negative electricity is absorbed into the air.

Thus both the drops and the air are charged. The fragments of the broken drops are flung upward again by the rising air currents. Again, high above the earth, they unite. And once more they fall as drops only to be disintegrated all over again by the air currents and clouds are formed.

This process continues. Those drops which reach the ground carry positive electricity to the earth. The air continues to carry negative electricity to the clouds. These opposite charges attract each other and struggle to reunite. Electric pressure—voltage—is created.

The air we walk about in is nature's insulation. It exists between cloud and cloud and between cloud and earth. Presently one of these highly charged clouds attains such a voltage that it breaks down the insulation between itself and a passing cloud, or, having sagged low enough because of the tremendous weight of its moisture, between itself and the earth.

There is a flash—a short circuiting.

Lightning. The charges have united again. If that discharge of lightning or electricity is heavy enough the emitting cloud will have equalized itself to its surroundings and it does not discharge again until it has recharged. But frequently there is a second, a third, or a fourth discharge before stability is regained.

It is interesting thus to speculate upon the total voltage that a cloud may represent if, as we know, a single bolt represents upwards of two hundred million volts.

The lightning's flash is apparent in three forms. You see either forked lightning, sheet lightning or chain lightning. The first is a zig-zag flash which splits before reaching its objective. Sheet lightning is the glare you see from a flash below the horizon or at a great distance from the observer.

"You forget ball lightning," said one of Peek's audience. "The kind that rolls along the wires or along the window sills or the ridge pole."

"It is not certain that ball lightning is a reality," replied the engineer. "It is probably an optical illusion."

And that inaugurated a general assault upon popular beliefs about lightning. Some of our oldest legends were laid low.

For example, it is just so much wasted energy to bury yourself beneath a feather-bed during a lightning exhibition. You will be much more comfortable and just as secure if you sit at the window where you will be able to enjoy one of nature's grandest shows.

Don't hide in a closet. You may be then in the most dangerous position your house affords. Frequently the walls of the closet contain vertical iron plumbing pipes or wires. To stand between such virile conductors is to invite the fate of him who would jump between a pair of head-on locomotives. The chance that either will be charged or that the electricity will leap from one to the other may be remote; still why stand between them when there are so many safer and better-ventilated spots in the house?

Lie down if you must, but while your vulnerability is reduced sixteen times under what it will be if you are standing erect your chances of being struck while standing are so small that to reduce the ratio is really unnecessary.

She Dupes to Conquer

Continued from page 11

tripped down to the water to swim out to the float, but that was as far as they dared go till one day Lily got a break. Getting friendly with them noted violet and infra red rays on the beach, I happened to gaze out toward the diving raft and I seen a young husky pulling my pretty sister-in-law aboard. I nudged Alice and pointed out the romantic picture to her and without a word she goes in the house to tell the cook we'll have company for dinner.

Lily's latest prey, gentle readers, was a nice-looking youth answering politely to the name of George Milton. He come factory-equipped with horn-rimmed cheaters, wore a serious air and no hat and had little to say beyond agreeing with everything we said. One of them strong, silent babies, get me? He did confess that he'd rented a little bungalow near the beach for the humidity epidemic, assembled his own meals and commuted every day to town.

After dinner Lily drags Mr. Milton off to a squawkie and he brung her back safe, sound and giggling around eleven o'clock and fled without coming in to bid the rest of us sweet dreams.

"Well, gang, what do you think of him?" Lily greets us.

"He appears to be a very nice chap," remarks Alex. "Did he mention his income?"

"Listen!" snaps Lily. "The next time he comes around you can ask him all that yourself."

"I fully intend to," returns Alex calmly. "We can't be too careful where you are concerned."

"Horse-feathers!" smiles Lily and blowing us all a kiss she skips away to the pillows.

So much for that.

THE very next eve we're all out in the motorboat when a squall comes up and blows us all over the place in a stinging downpour of rain. Both the shower and our engine stopped at the same identical time and there we're stuck in the choppy waves two hundred yards from shore with the motor as dead as mah jong. Not so forty!

Me and Alex was both running a fever with the femmes giving us the usual back-seat advice, when we seen a guy

(Continued on page 52)

Where Rayon Goes



MAKERS of rayon yarn as well as every manufacturer who touches the textile industry have an interest in the survey just completed showing takings of rayon yarns by southern mills.

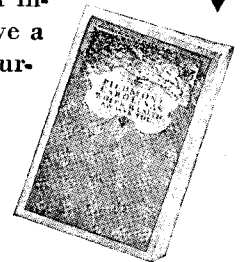
Of over 24,800,000 pounds of rayon used in all southern mills, over 18,000,000 are used within a radius of 150 miles of the heart of Piedmont Carolinas—a circle that just reaches to both extremities of that active textile region.

Since over 72% of all the rayon used in the South goes to Piedmont Carolinas' mills, less than 28% is used outside that section. That tells its own story of the development here of hosiery mills, underwear manufacture and the making of fancies and fine goods.

A Hungry Market

Makers of all kinds of goods find here the explanation of active sales in Piedmont Carolinas. Textile workers in the lines listed above make "good money" and buy heavily the things they want.

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Stop in any drug store and buy Squibb's Shaving Cream. The price is very reasonable, 40c for a large-size tube.

A SHAVING CREAM By SQUIBB



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(Continued from page 51)
in a bathing suit pulling toward us in a rowboat.

"It's George!" cries Lily, clapping her hands. "And I'm afraid we're saved. Isn't it fearfully romantic? I'll put the whole thing right in my book!"

George it was, sure enough, and he quickly oared alongside, tied a rope to our stern and climbed aboard. He said he'd watched us from the shore during the storm and when we didn't put in for shelter he figured we needed help, so here he was. Fixing motorboats was right in his sun parlor, what I mean. He squirted a little oil here and there, cleaned the carburetor like a expert, filled it with gas and give the wheel a businesslike jerk. The motor immediately chug-chugged snappily.

"THANKS a million, old man," says Alex. "Lord knows *where* we might have drifted if you hadn't happened along. You seem quite at home with these engines."

"Oh, not particularly," George grins bashfully. "I'm sort of jack of all trades and master of none."

"Aha!" murmurs Alex thoughtfully, seeing before him legitimate game. "But you have a—ah—profession?"

"I suppose so," our hero sighs. "That is, I took my degree in law at college and I'm now a kind of glorified messenger boy for a big legal firm in New York. My salary is as scant as my opportunities and my liking for my profession less than either. To be frank, I loathe it!"

"Then why under the sun did you waste your time at college becoming a lawyer?" demands Alex.

"I had no choice," declares Georgie. "Both my parents died when I was quite young and a wealthy uncle of mine undertook my support with the proviso that I study law and thus follow in the footsteps of himself, my father and most of the males in my family. Well, I wanted an education, so I accepted my uncle's rather arbitrary terms, dutifully grinding away for the necessary years at a subject that was exceedingly distasteful to me. Upon my graduation, Uncle obtained my present connection for me, withdrawing his financial assistance, and being skilled at nothing else I've since been earning my bread at this infernal profession."

"A sad story, but by no means a new one!" exclaims Alex, shaking his head. "Our universities are teeming with young men squandering the precious formative years of their life by mechanically cramming their heads with subjects that merely irritate them. They're mostly interested in making hey-hey while the moon shines, in attaining the football team, the crew, and glee club or the ultra fraternity, when they might be making their way in the world and laying the foundation of their future life work. Well, no matter, young man, you're confessedly miscast as an attorney—well, what is your choice of vocations?"

But for the moment, my following, said young man's in an open-mouthed trance. Them torrid go-getter blasts of Alex's generally stupefy the helpless victim on the first application. At last, however, Lily's prompting cough brings George to life.

"Why—eh—why, I'll tell you, Mr. Hanley," he stammers. "The study of soil and rocks has fascinated me ever since I was a child. I've the darnedest collection of specimens in my room that you ever saw. I usually roam the countryside in my spare time, studying odd formations of earth crust. I—I suppose all this sounds vastly idiotic to you, but it's my only hobby."

"Hobby?" bellers our loud-speaker. "It should be your *profession* and that at once. You're not a lawyer, you're

a geologist—at least, I'm going to *make* you one forthwith!"

"Leave this be a warning to you, young-feller-me-lad," I says to the now dumbfounded George. "The next time you see a strange motorboat in distress, pass it up."

"The idea!" exclaims Lily. "Well, it's lucky for him he cuddled up to *this* one. A few moments ago he was only a lawyer and now he's a Big Rock and Soil Man, heh, heh!"

The freshly made geologist stares at us like he fears him he's being gave a royal push-around by some ingrates he just rescued from being rocked in the cradle of the deep and not by Joan Lowell, either.

"I—eh—really, this is too much," he blushes. "I thank you all for your flattering interest in my future, but I'm afraid you misunderstood my enthusiasm for what is merely a pet diversion of mine. You see—"

"I see that you're wonderful material for your new profession!" Alex coldly cuts him off. "Study all the books dealing with your *métier* that you can lay your hands on, attend lectures and enroll in the night classes at Columbia, for instance, and assiduously continue your explorations among the rocks and—eh—rills. By hook or crook obtain the knowledge you cheated yourself out of at college."

"Hurrah—three cheers for Alex, George and Geology!" yells the pretty ladies.

"By jove, I'll go you!" busts out the patient, hopped to the ears by Alex's fusillade of hoy. "I've a very good working knowledge of geology as it is and I'll proceed to supplement it without delay. I'll buckle down in earnest—there are splendid opportunities in my calling with mining corporations and so forth. I've been a day-dreaming fool, but now I'm awake. Law—pah!"

Well, boys and girls, egged on by Alex, Mr. George Milton tied into this geology thing with what I've often heard called a vim. His tempter plied him almost daily with huge volumes on the subject, buying 'em up wherever he could find 'em and personally seeing that George crashed an evening class at Columbia. On top of that, Alex collected samples of rock and dirt here and there and had his boy friend analyze 'em and they had the ground dug up around his bungalow till the natives got the idea they was looking for buried treasure and the cops made 'em quit on account of the crowds of guessers which collected daily.

The girls was all heated up about matters too and scurried up and down the beach to get strange rocks for Georgie to ponder over. I couldn't see no difference between 'em—what the Hades, a rock's a rock! No kidding, it was a yell. I was positive Monsieur Milton was a sap for the ages and if I didn't know Alex I'd of thought he was cuckoo. Being acquainted with him, I *knew* he was!

THEN one fine day Lily trips home all excited with a strange and mysterious case she'd been gave to investigate by her detective-agency boss. It sounded to me like a run-of-the-mill movie scenario and as Lily was still broke out with writer's rash I was a bit leary of her anecdote. This bed-time story went like thus—stop me if you heard it:

According to my accomplished sister-in-law, a middle-aged client of her agency named Walter Nelson and his only brother Ray hated each other's ears. Many years before they'd both lived with their brutally rich cousin on a farm near Salamanca, New York, a thriving hamlet of some ten thousand souls, and, I suppose, the usual number of heels. Now it seems Mr. Cousin was a eighty-six-carat miser which

thought banks was still too new a experiment to trust with his doubloons so he hoarded 'em somewhere about the farm, but he wasn't umpchay enough to tip off the two brothers where he'd stashed his pile. Well, Walter, the brother which Lily was fronting for got fed up with the cows and chickens and his miserly cousin, so he lammed, striking out to make his own fortune after bawling out his brother Ray for hanging around the dump like a buzzard waiting for the old geek to kiss off. They'd parted like a couple of preliminary boys breaking from a clinch.

About a year after Walter took off, his wealthy cousin fell head over heels over the side of a mountain for no reason whatsoever and immediately become a cadaver. His will was as queer as his habits, for he left farm and land to Ray and to Walter nothing but a map of the farm with some odd crosses marked on it. They wasn't a single, solitary word mentioned about the important jack both brothers knew he had. However, the brothers went in conference and not being crack pots they promptly figured that Walter's map showed where the money was buried on Ray's farm. This answer should of wound matters up, but they never could get together on how to divide the loot once they found it. Instead, after a series of battles they separated with the treasure untouched and that's the way it stood till a week ago, when Ray sold the farm to Walter for fifty thousand bucks and agreed to leave Walt excavate for the gold, with a clear title to all he uncovered.

NOW, waiting for Ray to move, Walter was satisfied he'd been foxed in some way by his loving brother and he wished he hadn't been so hasty in putting that fifty grand on the line for a pig in a poke. He also had a strong suspicion that the charming Ray had something to do with his cousin's sad demise, as his brother was with their unfortunate relative the day he took the nose dive off the mountain. Ray was always riding the gold-plated cousin for not staking him and many's the time had secretly ransacked the farm looking for the hidden dough. Once they were hunting ducks and a charge from Ray's shotgun almost blew dear cousin to pieces. This went for a wild pitch, but Walter and the target thought different. So now, Walter had hired Lily to go up to Salamanca and look over the situation, act dumb, interview Ray and try and get a rough idea of why he'd finally sold the farm when he knew they was a fortune buried on it.

Lily spent a week on the scene, tots, and then come back as full of news as the sporting final.

"Heavens, what a desolate place!" she says. "Honestly, I wouldn't live there on a bet. Well, I saw this Ray person and he's no bargain. I don't like him—he's—he's— Oh, I don't know, he just made me shiver! I think he uses some sort of drug. I had no trouble whatever getting him to talk, the hard part was trying to make him stop. I pretended to be interested in buying the place and he told me he'd just sold it at a very fine profit. When he said that he grinned and rubbed his hands together in a horrible fashion. Ugh, I can see him now—like an ugly old spider!"

"You shouldn't go to those places alone, Lily," exclaims Alice. "Suppose—"

"Pardon you—I wasn't alone," cuts in Lily, coolly. "I had a perfectly good automatic with me and I don't scream when one goes off any more, either! Well, to proceed—Ray's a firm believer in spiritualism and a medium up there has him thinking he has an Indian girl control through whom he can converse



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with the dead. Can you imagine anything more perverted? This Indian spirit's name is Wah-nee-go-ta and Ray is absolutely under its spell. Really, he simply won't make a move without consulting her—at fifty dollars a consult for the medium. I saw that clairvoyant too, and she's the bunk, of course."

"Good—so far," Alex comments. "What else did you find out?"

"Plenty!" says Lily. "My client will burn. His brother put over a fast one on him, for that farm up there is all shot and no more worth fifty thousand dollars than I am. A real-estate expert told me ten thousand would be a good price for it. But then, of course, that buried treasure is there somewhere."

"Quite so," Alex smiles. "Your client may be getting a marvelous bargain and then again—Lily, I'm going up there with you and have a chat with that medium! There's still an important point to be solved, remember?"

"Why—eh—why, what is it, Alex?" stammers Lily. "I thought I'd covered everything."

"Lily," says Alex, wagging a finger at her. "You should keep more accurate notes. Was the wealthy cousin's death an accident, or was he—"

"Murdered!" gasps Lily, her eyes a couple of saucers.

"That's what we must find out," returns Alex. "Never leave a job half finished, my dear. Your client wants to know whether or not his cousin's fatal fall was accidental. Very well, we shall enlighten him!"

"What in the Hades do you care, Alex?" I says. "It's no cream off your berries either way, is it?"

"My dear Joseph," smiles Alex, "these little problems are the very air I breathe. Think of the sensation Lily will cause when she returns from this assignment with the mystery solved."

"Suppose she flops?" I growls.

"With Alex helping her?" butts in Eve. "Don't be quaint!"

Cheez, what a family!

WELL, to get down to cases, as the bootlegger cracks, we was all in at the finish of this gag and I want to say to you this evening I'll never forget it if I live forever and a day. Alex picked that week-end for the trip to Salamanca, and the rising young geologist, Mr. George Milton, drove us up in my car. Five times we stopped while this egg chipped off pieces of rock here and there and Alex was the only one which didn't fume and fret at the delay. That bird just grinned and says leave his protegee alone, the stops was okay because they give him time to think out his plans.

Once on the scene, Alex went immediately to the medium which had brother Ray winging and he spent two hours with the ghosts' right-hand woman. When he come back he was all smiles and he told Lily to charge a hundred bucks on her expense account for "disbursements." That night a wire went to brother Walter asking him to come up a little quicker than at once, Lily and Alex going into a huddle on matters till two A. M. From then on, my dears, things moved!

With Alex at the helm, the medium sends for Ray and gives him the startling information that his dead cousin will talk to him at twelve that night in the barn, through the sister of Wah-nee-go-ta, his control. Scared speechless, Ray wants to duck, but the medium says if he's crazy enough to try and make a chump out of a ghost he'll be haunted like nobody's business for the rest of his natural life. So Mr. Ray shows up at midnight in the old rambling barn, feeling his trembling way by the light of a lantern under the hayloft, which at the moment is housing his brother Walter, me, Alex, Lily and a state trooper which we'd brung along

just in case. Ray never got a chance to get set, for Alex immediately nudged Lily, which in a hollow voice declares she's Wah-nee-go-ta's sister and will give him a message from his departed cousin. Here's the message wafted down to Ray from above:

"Why did you kill me?"
You'd be surprised how long you can hold your breath and that's what we all done, waiting for Ray's answer. Leaping tuna, it was the last gasp in thrills! Either the whole thing was horse collar, or we'd trapped a murderer. For instance, a common, ordinary everyday sneeze right then would of ended matters. But evidently even our noses was numbed by the kick of it, for it was Ray's harsh voice which finally broke the silence.

"You deserved to be killed!" he busts out, brandishing the lantern. "You hoarded the money that would have enabled me to live like a human being and not like a dog. I sacrificed my very manhood to get even a bare living from you. The day we went up Block Mountain I'd just learned how you'd lost everything in the stock market. There was no gold hidden on the farm, nothing to look forward to as payment for what you'd made me suffer. I saw red—I pushed you over the bluff—"

AT THIS critical point, we all tumbled out of the hayloft and just about ruined Ray's belief in spirits. His pan was a picture I'll never forget!

When the state trooper had left with the raving Ray, his brother turned to Lily and held out his hand.

"Thank you sounds pretty flat—but I'll say it," he sighs. "I've been bilked into paying fifty thousand dollars for this worthless place and according to my brother's confession my cousin died penniless. Therefore, the map he bequeathed me is meaningless and—"

"Hello, folks!" pipes up a familiar voice and Mr. George Milton eases into the barn. "Hope I'm not intruding. How did everything come out?"

"Terrible!" I grunts. "Walter's brother sold him this joint for fifty grand. It's worth about ten. They's no dough buried on the farm and all in all, Walt's been took for a sleigh ride."

"So?" murmurs George, taking a rock out of his pocket. "Look at this!"

Walter turns away impatiently and makes some crack to Alex, while Lily looks sorry for her goofy boy friend.

"Let's save the rocks for later, George," she whispers. "Walter feels pretty much upset about things and—"

"This rock, you see," George interrupts, "is right off the farm here and indicates the formation of—well, I think your client should know about it at once."

"What does the rock signify, George?" asks Alex quickly.

"Oil!" says George, in a quiet voice. "Oil!" yells everybody.

"Oil!" repeats George firmly. "I never saw a richer shale. You know, they're bringing in wells right adjoining here daily and the fifty thousand you paid for this property is the greatest bargain you ever drove in your life, sir!"

"Good Heavens, what a night!" gasps Walter, when he can talk at all. "I'd never in the world found that out if it hadn't been for you. I'm certain my unfortunate brother didn't know this was oil land and I doubt if my cousin did. I shall at once organize a company and begin drilling. I wish you would let me reward you—would you accept a block of stock?"

"He will!" exclaims Alex, beaming on his latest development.

"My—what a story all this would make!" gasps Lily, "if I only had time to write it."

Well, I took the time.

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his shoulders. "She hasn't got much, besides her looks," he said.

"Looks to me like she has everything," I said.

"Well, what the hell?" he said. "If you turned her loose at the front door how much bacon would she bring home? Could she earn herself cakes?"

"She's educated," I said. "Could she sell that education for a dime?" he asked. "Not knocking a friend of young Randall's, understand, but what the hell, girlie? I like a dame that's got something to offer a man besides her face and shape."

"She's a society girl," I said.

"What's that?" he said.

"It's someone who knows the right way to talk and knows the right people."

"I'd rather have someone that's got something to say and knows bright people," said Bill.

"I'm going to take lessons," I said.

"What kind of lessons?" asked Bill.

"Oh, how to talk, and maybe how to eat. Mr. Randall offered me a hundred grand to quit Phil. Then Phil talked to him, and it's all O. K. if I make a lady of myself."

"Did the old man get away with that to Phil?" asked Bill.

"Well, a son has to please his father," I said.

"Mine died when I was young," said Bill. "And I suppose the lad can't get married without the old man says it's jake, or there's a new will and everything."

I shook my head.

"Oh, no, Phil says we can get married all right. He says his father wouldn't let us starve. He says his father has too much pride."

"Who has too much pride?" asked Bill.

"His father," I answered.

"Oh," said Bill, "I thought I heard you wrong."

"No," I said, "you didn't hear me wrong."

"Well," said he, "I wish I had."

"So do I," I said.

"YOU shouldn't have asked Miss Durrant to dance, Bill," I said.

"Why not? She don't dance so bad," said Bill.

"You don't realize that you used to be a waiter, Bill," I said.

"I do keep forgetting that, Molly," he said.

"There are times when I honestly think you take pride in the fact that you began at the bottom, Bill," I said.

"I've heard you boast that you began in the chorus, Molly," he said.

"Low pippie, Bill," I said.

I grinned at him.

"Bill," I said, "if your father didn't want you to get married to a certain girl, and you didn't have any dough, what would you do?"

"Marry the girl and get some dough," he said.

"Have they gone yet?" I asked him. He went out and came back in a minute.

"They've gone," he said. "But the head waiter told me that young Randall said he'd be back."

"Bill," I said, "do you mind if I don't do any more numbers tonight?"

"Certainly I don't mind," he said. "What do you want to do?"

"I want to go home," I said, "and get down on my knees beside my bed, and say my prayers."

"It would make a swell Sunday story for our press agent," said Bill. "Golden Gaiters prima donna goes home for prayer. But we won't slip it to him."

He's My Man

Continued from page 7

He helped me on with my cloak.

"What you going to pray for, dearie?" he asked.

"I'm going to pray for my man. Going to pray that I get him," I said, "and that when he gets me he won't want me changed, won't be ashamed of me just as I am."

"Oh, young Randall ain't that bad, Molly," said Bill. "Be fair, girlie."

"I'm not going to pray for Randall, Bill," I said.

"Why, you keep saying he's your man," said Bill.

"I've stopped it," I said.

"You've stopped it?" he said.

"I've stopped it," I said.

Bill swallowed. "Say," he said, "if young Randall ain't your man, who the hell is your man?"

"Come home with me, Bill," I said, "and I'll let you listen outside my door as I pray to God to let me get my man. Then you'll know who my man is. And perhaps you'll give him to me."

"Oh, my God," said Bill.

JUST like that he said it. Low, frightened, kind of, and he was on his knees before me, reaching, groping, half-crying, and I looked down on his funny face, that was all kindness and sweetness. . . .

Yes, sir, Bill Jacot—he's my man.

One out of Five

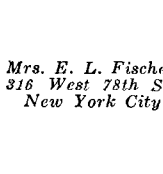
THAT is, one at a time. But you can make an infinite number of faces and figures, flowers and animals out of these five pieces. There's all the thrill of artistic creation in making Colliergraphs with none of the bother of learning how to draw. The instructions are printed below.



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Edith M. Hoffman,
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Philadelphia, Pa.



Mrs. E. L. Fischer,
316 West 78th St.,
New York City

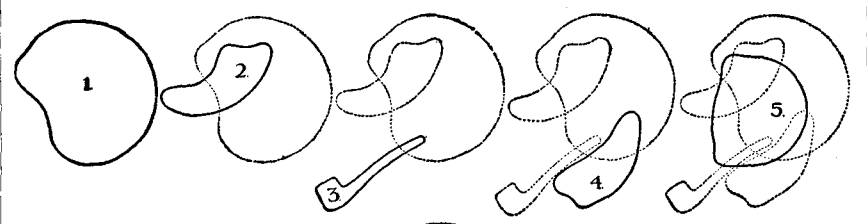


Grace Folsom,
Nauvoo, Ohio



Laura E. Christian-
sen, 104 South Avenue
66, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. William Hendrix,
1315 South Washing-
ton, Bloomington, Ind.

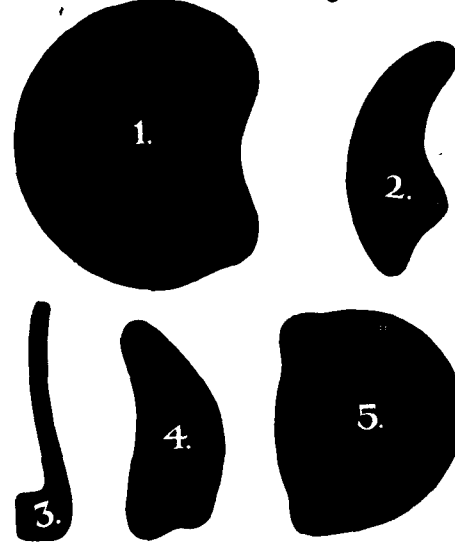


How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,



shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Then remove pieces and fill in the silhouette.



Here are the pieces—
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April Escapade

Continued from page 13

on then. Because it seems to me we ought to rehearse a little. You see we can't slip up on this, Mary," he said. "Because the minute they suspect any hokum, it gives 'em a sort of claim, do you see?"

He noted her heightened color, the dimple at the corner of her mouth.

"Mind my calling you that?"

"Oh, no! Heavens, I expect you to. Only—only what I'm doing rather scares me," the girl confessed.

Steynes made no immediate answer. He was leading the way into the Palace Hotel, down the long passage lined with smart little flower and candy and cigarette and magazine shops, and to the wide, airy court where tea tables were scattered. An orchestra was playing.

"We want a corner table; we want to talk," he said, with an authoritative air, to the head waiter. Immediately they were established in an inconspicuous corner, behind a column and some potted palms, where they could hear the strains of the orchestra, and watch the drifting crowds, themselves almost unseen.

"YOU say that what you are doing rather scares you," Christopher Steynes said, as calmly as if there had been no interruption, when they had ordered their tea. "Now why do you say that? What is there about it to scare you?"

"Being found out, I suppose," Mary Kate answered simply.

"Well—but in what?"

"Oh, masquerading as a man's wife. Staying at his house."

"But my dear, it's all only a joke. People do all sorts of things as jokes! Look, it even happens to be the first of April, Friday. It's merely an April Fool joke. Tell them that!"

"I'll tell them nothing," Mary Kate said firmly. "My one chance is to get through this without having to tell anybody anything."

There was a grim emphasis on the last two words; she looked him unsmilingly in the eye.

"But how'll you explain the money and the frocks?"

"I can always tell my mother and the man I'm engaged to marry that I got them second-handed somewhere," the girl explained, after thought. "The money I want for Mart—my brother, and of course I'll tell him the truth!"

"Well, exactly! And see how little there is to this, Mary," said Christopher, leaning across the table. "Today's Thursday, isn't it? Well, nothing can happen today. I mean you go home, everything's as usual, nobody suspects anything—there's nothing to suspect. Tomorrow, with your suitcase packed with your own things, you take the five-o'clock train to Burlingame. Your family thinks you're going to Sacramento." He hesitated, frowned. "Any of 'em planning to see you off?"

"I thought of that. So I told them my train went at eight. Then I'm going to rush out late in the afternoon, grab my suitcase, and explain to Mother that it leaves earlier. That'll prevent anyone coming to the station."

"Good girl! Then I meet you at Burlingame," pursued the man in satisfaction, "and we go up to El Hogar. It's the Bersinger place, whoever they are. Do you know it?"

"Is it the place with the picture gallery?"

"That's the place. It's small, the decor is very Spanish, with just a touch of the period of the late President Grant," the man said, lighting a ciga-

rette. "Then," he pursued, "we proceed to Gordon Rountree's house, for dinner. We are Mr. and Mrs. Jay Christopher Steynes, for the moment. We rub it into Madame Yarnowska. We invite her and Marka to luncheon the following day, preceding the polo. The polo begins at three—"

"Oh, but listen. I couldn't possibly—before all that crowd—"

"Just a moment, Mary. You and I don't go to the polo, because we get a message that some dear old friends are in San Francisco and must see us. So we land the Yarnowskas at the polo field, put them in the care of friends—Gordon'll take 'em, he's coming to lunch, and he'll manage it somehow. And then I run you to—well, say a four o'clock train, you beat it home, tell your mother that you got away before you expected to, and—mah jong!"

"In other words," he summarized it, as she regarded him dubiously, her elbows on the table, her chin on her linked fingers, "in other words you run a risk for much less than twenty-four hours."

"You know I'm doing this with my eyes wide open," Mary Kate said, illustrating the simile by opening a pair of unusually blue eyes very widely. "I'm not being fooled. I'm not being—misled."

"I'll say," he agreed simply.

There was a silence. Then the girl unexpectedly laughed.

"It's crazy, I guess," she suggested mildly.

"I don't see it!" Christopher Steynes said stoutly.

"Well, it all depends. If anything goes wrong, it's crazy," she said. "And if everything goes right, it's only a joke!"

"And there's more in that than meets the eye!" the man assured her. "Want some violets?" he asked idly, as they walked out.

"Oh, no, thanks!"

"Don't like 'em?"

"No. I mean of course I love them! But my young man's coming in after dinner," she explained composedly.

"Of course. Well, then, Mary, it's good-by, until I meet the five-o'clock train at Burlingame tomorrow night."

She gave him her hand.

"Good-by."

"HERE'S my bus," he said, pausing at the curb, where a car was parked.

"It's gorgeous!"

"It's a Sirano."

"And is that a good make?"

"Tolerably."

"You imply that it's a very good make indeed," Mary Kate said, undisturbed. "But they all look alike to me, except flivvers. I can always tell one of them."

"Most people can," Chris said politely. "I can't offer to drive you home," he regretted.

"I should hope not!" said Mary Kate.

"Taxi?"

"Taxi! I have only to walk over to the Geary car, right across the street here, and it goes to within a block of home."

Chris lifted his hat, and she flashed him a farewell smile. Then he got into the beautiful car, all cream leather and red trim, and buzzed the starter, his face thoughtful. And Mary Kate, her own expression serious, crossed teeming Market Street, looked vaguely at a protecting traffic cop, and fumbled in her black leather bag for a nickel.

The long block on Broderick Street was cool and twilighted. Grit and rub-bish had been blowing idly along the street, during the wild spring day, but

(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

now the wind had stopped. There was peaceful sunset light behind the shabby houses toward the west; the sun was gone, but a pinkish glow still lingered in the high windows of downtown apartment houses.

To the little shabby houses tired of office workers were returning; children skirmished noisily along the sidewalks, carrying bread. Pat O'Hara sat on the little steps that descended through a bulkhead to the street, before the house, and spun a tin buzzer on a string.

"You're late, Sis," Pat said, in his sweet, reproachful voice.

"Am I, darling? Oughtn't you have your heavy sweater on, Pat? I was kept at the office."

"Mart foamed the office," Pat said, puzzled.

"Oh—?" Her first slip. She had to watch her step, now. "Well, it wasn't really at the office. I had to buy some commercial stationery, and things," she fumbled, "and get my hair washed—not my hair washed, either, for I did that Sunday. But I was delayed. . . ."

PAT had lost interest. He accompanied her to the kitchen, Mary Kate conscious of nerves already shaken under the strain of unfamiliar untruth.

"Mother," she asked, cutting cornbread into squares with an almost vertical knife, "which is worse—to do a thing that is wrong, but looks all right, or a thing that is quite all right, and looks wrong?"

"Anyone who'd ask you a question like that wouldn't be responsible, and the Lord would hold them guiltless, whatever they did!" Mrs. O'Hara responded readily, not diverting her attention for an instant from the business of dishing up dinner.

"Well, of course!" the girl agreed, abashed.

"No, but which is it—which is it, Mary Kate?" little Regina asked, assisting her, her anxious little fair face raised to Mary Kate's adored one.

"Don't burn your hand, darling. Why, of course it's doing the wrong, no matter how safe it looks, that is the sin, don't you see? And doing the right thing is always right, no matter how bad it looks!"

"But you oughtn't to give scandal, ought you, Mary Kate?" Tess asked conscientiously.

Her dark face was flushed to gypsy beauty as she stirred some creamy compound in a saucepan. She appealed to the infallible authority.

"It's wrong to set a bad example, even if what you're doing isn't what it looks like, isn't it, Mother?"

"Don't let that catch on the bottom," was Mrs. O'Hara's mysterious reply. Tess recommenced her arrested stirring briskly. "Where's Tom?"

"Tom was here after school, and he went out, and he said he'd be back!" someone supplied. They all sat down, Mart suddenly appearing in their midst, from upstairs, looking clean and neat, and weary.

"Lecture tonight, Mart?"

"Yep. Anyone see my yellow fountain pen?"

"I saw the sort of orange one, Mart. Tom had it."

"That's Tom's big one. I gave it to him myself. A man came into the office selling them for sixty cents—"

"Eat your potato, Mary Kate."

"Mother, you want me to be simply gross!"

"Suppose you murdered a man—I mean suppose you *had* to," Regina, fascinated by the topic of crime and scandal, began again interestedly. "Would that be setting a bad example, I mean if you *had* to—"

"You'd never have to," Martin assured her discouragingly.

"Oh, Mart, suppose he was killing you?"

"But that wouldn't be murder! That'd be self-defense."

"No, but listen, Mart." This was Mary Kate, deeply, indeed—although no one suspected it—painfully, interested. "Suppose I did something—suppose you and I were brother and sister, and we went down and took a house at Carmel—"

"You *are* brother and sister," the literal Tess said in surprise.

"No, but suppose we took a house at Carmel, and everyone thought we were married—to other people, I mean, and that Mart had a wife, and I had a husband—"

"Why couldn't we simply tell them we were sister and brother? Lots of sisters and brothers—"

Mary Kate laughed, pondered a minute.

Tom, who had entered with a rush of cold air, thrown his coat and hat in a corner, and wedged himself in between Pat and his mother now seized a plate, helped himself ravenously to everything within reach, and said authoritatively, as one who has given the problem deep thought:

"Listen, suppose I'm working for a man, and his brother is a drunk and a bum, and all that, and my employer tells me to take all the money I can find out of his brother's pockets every day, and somebody sees me doing it, and thinks I'm a thief—"

"Well, you would be. Because if it's in his pockets, it's his money," Mart interrupted warmly.

"I would not be a thief!"

Their voices rose in furious debate. Mrs. O'Hara poured Martin's tea, looked attentively about at the plates and cups. The kitchen was too hot now; presently she murmured to little Pat to go over and open the back window. A thin, sweet wedge of cold, fresh air came in.

"Now, here's an example," Mary Kate said, when there was a lull. "I'm secretly married to a man—nobody knows it. Well, if I go to China with him, that's no sin, is it? But anyone seeing us might think—"

"Why shouldn't you go to China with him?" Regina demanded, puzzled. "Mother, why shouldn't a lady go somewhere—"

"I never heard such nonsense!" Mrs. O'Hara, displeased with the turn the conversation had taken, said impatiently. "Sin is sin, and right is right, and we are all born knowin' the one from the other."

"No, but honestly," Mart said. "It's hard to think of a thing that is right, and looks wrong. Things look pretty much what they are."

MARY KATE stared at him, bright-eyed and unconvinced, and he smiled in his kindly, big-brother fashion at the pretty, eager little sister.

"Well, don't you think so, Molly?"

"I was just wondering."

"There's darned little," Mart said thoughtfully, "that can't be explained."

"Don't you think you—don't you think someone, might do something, Mart, something that—well, no, it wouldn't look wrong exactly, but it would be a sort of risk—"

"Nothing wrong in it, itself?"

"Oh, no!"

"No. For everyone who knew anything about it at all would know it was all right."

"Well, then—" His shrug was infinitely heartening. Her sober face brightened.

Dinner, never a prolonged or formal occasion, was over now, and the children had moved to the dining-room table for lessons. Mart took the chair next to Mary Kate, and jerked it close to her, and put an arm about her, and she

dropped her proud, bright head to his shoulder.

"She's awful nice, Mom," Mart said wearily.

Mrs. O'Hara slid a casual handful of piled dishes into the sink.

"Pick up your hat and coat, Tom," she said.

"Gee, I'm tired. I'm awful fond of you, Mary Kate," Mart said wearily and sleepily.

"Mother, can I go 'round to Kelly's?" Tom muttered.

"I don't know why you'd want to work in that dirty garardge nights, when you don't do your lessons," his mother objected. The boy's face grew dark.

"I hate those damn' lessons!" he said mildly.

"Cut it out," Mart directed him briefly.

"Cursin' will get you nowhere," his mother added.

Mary Kate felt a little pang of pity for clumsy, dirty, solitary Tom. He always seemed out of things, somehow—against the current. She wished that it was his arm that was about her, and that her head was against his cheek, instead of Mart's. Tom was always hungry for popularity. Everyone loved Mart, everyone praised him.

TOM lumbered into the dining-room, whence a shrill cry through which the word "pencil" made itself heard more than once, announced that he had joined the students. Cass appeared at the outside door, and Martin roused himself, and started off for his eight-o'clock lecture. Mary Kate slipped into an enveloping apron, and dealt so expertly with the kitchen disorder that before her caller had been ten minutes in the room she was wiping the dark red surface of the table with a damp cloth, the chairs already aligned against the walls, and the new linoleum brushed clean of crumbs.

"So you really go to Sacramento tomorrow night, Mary Kate?"

"Looks like it!"

"And are you thrilled?"

"Oh, thrilled to death!"

"What time do you go?"

"Well, I'm not sure, Cass."

"I tell her," said Mrs. O'Hara, "that she ought to take her suitcase down to the office with her tomorrow. Then in case it was a little earlier than she thought, she could get away."

Mary Kate looked at her seriously. "I'm going to do that, Mother."

"I don't think the train goes until eight," Cass said. "I'll come 'round here tomorrow night about six, anyway, and if you're here I can take you down!"

"Do that." It was all so easy! Unconsciously, they were all helping.

"And when do you get back, Mary Kate?"

"Sunday morning."

"More househunting Sunday afternoon, huh?"

"Oh, surely!"

And how she would enjoy it, she thought, with all that money safe in the bank for Mart, and the adventure safely over, and everything straight and normal again!

The clock hands moved on, and Cass went home, and Mary Kate packed her bag and got into bed. But not to sleep.

It was a new experience, lying awake, quietly and helplessly, hour after hour. If one could not sleep, one simply could not sleep.

Toward morning she fell off, uneasily, to dream distressedly of missing trains, strange places and faces, of dining somewhere with Christopher Steynes and a lot of other vague figures—only, most embarrassingly to be in her nightgown! They were all in formal evening attire, and Mary Kate, in her

dreams, kept trying to imply that her own flimsy, peach-colored garment was perfectly orthodox.

She started up, unrested and feverish, in the dawn, and was the first of the big family astir. The clock's hands were moving again, moving through office hours—through lunch time—one o'clock—two o'clock.

She was at the telephone, her heart thumping, her hands icy.

"Mother, darling, this is Mary Kate. Mother, I have to leave now, so I'll say good-by until late tomorrow—"

"Oh, are you going so early, darlin'?" There's not one of the boys home could come down and see you off—"

"Oh, that's all right! Just say good-by to everyone."

"And God bless you, dearie. Have a nice time!"

And so to hang up the office receiver, feeling like a murderer, and pick up one's bag, and button the brown coat, and pull down the little brown hat.

Four-twenty. It would take only ten minutes to get to the train. Four-forty. One might as well be going.

Mary Kate had traveled little. The big station excited her.

"Burlingame?"
"Track three."

That was all there was to it. She looked from the train windows upon a world of spring. Her heart danced. At this time tomorrow she would be safe at home, ready for confession and absolution, and Mart should have his trip to Germany. And, anyway, there was nothing wrong in all this. It was a joke. It was all fun.

(To be continued next week)



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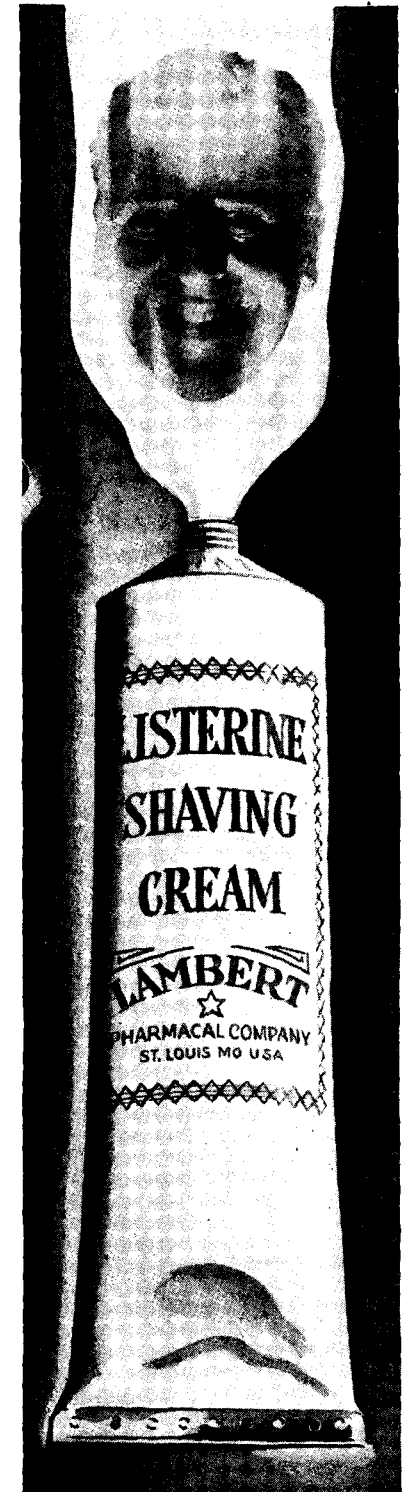
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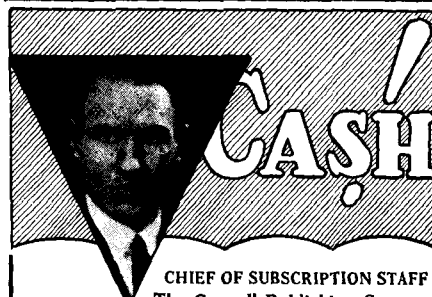
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How to Stop the Dry Killings

WE MIGHT as well think clearly about these dry killings. They are tragic, naturally, but they are a necessary part of the dry law. Keep that straight.

The Jones Act made a violation of prohibition a felony. Under our system of law, policemen use firearms to prevent the commission of felonies. Inevitably gun play follows the prohibition act.

Furthermore, the arrest of a rum runner is not a child's game. Rum runners are outlaws. Many of them are gunmen. They war among themselves and they fight enforcement officials. Everybody understands that.

If policemen are to attack the bootleg traffic in alcohol, we shall have to expect shooting.

Policemen may be killed in the process and certainly innocent bystanders will be in jeopardy. Some rum runners may also be assassinated.

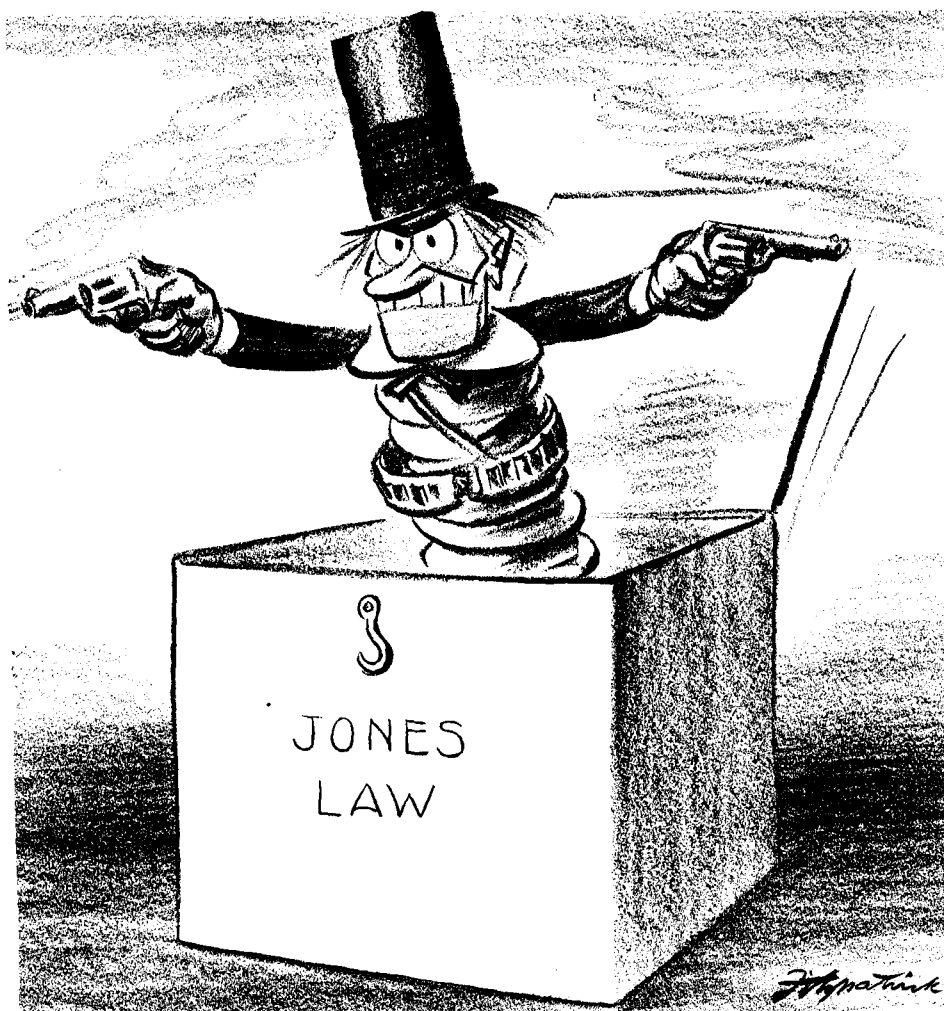
Congress understood this when the Jones law was passed. Congressmen and Senators are not guileless babies. They know how laws are enforced. They are familiar with American police methods. They knew that when the sale of liquor was made a legal felony killings were the logical consequence!

The radical dries who advocated the Jones law perceived plainly the natural result of the measure they demanded. If they thought at all, they realized that the enforcement of the drastic statute would cost many lives.

Why then express surprised horror when we reap the harvest we have sowed?

Citizens of border communities who petitioned President Hoover to disarm the enforcement officers could hardly be expected to take a detached view of the killing of their townsmen. They are too close to the tragedies. Others who are opposed to such episodes might, however, be a little more reasonable.

It was all right for President Hoover to say: "I deeply deplore the killing of any



person." Of course he does, but that regret won't save many lives so long as the government makes an honest effort to enforce the Jones law.

If we don't want dry killings, we don't want the Jones law. You cannot pass a law declaring an act to be a felony and hire policemen to prevent the violation of that law without having violence, at least not in the United States.

More than that, if we don't want the Jones law we don't want prohibition.

The Price of Enforcement

If, as a nation, we really are convinced that federal prohibition is the right road to sobriety, then we shall have to pay the price of enforcement.

The Volstead Act made the sale of liquor a misdemeanor, and bootleggers made a joke of the law. The Jones Act turned the misdemeanor into a felony, and shooting was heard. It is all a logical development.

The natural end of prohibition is killing. Not everybody will have to be shot but enough to put the fear of the law in the hearts of those who would violate it.

If we don't want prohibition enforced in the only way possible, then, actually, we don't want prohibition. A law not enforced is no law.

It is unfair and unreasonable to demand a law with drastic penalties and then to protest when the penalties are applied. Killing is a necessary part of the present prohibition statutes and killings will be continued until the law is repealed or forgotten.

The sane way out obviously is to amend the Eighteenth Amendment so that local self-government may be restored to the forty-eight states.

The confusion arises from the conflict between our laws and our customs. The law says that the sale of intoxicating liquors is a crime. Several million people believe that this particular law is asinine and

proceed to act on that assumption. So the shooting goes on.

Beneath the entire disturbance is a fundamental error. Since history dawned, men have made repeated and vain efforts to reform their fellows by force.

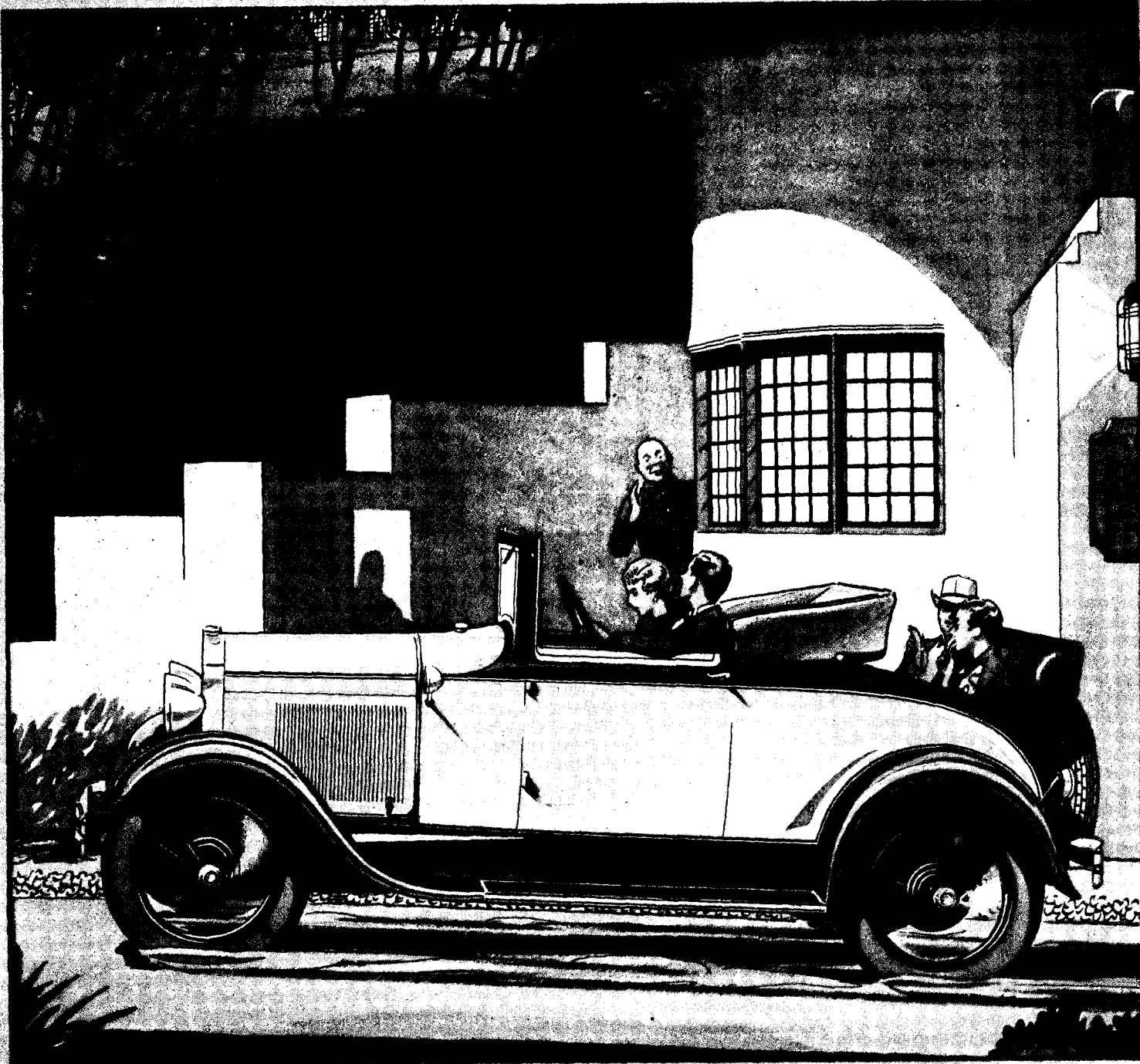
Prohibition is an attempt to impose the will of those who are against drink upon those who like it. Essentially, prohibition is force. It is effective only as that force is overwhelming.

The better way is temperance through persuasion. You can lead where you can't drive.

We forgot these fundamentals of human nature when the Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcing statutes were put into effect.

The killings along the border and in the Southern states remind us of the truth we ignored.

If you want to stop the dry killings, amend the Eighteenth Amendment. There is no other honorable way.



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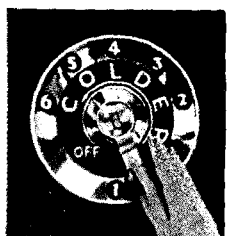
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